GAY.

Slow crawl'd the Snail .....

Vol. II. The Spell Line 56.

Painted by John Opie R.A. *Engraved by P.W. Tomkins.*

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

INCLUDING THE MOST ESTEEMED

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek and Roman Authors.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. IX.

CONTAINING

THE SECOND AND THIRD VOLUMES OF

GAY.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY;
AND SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1818.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN GAY.

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CONTENTS.

RURAL SPORTS. A GEORGIC. IN TWO CANTOS. INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE.

Page

Canto I. 5
Canto II. 13

TRIVIA: OR, THE ART OF WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON. IN THREE BOOKS.

Advertisement 19
Book I. Of the implements for walking the streets, and signs of the weather . . 20
Book II. Of walking the streets by day . 29
Book III. Of walking the streets by night 47
Index to Trivia 60

THE FAN. A POEM. IN THREE BOOKS.

Book I. 71
Book II. 78
Book III. 84

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK. IN SIX PASTORALS.

The Proem to the Courteous Reader . . . 91
Prologue. To the Right Hon. the Lord Bolingbroke 96

52153

Page
Monday: or, The Squabble 99
Tuesday: or, The Ditty 104
Wednesday: or, The Dumps 108
Thursday: or, The Spell 113
Friday: or, The Dirge 118
Saturday: or, The Flights 124
Index to the Shepherd's Week 129

ACIS AND GALATEA. A SERENATA.
IN TWO PARTS.

Part I. 134
Part II. 137

RURAL SPORTS.

A GEORGIC.

IN TWO CANTOS.

INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE.

—Securi prælia ruris
Pandimus. NEMESIAN.

CANTO I.

You, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise the' ungrateful hurry of the Town;
In Windsor-groves your easy hours employ,
And undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy:
Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,
And no rude wind through rustling osiers blows,
While all his wondering nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the Sirens warble in thy song.

But I, who ne'er was bless'd by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land;
Long in the noisy Town have been immur'd,
Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd;
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve the' uneasy mind;
Faction embroils the world, and every tongue
Is mov'd by flattery, or with scandal hung:

Friendship, for silvan shades, the palace flies,
Where all must yield to interest's dearer ties;
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And honesty forsakes them all by turns;
While calumny upon each party's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike disown.
Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat I chose,
And sooth'd my harass'd mind with sweet repose,
Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime,
Inspire the silvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My Muse shall rove through flowery meads and plains,
And deck with Rural Sports her native strains,
And the same road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you.

'Tis not that Rural Sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;
Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of the' industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care,
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
The labourer with the bending scythe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green;
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;
While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he loosely throws;
But if some sign portend a lasting show'r,
The' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour,

His sun-burnt hands the scattering fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows. [gains,
Now when the height of heaven bright Phœbus
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle pathway basks the snake,
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours!
Hide me, ye Forests! in your closest bowers:
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines;
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,
Whose rolling current winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood resound,
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And ev'n at noon the sweets of evening taste.
Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
And learn the labours of Italian swains;
In every page I see new landscapes rise,
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes:
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different soil.
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That, spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn;
Here I survey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row:
Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground:
The dewlapp'd bull now chafes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in every vein;
His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his mistress claims:

The careful insect midst his works I view,
Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew;
With golden treasures load his little thighs,
And steer his distant journey through the skies;
Some against hostile drones the hive defend,
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend;
Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.
Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
And trudging homeward whistles on the way;
When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
Waiting the strokings of the damsel's hand;
No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir
To court kind slumbers to their sprays retire;
When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;
Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
To take my farewell of the parting day;
Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
A streak of gold the sea and sky divides;
The purple clouds their amber linings show,
And edg'd with flame rolls every wave below;
Here pensive I behold the fading light,
And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.
Now Night in silent state begins to rise,
And twinkling orbs bestrow the' uncloudy skies:
Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glittering path extends;
Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
Which round their suns their annual circle steer:
Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
While I survey the works of Providence.
O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse,
The glorious Author of the universe,

Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds;
My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
And my Creator's name inspire my lays!
  As in successive course the seasons roll,
So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
When genial Spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But crystal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake;
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams:
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with every wat'ry snare;
His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
Increase his tackle, and his rod re-tie.
  When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain,
And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide;
Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid burden through the skies,
The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purls, unknown to weeds;
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treacherous hook:
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught;
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.
  Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murmuring current gently flows;

When if, or chance or hunger's powerful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
Now, happy fisherman; now twitch the line!
How thy rod bends: behold, the prize is thine!
Cast on the bank, he dies, with gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not every worm promiscuous use;
Judgment will tell thee proper bait to choose;
The worm that draws a long immoderate size
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;
And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains;
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
Cherish the sullied reptile race with moss;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day:
You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride:
Let Nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings:

Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
And every fur promote the fisher's art.
So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air; [plays,
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing dis-
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.

Mark well the various Seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect-race appear;
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
Oft have I seen a skilful angler try
The various colours of the treacherous fly;
When he with fruitless pain hath skim'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw,
When if an insect fall, (his certain guide)
He gently takes him from the whirling tide,
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size;
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds;
So just the colours shine through every part,
That Nature seems to live again in Art.

Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a single hair;
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With natural motion from thy hand supplied,
Against the stream now let it gently play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away:
The scaly shoals float by, and, seiz'd with fear,
Behold their fellows tost in thinner air;

But soon they leap and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.
When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous salmon chance to spy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in the' unfaithful food;
Then downward plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away:
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake;
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreathes his shining body round;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide:
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with the' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands;
Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sickening air:
Upon the burden'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a numerous finny race,
Let your fierce dogs the ravenous otter chase:
The amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts through the waves, and every haunt explores:
Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.
I never wander where the bordering reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
Perplex the fisher: I nor choose to bear
The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;
Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,
Nor trowl for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line:
Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

CANTO II.

Now, sporting Muse! draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains.
Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
And all the fisherman adorn thy verse!
Should you the wide-encircling net display,
And in its spacious arch enclose the sea;
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the sole and turbot hide the sand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the watery song.
Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,

When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye Reapers! to your task repair;
Haste, save the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And rising sheaves extend through all the field.
  Yet if for silvan sports thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue!
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws,
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws:
She flies, he stretches: now with nimble bound
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground:
She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with gory mouth the screaming prey.
What various sport does rural life afford!
What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board!
  Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the labouring horse, with swelling veins,
Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To sweet repast the' unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies;
Wandering in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the slavery of entangling nets,
The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows;
Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey:
Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
He treads with caution, and he points with fear;
Then (lest some sentry fowl the fraud descry,
And bid his fellows from the danger fly)

Close to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the snare the fluttering covey rise.
Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,
His early flight the' ill-fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes:
Or when the sun casts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the western way,
Let your obsequious ranger search around,
Where yellow stubble withers on the ground;
Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
But numerous coveys gratify thy pain.
When the meridian sun contracts the shade,
And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade;
Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
Or driving mists deface the moisten'd plains,
In vain his toils the' unskilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear,
But what's the fowler's be the Muse's care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
The scent grows warm; he stops; he springs the prey:
The fluttering coveys from the stubble rise,
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies;
The scattering lead pursues the certain sight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch and force the brake;
Not closest coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim:
The woodcock flutters; how he wavering flies!
The wood resounds; he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The towering hawk let future poets sing,
Who terror bears upon his soaring wing:
Let them on high the frighted hern survey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
Nor shall the mounting lark the Muse detain,
That greets the morning with his early strain;
When, midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays;
While from each angle flash the glancing rays,
And in the sun the transient colours blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the skies:
The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains;
The hound must open in these rural strains.
Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn:
The jocund thunder wakes the' enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds:
Wide through the furzy field their route they take,
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake:
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;
The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war:
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears:
The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;
Hills, dales, and forests, far behind remain,
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.
Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?
Hark! death advances in each gust of wind:

New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,
Now circling turns, and now at large she flies;
Till, spent at last, she pants, and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.
But stay, adventurous Muse! hast thou the force
To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
To keep thy seat unmov'd hast thou the skill,
O'er the high gate and down the headlong hill?
Canst thou the stag's laborious chase direct,
Or the strong fox through all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay;
Ye mighty Hunters! spare this weak essay.
O happy plains! remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hostile arms:
And happy shepherds! who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care:
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor:
No barbarous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain;
No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
The dreadful signal of invasive war;
No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his swooning fair.
What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
And rich in poverty, enjoys content:
(Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame)
She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;

She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boast,
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost:
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
An equal passion warms her happy swain.
No home-bred jars her quiet state control,
Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul:
With secret joy she sees her little race
Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace;
The fleecy ball their little fingers cull,
Or from the spindle draw the lengthening wool.
Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

Ye happy Fields! unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life;
Ye shady Woods! where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the Muse and love;
Ye murmuring Streams! that in meanders roll,
The sweet composers of the pensive soul,
Farewell.—The City calls me from your bow'rs:
Farewell, amusing thoughts and peaceful hours!

TRIVIA:

OR,

THE ART OF WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Quo te, Mœri, pedes? An, quo via ducit, in urbem?
VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE world, I believe, will take so little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The critics may see by this Poem, that I walk on foot, which probably may save me from their envy. I should be sorry to raise that passion in men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allow me an honour hitherto only shown to better writers,—that of denying me to be the author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this Poem good enough to displease you, and if it be any advantage to you to ascribe it to some person of greater merit; I shall acquaint you, for your comfort, that, among many other obligations, I owe several hints of it to Dr. Swift: and if you will so far continue your favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto:

—— Non tu, in Triviis, indocte, solebas
Stridenti miserum stipula disperdere carmen?

BOOK I.

OF

THE IMPLEMENTS FOR WALKING THE STREETS, AND SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night,
How jostling crowds, with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing: thou, Trivia! goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
For thee the sturdy paver thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a Civic crown:
But more, my country's love demands the lays;
My country's be the profit; mine, the praise.
When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And 'Clean your shoes,' resounds from every voice;
When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,
And their stiff horses through the Town move slow;

When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster-cries;
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide;
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd:
Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet
Thro' freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench the' unwary step aside;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.
Nor should it prove thy less important care
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy d'oily habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain,
And showers soon drench the camlet's cockled grain;
True Witney[1] broad-cloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn:
Be this the horseman's fence; for who would wear
Amid the Town the spoils of Russia's bear?
Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands that stretch'd forth invading harms prevent.
Let the loop'd bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak, bespatter'd o'er with lace:
That garment best the winter's rage defends
Whose shapeless form in ample plaits depends;
By various names[2] in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true surtout alone;

[1] A town in Oxfordshire. [2] A Joseph, a Wraprascal, &c.

Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost.
If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command:
Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop—to make thee way:
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaux their canes, with amber tipt, produce;
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily insure a life's disease;
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To court, to White's[3], assemblies, or the play;
Rosy-complexion'd Health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
Imprudent men, Heaven's choicest gifts profane.
Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;
The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
And miry spots thy clean cravat disgrace:
O! may I never such misfortune meet,
May no such vicious walkers crowd the street;
May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
While the bold Muse experienc'd dangers sings.
Not that I wander from my native home,
And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.
Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's Muse,
Where slavery treads the street in wooden shoes:
Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,
And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme,
Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,
No miry ways industrious steps offend,

[3] White's chocolate-house, in St. James's Street.

The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,
And blackens the canals with dirty show'rs.
Let others Naples' smoother streets rehearse,
And with proud Roman structures grace their verse,
Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,
And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones:
Nor shall the Muse through narrow Venice stray,
Where gondolas their painted oars display.
O happy streets! to rumbling wheels unknown,
No carts, no coaches, shake the floating town!
Thus was of old Britannia's city bless'd,
Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd;
Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way:
Then the proud lady tripp'd along the Town,
And tuck'd-up petticoats secur'd her gown,
Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,
And exercise unartful charms bestow'd;
But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
And a long trailing mantua sweeps the ground,
Her shoe disdains the street: the lazy fair
With narrow step affects a limping air.
Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,
And the streets flame with glaring equipage:
The tricking gamester insolently rides,
With Loves and Graces on his chariot-sides:
In saucy state the griping broker sits,
And laughs at honesty and trudging wits.
For you, O honest men! these useful lays
The Muse prepares; I seek no other praise.
When sleep is first disturb'd by morning-cries,
From sure prognostics learn to know the skies,

Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain,
Surpris'd in dreary fogs or driving rain.
When suffocating mists obscure the morn,
Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn;
This knows the powder'd footman, and, with care,
Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.
Be thou, for every season, justly drest,
Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast;
And when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
Let thy surtout defend the drenching show'r.

The changing weather certain signs reveal:
Ere winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,
You'll see the coals in brighter flames aspire,
And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire;
Your tender shins the scorching heat decline,
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine:
Before her kitchen-hearth the nodding dame,
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame;
Hovering, upon her feeble knees she bends,
And all around the grateful warmth ascends.

Nor do less certain signs the Town advise
Of milder weather and serener skies.
The ladies, gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn
With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn;
The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,
And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change:
Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught[4],
Endued by instinct, or by reason taught;
The seasons operate on every breast:
'Tis hence that fawns are brisk, and ladies drest.

[4] Haud equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.
Virg. Georg. 1.

When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
And dreams of fancied fares; when tavern-doors
The chairmen idly crowd, then ne'er refuse
To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.
But when the swinging signs your ears offend
With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend;
Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames.
The bookseller, whose shop's an open square,
Foresees the tempest, and with early care
Of learning, strips the rails: the rowing crew,
To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue.
On hosiers' poles depending stockings tied,
Flag with the slacken'd gale from side to side.
Church-monuments foretel the changing air;
Then Niobe dissolves into a tear,
And sweats with secret grief. You'll hear the sounds
Of whistling winds, ere kennels break their bounds;
Ungrateful odours common-sewers diffuse,
And dropping vaults distil unwholesome dews,
Ere the tiles rattle with the smoking show'r,
And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.
All superstition from thy breast repel:
Let credulous boys, and prattling nurses tell
How, if the festival of Paul be clear,
Plenty from liberal horn shall strow the year;
When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,
The labouring hind shall yoke the steer in vain;
But if the threatening winds in tempests roar,
Then War shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore:
How, if on Swithin's feast the welkin lours,
And every penthouse streams with hasty show'rs,
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,
And wash the pavements with incessant rain.

Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind;
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.
If you the precepts of the Muse despise,
And slight the faithful warning of the skies,
Others you'll see, when all the Town's afloat,
Wrapt in the' embraces of a kersey coat,
Or double-button'd frieze; their guarded feet
Defy the muddy dangers of the street,
While you, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread
Of spouts high streaming, and with cautious tread
Shun every dashing pool; or idly stop,
To seek the kind protection of a shop.
But business summons: now with hasty scud
You jostle for the wall; the spatter'd mud
Hides all thy hose behind; in vain you scour;
Thy wig, alas! uncurl'd, admits the show'r:
So fierce Alecto's snaky tresses fell,
When Orpheus charm'd the rigorous powers of hell;
Or thus hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew
Clotted and strait, when first his amorous view
Surpris'd the bathing fair; the frighted maid
Now stands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.
Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise;
Or, underneath the' umbrella's oily shade,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.
Let Persian dames the' umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load,
When eastern monarchs show their state abroad;
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid.
But, O! forget not, Muse! the patten's praise,
That female implement shall grace thy lays;

Say from what art divine the' invention came,
And from its origin deduce the name.
Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny soil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil;
One only daughter blest his nuptial bed,
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid:
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.
Soon as the grey-ey'd Morning streaks the skies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears,
And singing to the distant field repairs;
And when the plains with evening dews are spread,
The milky burden smokes upon her head:
Deep through a miry lane she pick'd her way,
Above her ankle rose the chalky clay.
Vulcan by chance the gloomy maiden spies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes:
He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.
Ah! Mulciber! recall thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy Paphian spouse;
Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,
And canst thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?
The Lemnian Pow'r forsakes the realms above,
His bosom glowing with terrestrial love.
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,
No tenant ventur'd on the' unwholesome ground.
Here smokes his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm:

Around his shop the steely sparkles flew,
As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.
When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame:
To hear his soothing tales she feigns delays;
What woman can resist the force of praise?
At first she coyly every kiss withstood,
And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood:
With headless nails he now surrounds her shoes,
To save her steps from rains and piercing dews.
She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore,
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
And on her cheek the fading rose declines;
No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost.
This Vulcan saw, and in his heavenly thought
A new machine mechanic fancy wrought,
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
And bear her safely through the wintry ways.
Strait the new engine on his anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the patten rose.
No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The god obtain'd his suit: though flattery fail,
Presents with female virtue must prevail.
The patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.

BOOK II.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY DAY.

THUS far the Muse has trac'd, in useful lays,
The proper implements for wintry ways;
Has taught the walker with judicious eyes
To read the various warnings of the skies:
Now venture, Muse! from home to range the Town,
And for the public safety risk thy own.

For ease and for dispatch the morning's best;
No tides of passengers the street molest:
You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,
From Billingsgate her fishy traffic bear:
On doors the sallow milkmaid chalks her gains;
Ah! how unlike the milkmaid of the plains!
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way;
These grave physicians, with their milky cheer,
The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair.
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride: are sounds like these
The proper prelude to a state of peace?
Now Industry awakes her busy sons;
Full charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs:
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.

If cloth'd in black you tread the busy Town,
Or if distinguish'd by the reverend gown,
Three trades avoid. Oft in the mingling press
The barber's apron soils the sable dress:

Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye;
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh.
Ye walkers, too, that youthful colours wear,
Three sullying trades avoid with equal care.
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng:
When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,
From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat:
The dust-man's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When through the street a cloud of ashes flies:
But whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's basket, on his shoulder borne,
With tallow spots thy coat: resign the way,
To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray; [stain,
Butchers! whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul
And always foremost in the hangman's train.
Let due civilities be strictly paid;
The wall surrender to the hooded maid;
Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age:
And when the porter bends beneath his load,
And pants for breath, clear thou the crowded road:
But, above all, the groping blind direct,
And from the pressing throng the lame protect.
You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head:
At every step he dreads the wall to lose,
And risks, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes;
Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly:
But when the bully, with assuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace,
Yield not the way; defy his strutting pride,
And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side:

He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
But mutters coward-curses as he goes.
If drawn by business to a street unknown,
Let the sworn porter point thee through the Town.
Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain
Like faithful landmarks to the walking train.
Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way;
Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray:
Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right;
He ne'er deceives, but when he profits by't.
Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits spread,
An inrail'd column rears its lofty head;
Here to sev'n streets sev'n dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray:
Here oft the peasant, with inquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;
He dwells on every sign with stupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze;
Tries every winding court and street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.
Thus hardy Theseus, with intrepid feet,
Travers'd the dangerous labyrinth of Crete:
But still the wandering passes forc'd his stay,
Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way:
But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
Thy venturous footsteps to a female guide:
She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng.
When waggish boys the stunted besom ply,
To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by
Ere thou hast held their hands; some heedless flirt
Will overspread thy calves with spattering dirt.
Where porters' hogsheads roll from carts aslope,
Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,

Where counted billets are by carmen tost,
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.
What though the gathering mire thy feet besmear?
The voice of Industry is always near.
Hark! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.
Here let the Muse, fatigu'd amid the throng,
Adorn her precepts with digressive song;
Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace,
And show the parent of the sable race. [change)
Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of
Of old was wont this nether world to range
To seek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd
Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd,
And ev'n the proudest goddess, now and then,
Would lodge a night among the sons of men;
To vulgar deities descends the fashion,
Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.
Then Cloacina[1] (goddess of the tide
Whose sable streams beneath the city glide)
Indulg'd the modish flame; the Town she rov'd;
A mortal scavenger she saw; she lov'd;
The muddy spots that dried upon his face,
Like female patches, heighten'd every grace:
She gaz'd; she sigh'd: for Love can beauties spy
In what seem faults to every common eye.
Now had the watchman walk'd his second round,
When Cloacina hears the rumbling sound
Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows
That pleasing thunder: swift the goddess rose,

[1] Cloacina was a goddess whose image Tatius (a king of the Sabines) found in the common-sewer, and not knowing what goddess it was, he called it Cloacina, from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours. *Lactant.* 1, 20. *Minuc. Fel. Oct.* p. 232.

And through the streets pursued the distant noise,
Her bosom panting with expected joys.
With the night-wandering harlot's airs she past,
Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast:
In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
When love, the hour, the place, had banish'd shame;
To the dark alley arm in arm they move;
O may no linkboy interrupt their love!
When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her space,
The pregnant goddess (cautious of disgrace)
Descends to earth, but sought no widwife's aid,
Nor midst her anguish to Lucina pray'd;
No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy;
Alone, beneath a bulk, she dropt the boy.
The child through various risks in years improv'd;
At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd;
His infant tongue soon learn'd the canting art,
Knew all the prayers and whines to touch the heart.
O happy unown'd youths! your limbs can bear
The scorching dog-star and the winter's air,
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirsts with each heat and coughs with every rain!
The goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,
And long had sought his sufferings to redress;
She prays the gods to take the foundling's part,
To teach his hands some beneficial art
Practis'd in streets: the gods her suit allow'd,
And made him useful to the walking crowd,
To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe
With nimble skill the glossy black renew.
Each power contributes to relieve the poor:
With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his brush; the god of day
A tripod gives, amid the crowded way

To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil;
Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil
Prest from the' enormous whale: the god of fire,
From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,
Among these generous presents joins his part,
And aids with soot the new japanning art.
Pleas'd she receives the gifts; she downward glides,
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes,
Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common-sewers a lulling murmur keep,
Whose torrents rush from Holborn's fatal steep;
Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace,
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face;
At length he sighing cried, "That boy is blest,
Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;
But happier far are those, (if such be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own:
But I, alas! hard Fortune's utmost scorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts;
When time comes round, a Christmas-box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year.
Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd;
For lesser boys can drive; I thirsty stand,
And see the double flagon charge their hand;
See them puff off the froth, and gulp a main,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain."

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide
In widen'd circles beats on either side;

The goddess rose amid the inmost round,
With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd;
Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black
As the smooth jet, or glossy ravens' back;
Around her waist a circling eel was twin'd,
Which bound her robe, that hung in rags behind:
Now beckoning to the boy, she thus begun;
" Thy prayers are granted; weep no more, my son:
Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand;
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand;
Temper the soot within this vase of oil,
And let the little tripod aid thy toil:
On this methinks I see the walking crew,
At thy request, support the miry shoe;
The foot grows black that was with dirt imbrown'd,
And in thy pocket jingling halfpence sound." 210
The goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her showers of mud:
The youth straight chose his post; the labour plied,
Where branching streets from Charing-cross divide;
His treble voice resounds along the Mews,
And Whitehall echoes—' Clean your honour's [shoes.'
Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay
Too long detains the walker on his way;
While he attends, new dangers round him throng;
The busy City asks instructive song.

Where elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pour,
Turnips and half-hatch'd eggs (a mingled show'r)
Among the rabble rain; some random throw
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

Though expedition bids, yet never stray
Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way:

Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,
Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street;
The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain,
And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.
O barbarous Men! your cruel breasts assuage;
Why vent ye on the generous steed your rage?
Does not his service earn your daily bread?
Your wives, your children, by his labours fed!
If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,
And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives,
Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
Doom'd in a hackney horse the Town to range;
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,
Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.

Who would of Watling-street the dangers share,
When the broad pavement of Cheapside is near?
Or who that rugged street would traverse o'er,
That stretches, O Fleet-ditch! from thy black shore
To the Tower's moated walls[2]? here steams ascend
That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.
Where chandlers' caldrons boil; where fishy prey
Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea;
And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil;
And where huge hogsheads sweat with trainy oil,
Thy breathing nostril hold: but how shall I
Pass where, in piles, Cornavion[3] cheeses lie?
Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies,
And bids me with the' unwilling chaplain rise.

O bear me to the paths of fair Pall-Mall:
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;

[2] Thames Street. [3] Cheshire, anciently so called.

No lets would bar thy ways, were chairs denied,
The soft supports of laziness and pride;
Shops breathe perfumes, through sashes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies and the beau:
Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide,
Oft the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide
Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly;
Mortar and crumbled lime in showers descend,
And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend.
But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,
And silent wander in the close abodes,
Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive stray,
In studious thought, the long uncrowded way.
Here I remark each walker's different face,
And in their look their various business trace.
The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;
Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
He seeks by-streets, and saves the' expensive coach.
Soft, at low doors, old letchers tap their cane,
For fair recluse, who travels Drury-lane;
Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
His Fleet-street draper's everlasting dun.
Careful observers, studious of the Town,
Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;
Untempted, they contemn the juggler's feats,
Pass'd by the Muse, nor try the thimble's cheats[4].
When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
Where bubbling yest is blown by gusts of wind:

[4] A cheat commonly practised with three thimbles and a little ball.

And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move slow,
Far from the straining steeds securely go,
Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.
The Parthian thus his javelin backward throws,
And as he flies infests pursuing foes.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea:
Do thou some court or secret corner seek,
Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek.

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong.
Why should I teach the maid, when torrents pour,
Her head to shelter from the sudden shower?
Nature will best her ready hand inform,
With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
Does not each walker know the warning sign,
When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
Cross the close street, that then the paver's art
Renews the ways, denied to coach and cart?
Who knows not that the coachman lashing by,
Oft with his flourish cuts the heedless eye?
And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
His horses' foreheads shun the winter's air?
Nor will I roam when summer's sultry rays
Parch the dry ground and spread with dust the ways:
With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

Winter my theme confines, whose nitry wind
Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind;
She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
And in her hoary mantle clothe the streets.
Let not the virgin tread these slippery roads,
The gathering fleece the hollow patten loads;

But if thy footsteps slide with clotted frost,
Strike off the breaking balls against the post.
On silent wheel the passing coaches roll;
Oft look behind, and ward the threatening pole.
In harden'd orbs the schoolboy moulds the snow,
To mark the coachman with a dextrous throw.
Why do ye, boys! the kennel's surface spread,
To tempt with faithless pass the matron's tread?
How can ye laugh to see the damsel spurn,
Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn?
At White's the harness'd chairman idly stands,
And swings around his waist his tingling hands:
The sempstress speeds to Change with red-tipt nose,
The Belgian stove beneath her footstool glows:
In half-whipt muslin needles useless lie,
And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. [prove,
These sports warm harmless; why then will ye
Deluded maids! the dangerous flame of love?

Where Covent-Garden's famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands,
Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the square;
Here oft my course I bend, when, lo! from far
I spy the furies of the foot-ball war:
The 'prentice quits his shop to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue.
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
The gathering globe augments with every round.
But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh;
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
The dextrous glazier strong returns the bound,
And jingling sashes on the pent-house sound.

O roving Muse! recall that wondrous year
When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air;

When hoary Thames, with frosted osiers crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
The waterman, forlorn along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar,
Sees harness'd steeds desert the stony Town,
And wander roads unstable, not their own;
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide,
And rase with whiten'd tracks the slippery tide.
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.
So when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain,
Thick rising tents a canvass city build,
And the loud dice resound through all the field.
'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate;
Let elegiac-lay the woe relate,
Soft as the breath of distant flutes at hours
When silent evening closes up the flowers,
Lulling as falling water's hollow noise,
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice. [roads,
Doll every day had walk'd these treacherous
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit; she now a basket bore:
That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.
Each booth she frequent past in quest of gain,
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
Ah! Doll! all mortals must resign their breath,
And Industry itself submit to death.
The cracking crystal yields; she sinks, she dies;
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies:
Pippins she cried, but death her voice confounds,
And pip,-pip,-pip, along the ice resounds.

So when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His sever'd head floats down the silver tide,
His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cried;
Eurydice with quivering voice he mourn'd,
And Heber's banks Eurydice return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
And blackening clouds move on with warmer winds;
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves,
And Thames' full urn rolls down his plenteous waves;
From every pent-house streams the fleeting snow,
And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city-ways,
Need not the calendar to count their days.
When through the Town, with slow and solemn air,
Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear,
Behind him moves majestically dull,
The pride of Hockley-hole, the surly bull:
Learn hence the periods of the week to name;
Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game.

When fishy stalls with double store are laid,
The golden-bellied carp, the broad-finn'd maid,
Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jole,
The jointed lobster, and unscaly sole,
And luscious 'scallops to allure the tastes
Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts;
Wednesdays and Fridays, you'll observe from hence,
Days when our sires were doom'd to abstinence.

When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dextrous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,
And cleanse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the stairs,
Know Saturday's conclusive morn appears.

Successive cries the Seasons' change declare,
And mark the monthly progress of the year.

Hark! how the streets with treble voices ring,
To sell the bounteous product of the Spring:
Sweet-smelling flowers, and elder's early bud,
With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood:
And when June's thunder cools the sultry skies,
Ev'n Sundays are profan'd by mackarel-cries.

Walnuts the fruiterer's hand, in Autumn, stain,
Blue plums and juicy pears augment his gain;
Next, oranges the longing boys entice
To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

When rosemary, and bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawl'd in frequent cries through all the Town,
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
Christmas! the joyous period of the year.
Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
With laurel green, and sacred mistletoe:
Now, heaven-born Charity! thy blessings shed,
Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head:
Bid shivering limbs be warm; let Plenty's bowl
In humble roofs make glad the needy soul.
See, see! the heaven-born maid her blessings shed;
Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly head;
Cloth'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
While selfish Avarice alone is sad.

Proud coaches pass, regardless of the moan
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan;
While charity still moves the walker's mind,
His liberal purse relieves the lame and blind.
Judiciously thy halfpence are bestow'd,
Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.
Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
Nor let old age long stretch his palsied hand:
Those who give late are importun'd each day,
And still are teas'd because they still delay.

If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
He thinly spreads them through the public square,
Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
And from each other catch the doleful cry; [score,
With Heav'n, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his
Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more.
Where the brass-knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand,
The' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath;
As vultures o'er a camp, with hovering flight,
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.
Here canst thou pass unmindful of a pray'r,
That Heaven in mercy may thy brother spare?
Come, F***[5]! sincere, experienc'd friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees, suspend;
Come, let us leave the Temple's silent walls,
Me business to my distant lodging calls:
Through the long Strand together let us stray;
With thee conversing I forget the way.
Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends;
Here Arundel's fam'd structure rear'd its frame,
The street alone retains an empty name.
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvass warm'd,
And Raphael's fair design with judgment charm'd,
Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.
Where statues breath'd the works of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump or lonely watch-house stands:
There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecils', Bedfords', Villiers', now no more.

[5] This probably was Counsellor Fortescue, to whom Pope inscribed his Imitation of the first Satire of Horace.

Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains;
Beauty within, without proportion reigns.
Beneath his eye declining Art revives,
The wall with animated picture lives:
There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein.
There oft I enter, (but with cleaner shoes)
For Burlington's belov'd by every Muse.

O ye associate-walkers! O my friends!
Upon your state what happiness attends!
What though no coach to frequent visit rolls,
Nor, for your shilling, chairmen sling their poles?
Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defy,
Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye;
No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,
Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath;
Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan
Of burning gout or sedentary stone.
Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;
Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the street,
And trust their safety to another's feet:
Still let me walk; for oft the sudden gale
Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dangerous sail:
Then shall the passenger too late deplore
The whelming billow, and the faithless oar;
The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,
The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns.
Who can recount the coach's various harms,
The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?

I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour, [show'r,
When o'er the stones chok'd kennels swell the
In gilded chariot loll; he, with disdain,
Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain.

With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near;
Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer:
The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,
His pondrous spokes thy painted wheel engage;
Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow;
Black floods of mire the' embroider'd coat disgrace,
And mud inwraps the honours of his face:—
So when dread Jove the son of Phœbus hurl'd,
Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world,
The headstrong coursers tore the silver reins,
And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.
If the pale walker pant with weakening ills,
His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills;
From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's fame;
From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name.
Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards?
Such Newgate's copious market best affords.
Wouldst thou with mighty beef augment thy meal,
Seek Leaden-hall: St. James's sends thee veal;
Thames-street gives cheeses; Covent-garden, fruits;
Moor-fields, old books; and Monmouth-street, old suits.
Hence may'st thou well supply the wants of life,
Support thy family, and clothe thy wife.
Volumes on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye; [groan,
The bending shelves with ponderous scholiasts
And deep divines, to modern shops unknown:
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
Collects the various odours of the spring,
Walkers, at leisure, Learning's flowers may spoil,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil;

May morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagyra's sage:
Here sauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve smile, or over Durfy sleep:
Pleas'd sempstresses the Lock's fam'd Rape unfold,
And Squirts[6] read Garth, till apozems grow cold.
O Lintot! let my labours obvious lie,
Rang'd on thy stall, for every curious eye;
So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
And to my verse their future safeties owe.
What walker shall his mean ambition fix
On the false lustre of a coach and six?
Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,
Sigh for the liveries of the' embroider'd beau.
See yon bright chariot on its harness swing,
With Flanders' mares, and on an arched spring:
That wretch, to gain an equipage and place,
Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.
This coach, that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows,
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;
The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps:
There flames a fool, begirt with tinsel'd slaves,
Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves.
That other, with a clustering train behind,
Owes his new honours to a sordid mind.
This next in court-fidelity excels,
The public rifles, and his country sells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate:
Or rather give me sweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue and a good surtout!

6 Squirt is the name of an apothecary's boy, in the Poem of 'The Dispensary.'

BOOK III.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY NIGHT.

O TRIVIA! goddess, leave these low abodes,
And traverse o'er the wide ethereal roads;
Celestial queen! put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night!
At sight of thee the villain sheaths his sword,
Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy hoard.
O may thy silver lamp from Heaven's high bow'r
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour!
When night first bids the twinkling stars appear,
Or with her cloudy vest inwraps the air,
Then swarms the busy street: with caution tread
Where the shop-windows, falling, threat thy head:
Now labourers home return, and join their strength
To bear the tottering plank, or ladder's length;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng,
And as the passes open, wind along.
Where the fair columns of Saint Clement stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low pent-house bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware:
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds; [pear,
Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds ap-
And wait impatient till the road grows clear.

Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,
And the mixt hurry barricades the street.
Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
Cracks the tough harness; here a ponderous beam
Lies overturn'd athwart; for slaughter fed,
Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,
And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war:
From the high box they whirl the thong around,
And with the twining lash their shins resound:
Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they try,
And the blood gushes down their painful eye.
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
And with their ponderous fists renew the fight;
Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with blood,
Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
So when two boars, in wild Ytene[1] bred,
Or on Westphalia's fattening chesnuts fed,
Gnash their sharp tusks, and, rous'd with equal fire,
Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire;
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore.
Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng.
Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm
The subtle artist will thy side disarm:
Nor is thy flaxen wig with safety worn;
High on the shoulder in a basket borne
Lurks the sly boy, whose hand, to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.

[1] New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.

Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd sleight
And unfelt fingers makes thy pocket light.
Where's now thy watch? with all its trinkets, flown;
And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
But, lo! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies:
Dextrous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,
Whilst every honest tongue 'Stop thief' resounds.
So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;
Hounds following hounds, grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries:
Breathless, he stumbling falls. Ill-fated boy!
Why did not honest work thy youth employ?
Seiz'd by rough hands, he's drag'd amid the rout,
And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout;
Or plung'd in miry pounds he gasping lies,
Mud chokes his mouth, and plasters o'er his eyes.
Let not the ballad-singer's shrilling strain
Amid the swarm thy listening ear detain;
Guard well thy pocket; for these sirens stand
To aid the labours of the diving hand:
Confederate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambric handkerchiefs reward the song.
But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
The rabble part, in shoals they backward run:
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide,
And Greece and Troy retreat on either side.
If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
Stop short; nor struggle through the crowd in vain,
But watch with careful eye the passing train.
Yet I (perhaps too fond) if chance the tide,
Tumultuous, bear my partner from my side,

Impatient venture back; despising harm,
I force my passage where the thickest swarm.
Thus his lost bride the Trojan sought in vain
Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of slain:
Thus Nisus wander'd o'er the pathless grove,
To find the brave companion of his love:
The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er:
Euryalus, alas! is now no more.

That walker who, regardless of his pace,
Turns oft to pore upon the damsel's face,
From side to side by thrusting elbows tost,
Shall strike his aching breast against a post;
Or water, dash'd from fishy stalls, shall stain
His hapless coat with spirts of scaly rain.
But if unwarily he chance to stray,
Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way;
The thwarting passenger shall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground.

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,
And wary circumspection guard thy side; [night,
Then shalt thou walk, unharm'd, the dangerous
Nor need the' officious linkboy's smoky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road
Where alehouse-benches rest the porter's load,
Grievous to heedless shins; no barrow's wheel,
That bruises oft the truant schoolboy's heel,
Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,
Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace.
Let not thy venturous steps approach too nigh
Where, gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie;
Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
And overturn the scolding huckster's stall;

The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan,
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.
Though you through cleanlier alleys wind by day,
To shun the hurries of the public way,
Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire;
Mind only safety, and contemn the mire:
Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,
Nor sneering alewives bid thee turn again.
Where Lincoln's-Inn, wide space, is rail'd around,
Cross not with venturous step; there oft is found
The lurking thief, who, while the daylight shone,
Made the walls echo with his begging tone: [wound
That crutch, which late compassion mov'd, shall
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.
Happy Augusta! law-defended town!
Here no dark lanterns shade the villain's frown:
No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,
Nor Roman vengeance stabs the' unwary breast;
Here Tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But Liberty and Justice guard the land:
No bravos here profess the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murderer's refuge made.
Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,
Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side:
The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whose flambeau gilds the sashes of Pall-Mall,

When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight visits of the dame?
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May where the chairman rests with safety tread:
Whene'er I pass, their poles unseen below,
Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.

If wheels bar up the road where streets are crost,
With gentle words the coachman's ear accost:
He ne'er the threat or harsh command obeys,
But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.
Now, man with utmost fortitude thy soul,
To cross the way where carts and coaches roll;
Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
Nor rashly risk the kennel's spacious stride:
Stay till *afar* the distant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air:
Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone,
And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,
Or wheels enclose the road; on either hand,
Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,
And call for aid in vain; the coachman swears,
And carmen drive, unmindful of thy pray'rs.
Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?
On every side the pressing spokes are nigh:
So sailors, while Charybdis' gulf they shun,
Amaz'd, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.

Be sure observe where brown Ostrea stands,
Who boasts her shelly ware from Wallfleet sands;
There may'st thou pass, with safe unmiry feet,
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the street.
If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows
You chance to roam; where oyster-tubs in rows
Are rang'd beside the posts; there stay thy haste,
And with the savoury fish indulge thy taste:

The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
While the salt liquor streams between her hands.
The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.
What will not luxury taste? Earth, sea, and air,
Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare.
Blood stuff'd in skins is British Christian's food,
And France robs marshes of the croaking brood;
Spongy morels in strong ragouts are found,
And in the soup the slimy snail is drown'd.
When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall,
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall;
For shouldst thou quit thy ground, the rushing throng
Will with impetuous fury drive along;
All press to gain those honours thou hast lost,
And rudely shove thee far without the post.
Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain.
Yet rather bear the shower, and toils of mud,
Than in the doubtful quarrel risk thy blood.
O think on Oedipus' detested state,
And by his woes be warn'd to shun thy fate.
Where three roads join'd he met his sire unknown,
(Unhappy sire, but more unhappy son!)
Each claim'd the way; their swords the strife decide;
The hoary monarch fell; he groan'd and died!
Hence sprung the fatal plague that thinn'd thy reign,
Thy cursed incest! and thy children slain!
Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray
Through Theban streets, and cheerless grope thy way.

Contemplate, mortal! on thy fleeting years;
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!
Whether some heir attends in sable state,
And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate,
Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
A crowd of lovers follow to her tomb;
Why is the hearse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?
Know, the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living, vain.
How short is life! how frail is human trust!
Is all this pomp for laying 'dust to dust?'

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,
Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall;
Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
And spot indelible thy pocket soil.
Has not wise Nature strung the legs and feet
With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street?
Has she not given us hands to grope aright,
Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?
And think'st thou not the double nostril meant
To warn from oily woes by previous scent?

Who can the various city frauds recite,
With all the petty rapines of the night?
Who now the guinea-dropper's bait regards,
Trick'd by the sharper's dice or juggler's cards?
Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray
Where the sham-quarrel interrupts the way?
Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
Brav'd by the bully's oaths or threatening frown?
I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care,
When from the crowded play thou lead'st the fair:
Who has not here or watch or snuff-box lost,
Or handkerchiefs that India's shuttle boast?

O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
Of Drury's mazy courts and dark abodes,
The harlots' guileful paths, who nightly stand
Where Catherine-street descends into the Strand.
Say, vagrant Muse! their wiles and subtle arts,
To lure the strangers' unsuspecting hearts;
So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread,
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strolls with sauntering pace,
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new-scower'd mantua and the slattern air;
High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;
With flattering sounds she soothes the cred'lous ear,
'My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!'
In ridinghood near tavern-doors she plies,
Or muffled pinners hide her livid eyes:
With empty bandbox she delights to range,
And feigns a distant errand from the 'Change:
Nay, she will oft the quaker's hood profane,
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane:
She darts from sarcenet ambush wily leers;
Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat thy cheek: these snares disdain,
Nor gaze behind thee when she turns again.

I knew a yeoman who, for thirst of gain,
To the great city drove, from Devon's plain,
His numerous lowing herd: his herds he sold,
And his deep leathern pocket bag'd with gold:
Drawn by a fraudful nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd;
Unmindful of his home, and distant bride,
She leads the willing victim to his doom,
Through winding alleys to her cobweb-room.

Thence through the street he reels, from post to post,
Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.
The vagrant wretch the' assembled watchmen spies,
He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;
Deep in the roundhouse pent, all night he snores,
And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

Ah! hapless swain! unus'd to pains and ills,
Canst thou forego roast beef for nauseous pills?
How wilt thou lift to Heaven thy eyes and hands,
When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands!
Or else (ye gods! avert that worst disgrace)
Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face;
Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kiss disdain,
And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.

Yet there are watchmen who, with friendly light,
Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;
For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
And home conduct thee safe from nightly harm;
But if they shake their lanterns, from afar
To call their brethren to confederate war,
When rakes resist their power; if hapless you
Should chance to wander with the scowering crew!
Though Fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair,
But seek the constable's considerate ear;
He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
Mov'd by the rhetoric of a silver fee.
Thus would you gain some favourite courtier's [word,
Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my lord.

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep,
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
His scatter'd pence the flying Nicker[2] flings,
And with the copper-shower the casement rings.

[2] Gentlemen who delighted to break windows with half-pence.

Who has not heard the Scowerer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?
I pass their desperate deeds and mischiefs done,
Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents run;
How matrons, hoop'd within the hogshead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side:
So Regulus to save his country died.
Where a dim gleam the paly lantern throws
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows;
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common-sewers descend;
Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,
Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies,
Ere Night has half roll'd round her ebon throne,
In the wide gulf the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,
And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.
So when fam'd Eddystone's far-shooting ray,
That led the sailor through the stormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind borne,
Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand.
Who then through night would hire the harness'd steed?
And who would choose the rattling wheel for speed?
But hark! distress with screaming voice draws nigher,
And wakes the slumbering street with cries of 'fire!'
At first a glowing red inwraps the skies,
And borne by winds the scattering sparks arise;

From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads;
The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads;
Through the burst sash a blazing deluge pours,
And splitting tiles descend in rattling show'rs.
Now with thick crowds the' enlighten'd pavement swarms,
The fireman sweats beneath his crooked arms;
A leathern casque his venturous head defends:
Boldly he climbs where thickest smoke ascends:
Mov'd by the mother's streaming eyes and pray'rs,
The helpless infant through the flame he bears,
With no less virtue than through hostile fire
The Dardan hero bore his aged sire.
See forceful engines spout their levell'd streams,
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams;
The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruin falls.
Blown by strong winds, the fiery tempest roars,
Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;
The heavens are all a-blaze, the face of night
Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light;
'Twas such a light involv'd thy towers, O Rome!
The dire presage of mighty Cæsar's doom,
When the sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,
And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread.
Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crowds! retire:
Behold! the ready match is tipt with fire,
The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train
With running blaze awakes the barrell'd grain;
Flames sudden wrap the walls; with sullen sound
The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoky ground.
So when the years shall have revol'd the date,
The' inevitable hour of Naples' fate,
Her sap'd foundations shall with thunders shake,
And heave and toss upon the sulphurous lake;

Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,
And in the' abyss her plunging towers descend.
Consider, reader! what fatigues I've known,
The toils, the perils of the wintry town;
What riots seen, what bustling crowds I bor'd,
How oft I cross'd where carts and coaches roar'd:
Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind
Their future safety from my dangers find.
Thus the bold traveller, (inur'd to toil,
Whose steps have printed Asia's desert soil,
The barbarous Arabs' haunt, or shivering crost
Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal frost,
Whom Providence in length of years restores
To the wish'd harbour of his native shores)
Sets forth his journals to the public view,
To caution, by his woes, the wandering crew.
And now complete my generous labours lie,
Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.
Death shall entomb in dust this mouldering frame,
But never reach the' eternal part, my fame.
When W* and G**, mighty Names! are dead,
Or but at Chelsea, under custards, read;
When critics crazy bandboxes repair,
And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air;
High-rais'd on Fleet-street posts, consign'd to fame,
This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name.

INDEX TO TRIVIA.

	Book.	Ver.
AUTHOR, for whom he wrote the Poem	i,	119
Asses, their arrogance	ii,	13
Ariadne's clue	ii,	83
Alley, the pleasure of walking in one	ii,	271
Almanacs, useless to judicious Walkers	ii,	406
Autumn, what cries then in use	ii,	434
Arundel-street	ii,	484
Author, his wish	ii,	587
Alley, not to be walked in by night	iii,	127
Bavaroy, by whom worn	i,	53
Brokers keep coaches	i,	117
Bookseller, skilled in the weather	i,	161
Barber, by whom to be shunned	ii,	28
Baker, to whom prejudicial	ii,	30
Butchers to be avoided	ii,	43
Bully, his insolence to be corrected	ii,	59
Broker, where he usually walks	ii,	277
Burlington-house	ii,	494
Beau's chariot overturned	ii,	523
Bills dispersed to Walkers	ii,	538
Ballad-singers	iii,	77
Country, the Author's love of his	i,	21
Civic crown	i,	20
Cane, the convenience of one	i,	61
—— an amber-headed one useless	i,	67
—— the abuse of it	i,	75

Book. Ver.

Camlet, how affected by rain . . . . i, 46
Coat, how to choose one for the winter i, 41
Chairs and chariots prejudicial to health i, 69
Coachman asleep on his box, what the sign i, 153
Chairmen, an observation upon them . i, 154
Church-monuments foretell the weather i, 167
Common-sewers . . . . . i, 171
Cold, the description of one . . . . i, 267
Clergy, what tradesmen to avoid . . . ii, 25
Chimney-sweeper, by whom to be avoided ii, 33
Chandlers prejudicial to Walkers . . ii, 40
Civility to be paid to Walkers . . . ii, 45
Coachman, his metamorphosis . . . ii, 241
Carmen when unmerciful, their punishment *ibid.*
Cheapside . . . . . ii, 244
Cheese not loved by the Author . . . ii, 254
Countryman perplexed to find the way . ii, 73
Coachman, his whip dangerous . . . ii, 310
———— his care of his horses . . . ii, 311
Coaches dangerous, in snowy weather . ii, 327
Chairmen, their exercise in frosty weather ii, 335
Covent-garden . . . . . ii, 343. ii, 547
Cries of the Town, observations upon them ii, 426
Christmas, what cries forerun it . . . ii, 438
———— a season for general charity . ii, 444
Coaches, those that keep them uncharitable ii, 451
Cloacina, goddess of common-sewers . ii, 115
Charing-cross . . . . . ii, 214
Christmas-box . . . . . ii, 185
Charity most practised by Walkers . . ii, 454
——— where given with judgment . . ii, 456
——— not to be delayed . . . . . ii, 458
Chairs, the danger of them . . . . . ii, 513

	Book.	Ver.
Coaches attended with ill accidents .	ii,	511
——— despised by Walkers	ii,	570
——— kept by coxcombs and pimps .	ii,	577
Clement's-church, the pass of it described	iii,	18
Colliers' carts	iii,	25
Coaches, a stop of them described . .	iii,	35
Coachmen, a fight of them	*ibid.*	
Crowd, parted by a coach	iii,	83
Cellar, the misfortune of falling into one	iii,	121
Chairmen, law concerning them . . .	iii,	153
——— their poles dangerous . . .	iii,	161
Coachmen despise dirty shoes . . .	iii,	165
Coaches, a man surrounded by them .	iii,	177
Constable, his consideration	iii,	315
Coach fallen into a hole, described . .	iii,	335
Critics, their fate	iii,	413
D'Oily stuffs, useless in winter . . .	i,	43
Drugget-silk, improper in cold weather	i,	44
Dress, propriety therein to be observed	i,	129
Drummers, improper at a wedding . .	ii,	17
Dustman, to whom offensive	ii,	37
Drays, when not to be walked behind .	ii,	288
Doll, a melancholy story of her death .	ii,	382
Dustman, spiteful to gilded chariots .	ii,	527
Drury-lane, dangerous to virtue . . .	iii,	259
Evening described	iii,	9
Eddystone light-house	iii,	345
Frieze, its defects	i,	45
Footman, his prudence in rainy weather	i,	127
Fair weather, signs of it	i,	143

	Book.	Ver.
Farrier's shop, a description of one . .	i,	251
Fop, the description of one walking .	ii,	33
—— the ill consequence of passing too near one	ii,	57
Female-guides, not to be made use of .	ii,	87
Foot-ball described	ii,	347
Frost, an episode of the great one . .	ii,	357
Fair, one kept on the Thames . . .	ii,	369
Fishmonger, the description of his stall	ii,	414
Friday, how to know it	ii,	416
Friend, the Author walks with one . .	ii,	276
——, rules to walk with one . . .	iii,	87
Fox, like a pickpocket	iii,	67
Footman, very arrogant	iii,	157
Fleet-ditch	iii,	189
Funeral, the Walker's contemplation on one	iii,	225
Fire, the description of one	iii,	353
Fire-man, his virtue	iii,	362
Fire-engines	iii,	369
Father, the happiness of a child who knows his own	ii,	177
Female-walkers, what necessary for them	i,	209
Gamester, his chariot described . . .	i,	115
Glazier, his skill at foot-ball	ii,	355
Guinea-droppers	iii,	249
Health acquired by walking	i,	69
Holland, the streets of that country described	i,	87
Hosiers' poles, what observed by them	i,	165
Hawker, at what time he cries news .	ii,	21
Horses, like Parthians	ii,	294

	Book.	Ver.
Hands, their use	iii,	241
House blown up, the description of it	iii,	381
Holborn-hill	ii,	174
Invention of pattens	i,	219
Jugglers to be avoided	ii,	285
Industry, not exempt from death	ii,	389
June, what cry denotes that month	ii,	432
James, St. its market	ii,	546
Knocker of a door, an observation on one	ii,	467
Catherine, or Katherine-street	iii,	262
London, its happiness, before the invention of coaches and chairs	i,	101
Ladies walking the streets	i,	105
——— in the Park, what they betoken	i,	145
——— dress, neither by reason nor instinct	i,	149
Letchers, old, where they frequent	ii,	280
Leadenhall-market	ii,	546
Lintot, Mr. advice to him	ii,	565
Lawyer passing the street in a coach	ii,	579
Labourers returned from work	iii,	13
Lincoln's-Inn Fields	iii,	133
Linkman, where not to be trusted	iii,	139
Luxury, a reflection on it	iii,	195
Legs, their use	iii,	241
Lantern, what it shows in the middle of the street	iii,	335
Ludgate-hill	ii,	292
Martha, a milkmaid of Lincolnshire	i,	227

	Book.	Ver.
Morning, then what first to be considered	i,	121
——— described	ii,	7
Milford-lane	iii,	25
Mews, jugglers often ply thereabout, to inveigle Walkers to play	ii,	287
Milkmaid of the City, unlike a rural one	ii,	11
Mercy recommended to coachmen and carmen	ii,	237
Masons, dangerous to pass where at work	ii,	266
Modesty, not to be offended	ii,	298
Monday, by what observations to know it	ii,	403
Miser, his manner of charity	ii,	462
Moor-fields	ii,	548
Monmouth-street	*ibid.*	
Mobs to be avoided	iii,	51
Mohocks, a set of modern rakes . .	iii,	326
Matrons put in hogsheads	iii,	331
Naples, the streets of that city . . .	i,	93
Newgate-market	ii,	544
Nisus and Euryalus	iii,	97
Nose, its use	iii,	245
Nicker, his art	iii,	323
Naples, its fate	iii,	387
Oysters, at what time first cried . .	i,	28
Old woman, an observation upon one .	i,	139
Observations on the looks of Walkers .	ii,	274
Ox roasted on the Thames	ii,	368
Orpheus, his death	ii,	394
Overton, the printseller	ii,	489
Oyster-wench	iii,	185

	Book.	Ver.
Oyster, the courage of him that first ate one	iii,	195
Oedipus	iii,	215
Pavers, their duty	i,	11
Paris, the streets of that city	i,	85
Poor, their murmurs, what the sign of	i,	178
Paul, St. his festival	i,	176
Precepts, what the consequence, if neglected	i,	189
Pattens, a female implement	i,	212
Presents better than flattery	i,	280
Patten, its derivation	i,	282
Perfumer, by whom to be avoided	ii,	29
Porter, sworn, useful to Walkers	ii,	65
'Prentices not to be relied on	ii,	69
Post, when to walk on the outside of it	ii,	93
Pillory, not to be gazed upon	ii,	225
Pall-Mall celebrated	ii,	257
Pythagoras, his doctrine	ii,	287
Petticoat, its use in bad weather	ii,	304
Pavers, a signal for coaches to avoid them	ii,	306
Pattens inconvenient in snowy weather	ii,	324
Phaeton, a beau compared to him	ii,	535
Periwigs, how stolen off the head	iii,	55
Pickpocket, his art and misfortunes	iii,	59
Paint, how to be avoided	iii,	337
Playhouse, a caution when you lead a lady out of it	iii,	255
Quarrels for the wall, to be avoided	iii,	213
——— sham ones dangerous	iii,	251

	Book.	Ver.
Ridinghood, its use	i,	209
Rome, the streets of it	i,	94
Rain, signs of it	i,	157
Rakes, how they avoid a dun	ii,	282
Raphael Urbin	ii,	487
Rakes, their time of walking	iii,	321
Regulus, his death	iii,	330
Reader, the Author addresses him	iii,	393
Scavengers, their duty	i,	15
Stage-coaches, an observation upon them	i,	25
Shoe-cleaning boys, the time of their first appearance	i,	23
Shoes, when to provide them	i,	29
——— what sort improper for Walkers	i,	33
——— what proper for dancers	i,	30
——— what most proper for Walkers	*ibid.*	
Surtout kersey, its description	i,	55
Shower, a man in one described	i,	191
Shins, what they betoken when scorched	i,	137
Signs, creaking, what they betoken	i,	157
Superstition to be avoided	i,	175
Swithin, St. his festival	i,	183
Smallcoal-man, by whom to be avoided	ii,	35
Summer, foreign to the Author's design	ii,	315
Signs, the use of them	ii,	67
Seven-dials of St. Giles's parish described	ii,	80
Stockings, how to prevent their being spattered	ii,	91
Streets, narrow ones to be avoided	ii,	247
Snowy weather	ii,	320
Shoes, how to free them from snow	ii,	325

	Book.	Ver.
Snow-balls, coachmen pelted with them	ii,	329
Schoolboys, mischievous in frosty weather	ii,	331
Sempstress, the description of her in a frosty morning	ii,	337
Saturday, by what observations to know it	ii,	422
Spring, the cries then in use	ii,	428
Streets formerly noblemen's houses	ii,	491
Sempstress, advice to her	ii,	341
Swords, silver, lure thieves	iii,	53
Street, how to cross it	iii,	165
Scylla and Charybdis	iii,	183
Street, where to cross it by night	iii,	185
Shoe-cleaning boy, his birth	ii,	135
——— his lamentation	ii,	177
——— his happiness	ii,	145
——— without father or mother	ii,	181
Scowerers, a set of rakes	iii,	325
Snow-hill	iii,	330
Trivia, the goddess of streets and high-ways, invoked	i,	5
Trades prejudicial to Walkers	ii,	25
Tradesmen, in what to be trusted	ii,	71
Theseus in the labyrinth of Crete	ii,	83
Thames-street	ii,	244
Trades offensive to the smell	ii,	246
Tea-drinkers, a necessary caution to them	ii,	296
Thames, coaches driven over it	ii,	365
Thaw, the description of one	ii,	400
Thursday, by what observations to know it	ii,	408
Titian	ii,	486

	Book.	Ver.
Trivia invoked as Cynthia	iii,	1
Turnstiles	iii,	107
Tragedies, their fate	iii,	414
Umbrella, its use	i,	211
Vulcan in love with a milkmaid	i,	241
——— advice to him	i,	245
Venice, the streets of it	i,	97
Vaults, an observation upon them	i,	172
Vulcan metamorphosed to a country farrier	i,	253
——— the inventor of hobnails	i,	263
——— the inventor of pattens	i,	275
Upholder, where he frequents	ii,	470
Winter, the beginning of it described	i,	1
Weather, signs of cold	i,	133
——— signs of fair	i,	142
——— signs of rainy	i,	157
Witney broad-cloth, proper for horsemen	i,	47
Wig compared to Alecto's snakes	i,	202
—— to Glaucus's beard	i,	205
—— what to be worn in a mist	i,	125
Waterman, judicious in the weather	i,	163
Winds whistling, what they foretel	i,	169
Wall, to whom to be given	ii,	45
—— to whom to be denied	ii,	59
Way, of whom to be inquired	ii,	65
Watling-street	ii,	247
Walkers, inadvertent, to what misfortunes liable	ii,	285
Wits, a caution to them	ii,	296

	Book.	Ver.
Walker distressed by a foot-ball . . .	ii,	347
Waterman, his dominion invaded . .	ii,	361
Wednesday, how to know it	ii,	416
Walkers, their happiness	ii,	502
——— free from diseases	ii,	506
Water, the danger of being upon it . .	ii,	515
Walking advantageous to learning . .	ii,	551
Women, the ill consequence of gazing on them	iii,	101
Wheelbarrows, how they prejudice Walkers	iii,	107
Whore, how to know one	iii,	267
Watchmen, the method of treating with them	iii,	307
——— their signal to their fellows .	iii,	311
——— what to do, if taken by them	iii,	313
Wall, when to keep it	iii,	205
Whores, the streets where they ply . .	iii,	259
Yeoman, a dreadful story of one . .	iii,	285

THE FAN.

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

—— ενθα δε θελκτηρια παντα τετυκτο·
Ενθα εν μεν φιλοτητς, εν δ' ιμερος, εν δ' οαριστυς,
Παρφασις ητ' εκλεψε νοον πυκα περ φρονεοντων·
Τον ρα οι εμβαλε χερσιν. HOM. IL. 14.

BOOK I.

I SING that graceful toy, whose waving play
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day:
Not the wide Fan by Persian dames display'd,
Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade,
Nor that long known in China's artful land,
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand:
Nor shall the Muse in Asian climates rove,
To seek in Indostan some spicy grove,
Where stretch'd at ease the panting lady lies,
To shun the fervour of meridian skies,
While sweating slaves catch every breeze of air,
And with wide-spreading Fans refresh the fair;
No busy gnats her pleasing dreams molest,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breast,
But artificial zephyrs round her fly,
And mitigate the fever of the sky.

Nor shall Bermudas long the Muse detain,
(Whose fragrant forests bloom in Waller's strain,)
Where breathing sweets from every field ascend,
And the wild woods with golden apples bend;

Yet let me in some odorous shade repose,
Whilst in my verse the fair palmetto grows;
Like the tall pine it shoots its stately head,
From the broad top depending branches spread;
No knotty limbs the taper body bears,
Hung on each bough a single leaf appears,
Which shrivell'd in its infancy remains,
Like a clos'd Fan, nor stretches wide its veins;
But as the seasons in their circle run,
Opes its rib'd surface to the nearer sun:
Beneath this shade the weary peasant lies,
Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise.
Stay, wandering Muse! nor rove in foreign climes;
To thy own native shore confine thy rhymes.
Assist, ye Nine! your loftiest notes employ,
Say what celestial skill contriv'd the toy;
Say how this instrument of love began,
And in immortal strains display the Fan.
Strephon had long confess'd his amorous pain,
Which gay Corinna rallied with disdain:
Sometimes in broken words he sigh'd his care,
Look'd pale, and trembled, when he view'd the fair:
With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
He dress'd, he laugh'd, he sung, he rhym'd, he danc'd:
Now call'd more powerful presents to his aid,
And, to seduce the mistress, brib'd the maid:
Smooth flattery in her softer hours applied,
The surest charm to bend the force of pride;
But still unmov'd remains the scornful dame,
Insults her captive, and derides his flame.
When Strephon saw his vows dispers'd in air,
He sought in solitude to lose his care;
Relief in solitude he sought in vain,
It serv'd, like music, but to feed his pain.

To Venus now the slighted boy complains,
And calls the goddess in these tender strains.
"O potent queen! from Neptune's empire sprung,
Whose glorious birth admiring Nereids sung,
Who midst the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,
Whose radiant presence gilds the Paphian grove,
Where to thy name a thousand altars rise,
And curling clouds of incense hide the skies;
O beauteous goddess! teach me how to move,
Inspire my tongue with eloquence of love.
If lost Adonis e'er thy bosom warm'd,
If e'er his eyes or godlike figure charm'd,
Think on those hours when first you felt the dart,
Think on the restless fever of thy heart;
Think how you pin'd in absence of the swain;
By those uneasy minutes know my pain.
Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows,
And at her shrine renews her virgin-vows,
The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame;
She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame:
Oh! may my flame, like thine, Acontius! prove,
May Venus dictate, and reward my love.
When crowds of suitors Atalanta tried,
She wealth and beauty, wit and fame defied;
Each daring lover with advent'rous pace
Pursued his wishes in the dangerous race;
Like the swift hind the bounding damsel flies,
Strains to the goal, the distanc'd lover dies.
Hippomenes, O Venus! was thy care,
You taught the swain to stay the flying fair;
Thy golden present caught the virgin's eyes,
She stoops; he rushes on, and gains the prize.
Say, Cyprian deity! what gift, what art,
Shall humble into love Corinna's heart?

If only some bright toy can charm her sight,
Teach me what present may suspend her flight." 90
Thus the desponding youth his flame declares;
The goddess with a nod his passion hears.

Far in Cythera stands a spacious grove,
Sacred to Venus and the god of Love;
Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head, 95
Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread;
Here Nature all her sweets profusely pours,
And paints the' enamell'd ground with various flow'rs;
Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends, 100
The rugged stone is clothed with mantling vines,
And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.

Here busy Cupids, with pernicious art,
Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart:
All share the toil: while some the bellows ply, 105
Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly:
Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,
Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd steel;
Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,
And with the warlike store their quivers fill. 110

A different toil another forge employs;
Here the loud hammer fashions female toys;
Hence is the fair with ornament supplied,
Hence sprung the glittering implements of pride;
Each trinket that adorns the modern dame, 115
First to these little artists ow'd its frame.
Here an unfinish'd di'mond-crosslet lay,
To which soft lovers adoration pay;
There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen, 119
That with quick scents revives the modish spleen:
Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,
Which serves the rallied fop for smart replies;

There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,
The future records of the lover's flames:
Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found,
And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground:
There stands the toilet, nursery of charms,
Completely furnish'd with bright beauty's arms;
The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
Pins, paint, a flattering glass, and black-lead combs.
The toilsome hours in different labour slide,
Some work the file, and some the graver guide;
From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.
Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days,
Bade Babylon her mighty bulwarks raise,
A swarm of labourers different tasks attend:
Here pullies make the ponderous oak ascend,
With echoing strokes the cragged quarry groans,
While there the chissel forms the shapeless stones;
The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,
Till the proud battlements her towers enclose.
Now Venus mounts her car; she shakes the reins,
And steers her turtles to Cythera's plains:
Straight to the grot with graceful step she goes,
Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows;
The swelling bellows heave for breath no more,
All drop their silent hammers on the floor;
In deep suspense the mighty labour stands,
While thus the goddess spoke her mild commands:
"Industrious Loves! your present toils forbear,
A more important task demands your care;
Long has the scheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,
By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.
That glorious bird have ye not often seen
Who draws the car of the celestial Queen?

Have ye not oft survey'd his varying dyes,
His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes?
Have ye not seen him in the sunny day
Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride display,
Then suddenly contract his dazzling train,
And with long-trailing feathers sweep the plain?
Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art,
Thin taper sticks must from one centre part;
Let these into the quadrant's form divide,
The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide;
Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,
And make a miniature-creation grow:
Let the machine in equal foldings close,
And now its plaited surface wide dispose;
So shall the fair her idle hand employ,
And grace each motion with the restless toy,
With various play bid grateful zephyrs rise,
While love in every grateful zephyr flies."
The master, Cupid, traces out the lines,
And with judicious hand the draught designs;
The' expecting Loves with joy the model view,
And the joint labour eagerly pursue.
Some slit their arrows with the nicest art,
And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart;
The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,
Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire;
Their arrows' point they soften in the flame,
And sounding hammers break its barbed frame:
Of this the little pin they neatly mould,
From whence their arms the spreading sticks un-
In equal plaits they now the paper bend, [fold;
And at just distance the wide ribs extend,
Then on the frame they mount the limber skreen,
And finish instantly the new machine.

The goddess, pleas'd, the curious work receives,
Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves;
With the light Fan she moves the yielding air,
And gales, till then unknown, play round the fair.
Unhappy Lovers! how will you withstand,
When these new arms shall grace your charmer's hand?
In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
When eyes were artless, and the look demure,
When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck enclos'd,
And heaving breasts within the stays repos'd,
When the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,
Ere black-lead combs disown'd the virgin's hair,
Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
Nor taught the Fan in fickle forms to play.
How are the sex improv'd in amorous arts!
What new-found snares they bait for human hearts!
When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd thirsty plains with human gore,
At first, the brandish'd arm the javelin threw,
Or sent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew;
In the bright air the dreadful falchion shone,
Or whistling slings dismiss'd the' uncertain stone.
Now men those less destructive arms despise,
Wide-wasteful death from thundering cannon flies:
One hour with more battalions strows the plain,
Than were of yore in weekly battles slain.
So love with fatal airs the nymph supplies,
Her dress disposes, and directs her eyes.
The bosom now its panting beauties shows,
The' experienc'd eye resistless glances throws;
Now varied patches wander o'er the face,
And strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;

The fickle head-dress sinks, and now aspires,
A towery front of lace on branching wires:
The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows,
Or round the face in labour'd order grows.
How shall I soar, and on unweary wing
Trace varying habits upward to their spring?
What force of thought, what numbers, can express
The' inconstant equipage of female dress?
How the strait stays the slender waist constrain,
How to adjust the mantua's sweeping train?
What fancy can the petticoat surround,
With the capacious hoop of whalebone bound?
But stay, presumptuous Muse! nor boldly dare
The toilet's sacred mysteries declare;
Let a just distance be to beauty paid;
None here must enter but the trusty maid.
Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearse,
And glossy manteaus rustle in thy verse;
Should you the rich brocaded suit unfold,
Where rising flowers grow stiff with frosted gold;
The dazzled Muse would from her subject stray,
And in a maze of fashions lose her way.

BOOK II.

Olympus' gates unfold; in Heaven's high towers
Appear in council all the' immortal powers;
Great Jove above the rest exalted sate,
And in his mind revolv'd succeeding fate;
His awful eye with ray superior shone,
The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne;

On silver clouds the great assembly laid,
The whole creation at one view survey'd.
But see, fair Venus comes in all her state!
The wanton Loves and Graces round her wait;
With her loose robe officious zephyrs play,
And strow with odoriferous flowers the way;
In her right hand she waves the fluttering Fan,
And thus in melting sounds her speech began:
"Assembled Powers! who fickle mortals guide,
Who o'er the sea, the skies, and earth, preside;
Ye Fountains whence all human blessings flow,
Who pour your bounties on the world below;
Bacchus first rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to stream with generous wine;
Industrious Ceres tam'd the savage ground,
And pregnant fields with golden harvests crown'd;
Flora with bloomy sweets enrich'd the year,
And fruitful autumn is Pomona's care.
I first taught woman to subdue mankind,
And all her native charms with dress refin'd:
Celestial synod! this machine survey,
That shades the face, or bids cool zephyrs play;
If conscious blushes on her cheek arise,
With this she veils them from her lover's eyes:
No levell'd glance betrays her amorous heart,
From the Fan's ambush she directs the dart.
The royal sceptre shines in Juno's hand,
And twisted thunder speaks great Jove's command:
On Pallas' arm the Gorgon-shield appears,
And Neptune's mighty grasp the trident bears:
Ceres is with the bending sickle seen,
And the strung bow points out the Cynthian Queen:
Henceforth, the waving Fan my hands shall grace,
The waving Fan supply the sceptre's place.

Who shall, ye Powers! the forming pencil hold?
What story shall the wide machine unfold?
Let Loves and Graces lead the dance around,
With myrtle wreaths and flowery chaplets crown'd;
Let Cupid's arrow strow the smiling plains
With unresisting nymphs, and amorous swains;
May glowing picture o'er the surface shine,
To melt slow virgins with the warm design."
Diana rose, with silver crescent crown'd,
And fix'd her modest eyes upon the ground;
Then with becoming mien she rais'd her head,
And thus with graceful voice the virgin said:
" Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
The watchful ogle, and delusive smiles?
Does man against her charms too powerful prove,
Or are the sex grown novices in love?
Why then these arms? or why should artful eyes,
From this slight ambush, conquer by surprise?
No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,
And o'er her cheek no conscious crimson glows:
Since blushes then from shame alone arise,
Why should we veil them from her lover's eyes?
Let Cupid rather give up his command,
And trust his arrows in a female hand.
Have not the gods already cherish'd pride,
And woman with destructive arms supplied?
Neptune on her bestows his choicest stores,
For her the chambers of the deep explores;
The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines:
Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
Where the warm ore is ripen'd into gold;
Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,
Where the green emerald pays the searcher's toil.

Does not the diamond sparkle in her ear,
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?
From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,
And imitates the lightning of her eyes.
But yet if Venus' wishes must succeed,
And this fantastic engine be decreed;
May some chaste story from the pencil flow,
To speak the virgin's joy and Hymen's woe.
" Here let the wretched Ariadne stand,
Seduc'd by Theseus to some desert land,
Her locks dishevell'd waving in the wind,
The crystal tears confess her tortur'd mind;
The perjur'd youth unfurls his treacherous sails,
And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales:
'Be still, ye Winds! (she cries) stay, Theseus, stay;'
But faithless Theseus hears no more than they.
All desperate, to some craggy cliff she flies,
And spreads a well-known signal in the skies;
His lessening vessel ploughs the foamy main;
She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.
" Paint Dido there amidst her last distress,
Pale cheeks and blood-shot eyes her grief express:
Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd,
And gushing blood streams purple from the wound;
Her sister Anna, hovering o'er her stands,
Accuses Heaven with lifted eyes and hands,
Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,
And mixes curses with her broken sighs:
'View this, ye maids! and then each swain believe;
They're Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.'
" Here draw Œnone in the lonely grove,
Where Paris first betray'd her into love:
Let wither'd garlands hang on every bough,
Which the false youth wove for Œnone's brow:

The garlands lose their sweets, their pride is shed,
And like their odours all his vows are fled;
On her fair arm her pensive head she lays,
And Xanthus' waves with mournful looks surveys,
That flood which witness'd his inconstant flame,
When thus he swore, and won the yielding dame;
'These streams shall sooner to their fountain move,
Than I forget my dear Œnone's love.'
Roll back, ye streams! back to your fountain run,
Paris is false, Œnone is undone.
Ah! wretched maid! think how the moments flew,
Ere you the pangs of this curs'd passion knew,
When groves could please, and when you lov'd the plain,
Without the presence of your perjur'd swain.
"Thus may the nymph, whene'er she spreads the Fan,
In his true colours view perfidious man;
Pleas'd with her virgin state in forests rove,
And never trust the dangerous hopes of love."
The goddess ended, merry Momus rose;
With smiles and grins he waggish glances throws,
Then with a noisy laugh forestalls his joke,
Mirth flashes from his eyes while thus he spoke:
"Rather let heavenly deeds be painted there,
And by your own examples teach the fair.
Let chaste Diana on the piece be seen,
And the bright crescent own the Cynthian queen.
On Latmos' top see young Endymion lies,
Feign'd sleep hath clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes;
See to his soft embraces how she steals,
And on his lips her warm caresses seals;
No more her hand the glittering javelin holds,
But round his neck her eager arms she folds.
Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.

Here let her on some flowery bank be laid,
Where meeting beeches weave a graceful shade,
Her naked bosom wanton tresses grace,
And glowing expectation paints her face,
O'er her fair limbs a thin loose veil is spread,
Stand off, ye shepherds! fear Actæon's head;
Let vigorous Pan the' unguarded minute seize,
And in a shaggy goat the virgin please.
Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.

"There with just warmth Aurora's passion trace,
Let spreading crimson stain her virgin face;
See Cephalus her wanton airs despise,
While she provokes him with desiring eyes:
To raise his passion she displays her charms,
His modest hand upon her bosom warms;
Nor looks, nor prayers, nor force, his heart persuade,
But with disdain he quits the rosy maid.

"Here let dissolving Leda grace the toy,
Warm cheeks and heaving breasts reveal her joy;
Beneath the pressing swan she pants for air,
While with his fluttering wings he fans the fair.
There let all-conquering gold exert its pow'r,
And soften Danae in a glittering show'r.

"Would you warn beauty not to cherish pride,
Nor vainly in the treacherous bloom confide,
On the machine the sage Minerva place,
With lineaments of wisdom mark her face:
See where she lies near some transparent flood,
And with her pipe cheers the resounding wood;
Her image in the floating glass she spies,
Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and shrivell'd eyes:
She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain
Its shatter'd ruins flings upon the plain:

With the loud reed no more her cheek shall swell;
What, spoil her face! no. Warbling strains, farewell.
Shall arts—shall sciences employ the fair?
Those trifles are beneath Minerva's care.
From Venus let her learn the married life,
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.
Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
Let her eye sparkle with the glowing flame;
The god of war within her clinging arms,
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.
Paint limping Vulcan with a husband's care,
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
Their limbs entangled in a close embrace.
Let these amours adorn the new machine,
And female nature on the piece be seen;
So shall the fair, as long as Fans shall last,
Learn from your bright examples to be chaste."

BOOK III.

THUS Momus spoke. When sage Minerva rose,
From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows,
Her skilful hand an ivory pallet grac'd,
Where shining colours were in order plac'd.
As gods are bless'd with a superior skill,
And swift as mortal thought perform their will,
Straight she proposes, by her art divine,
To bid the paint express her great design.
The' assembled powers consent. She now began,
And her creating pencil stain'd the Fan.

O'er the fair field trees spread, and rivers flow,
Towers rear their heads, and distant mountains grow;

Life seems to move within the glowing veins,
And in each face some lively passion reigns.
Thus have I seen woods, hills, and dales appear,
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air
In darken'd rooms, where light can only pass
Through the small circle of a convex glass;
On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
The forest waves, clouds float along the skies.
She various fables on the piece design'd,
That spoke the follies of the female kind.
The fate of pride in Niobe she drew:
Be wise, ye nymphs! that scornful vice subdue:
In a wide plain the' imperious mother stood,
Whose distant bounds rose in a winding wood;
Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,
Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air;
A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,
Whose spacious border golden flowers surround:
She made Latona's altars cease to flame,
And of due honours robb'd her sacred name;
To her own charms she bade fresh incense rise,
And adoration own her brighter eyes.
Seven daughters from her fruitful loins were born,
Seven graceful sons her nuptial bed adorn,
Who, for a mother's arrogant disdain,
Were by Latona's double offspring slain.
Here Phœbus his unerring arrow drew,
And from his rising steed her first-born threw,
His opening fingers drop the slacken'd rein,
And the pale corse falls headlong to the plain.
Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend,
See, to the grasp their swelling nerves distend,
Diana's arrow joins them face to face,
And death unites them in a strict embrace.

Another here flies trembling o'er the plain;
When Heaven pursues we shun the stroke in vain.
This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,
And midst his humble adoration dies.
As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
A surer weapon strikes his throbbing heart:
While that to raise his wounded brother tries,
Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.
The tender sisters bath'd in grief appear,
With sable garments and dishevell'd hair,
And o'er their gasping brothers weeping stood;
Some with their tresses stopt the gushing blood,
They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,
And in the pious action share their fate.
Now the proud dame, o'ercome by trembling fear,
With her wide robe protects her only care;
To save her only care in vain she tries,
Close at her feet the latest victim dies.
Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows,
Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose;
Fixt in astonishment she weeping stood,
The plain all purple with her children's blood:
She stiffens with her woes: no more her hair
In easy ringlets wantons in the air;
Motion forsakes her eyes, her veins are dried,
And beat no longer with the sanguine tide;
All life is fled, firm marble now she grows,
Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.
Ye haughty fair! your painted Fans display,
And the just fate of lofty pride survey;
Though lovers oft extol your beauty's power,
And in celestial similes adore;
Though from your features Cupid borrows arms,
And goddesses confess inferior charms,

Do not, vain maid! the flattering tale believe,
Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.
Here lively colours Procris' passion tell,
Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.
Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife,
Who rolls her sickening eyes, and gasps for life;
Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,
And purple gore her snowy bosom dies.
What guilt, what horror, on his face appears!
See, his red eyelid seems to swell with tears,
With agony his wringing hands he strains,
And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.
Learn hence, ye wives! bid vain suspicion cease,
Lose not in sullen discontent your peace;
For when fierce love to jealousy ferments,
A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents;
No more the days in pleasing converse flow,
And nights no more their soft endearments know.
There on the piece the Volscian queen expir'd,
The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd;
Gay Chloreus' arms attract her longing eyes,
And for the painted plume and helm she sighs;
Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,
Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way;
Down drops the martial maid; the bloody ground
Floats with a torrent from the purple wound:
The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,
And try to stop the gushing life in vain.
Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,
Where the fop's fancy in embroidery plays;
His snowy feather edg'd with crimson dyes,
And his bright swordknot lure her wandering eyes;
Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conspire to move,
Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.

Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,
And view'd his image in the crystal flood,
The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.
No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdued,
Echo in vain the flying boy pursued,
Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
And with fond look the smiling shade desires;
O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,
His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,
Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows,
And in a short-liv'd flower his beauty blows.

Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast,
That beauty's but a transient good at best;
Like flowers it withers with the' advancing year,
And age, like winter, robs the blooming fair.
Oh! Araminta, cease thy wonted pride,
Nor longer in thy faithless charms confide;
Ev'n while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,
Their lustre and thy rosy colour flies!

Thus on the Fan the breathing figures shine,
And all the powers applaud the wise design.

The Cyprian queen the painted gift receives,
And with a grateful bow the synod leaves:
To the low world she bends her steepy way,
Where Strephon pass'd the solitary day:
She found him in a melancholy grove,
His downcast eyes betray'd desponding love;
The wounded bark confess'd his slighted flame,
And every tree bore false Corinna's name.
In a cool shade he lay with folded arms,
Curses his fortune, and upbraids her charms,
When Venus to his wondering eyes appears,
And with these words relieves his amorous cares:

"Rise, happy youth! this bright machine survey
Whose rattling sticks my busy fingers sway;
This present shall thy cruel charmer move,
And in her fickle bosom kindle love.
"The Fan shall flutter in all female hands,
And various fashions learn from various lands:
For this shall elephants their ivory shed,
And polish'd sticks the waving engine spread;
His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
And round the rivet pearly circles shine:
On this shall Indians all their art employ,
And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy;
Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,
Their dress, their customs, their religion show;
So shall the British fair their minds improve,
And on the Fan to distant climates rove.
Here China's ladies shall their pride display,
And silver figures gild their loose array:
This boasts her little feet and winking eyes;
That tunes the pipe, or tinkling cymbal plies:
Here cross-leg'd nobles in rich state shall dine,
There in bright mail distorted heroes shine.
The peeping Fan in modern times shall rise,
Through which unseen the female ogle flies:
This shall in temples the sly maid conceal,
And shelter love beneath devotion's veil.
Gay France shall make the Fan her artists' care,
And with the costly trinket arm the fair.
As learned orators that touch the heart,
With various action raise their soothing art,
Both head and hand affect the listening throng,
And humour each expression of the tongue:
So shall each fashion by the Fan be seen,
From noisy anger to the sullen spleen."

While Venus spoke, joy shone in Strephon's eyes,
Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies:
But Cupid (who delights in amorous ill,
Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)
With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
Which to Leander's panting bosom flew:
Leander lov'd, and to the sprightly dame
In gentle sighs reveal'd his growing flame;
Sweet smiles Corinna to his sighs returns,
And for the fop in equal passion burns.
Lo, Strephon comes! and with a suppliant bow
Offers the present, and renews his vow.
When she the fate of Niobe beheld,
'Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd?'
She sighing cried: disdain forsook her breast,
And Strephon now was thought a worthy guest.
In Procris' bosom when she saw the dart,
She justly blames her own suspicious heart;
Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,
And knows her Strephon's constancy sincere.
When on Camilla's fate her eye she turns,
No more for show and equipage she burns:
She learns Leander's passion to despise,
And looks on merit with discerning eyes.
Narcissus' change to the vain virgin shows,
Who trusts to beauty trusts the fading rose.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies;
Love then, ye virgins! ere the blossom dies.
Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon weds the dame,
And Hymen's torch diffus'd the brightest flame.

THE

SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

IN SIX PASTORALS.

——— Libeat mihi sordida rura,
Atque humiles habitare casas——— VIRG.

THE PROEM

TO THE COURTEOUS READER.

GREAT marvel hath it been, (and that not unworthily) to diverse worthy wits, that in this our island of Britain, in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of poësy highly flourishing, no poet (though otherways of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right simple Eclogue, after the true ancient guise of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other poets travailing in this plain highway of pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, such it behoveth a pastoral to be, as nature in the country affordeth; and the manners also meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. In this also my love to my native country Britain much pricketh me forward, to describe aright the manners of our own honest and laborious ploughmen; in no wise, sure, more unworthy a British poet's imitation, than those of Sicily or Arcady; albeit, not igno-

rant I am what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimawfry hath been made of late days by certain young men of insipid delicacy, concerning I wist not what Golden Age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they would confine pastoral; whereof, I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age so justly to be instiled Golden, as this of our sovereign lady Queen Anne.

This idle trumpery (only fit for schools and schoolboys) unto that ancient Doric shepherd Theocritus, or his mates, was never known; he rightly, throughout his fifth Idyl, maketh his louts give foul language, and behold their goats at rut in all simplicity.

> Ωιπολος οκκ' εσορῃ τας μηκαδας οια ϐατευνται
> Τακεται οφθαλμως, οτι ȣ τραγος αυτος εγεντο.
>
> THEOCR.

Verily, as little pleasance receiveth a true home-bred taste from all the fine finical newfangled fooleries of this gay Gothic garniture, wherewith they so nicely bedeck their court clowns, or clown courtiers, (for which to call them rightly, I wot not) as would a prudent citizen journeying to his country farms, should he find them occupied by people of this motley make; instead of plain, down-right, hearty, cleanly folk, such as be now tenants to the burgesses of this realm.

Furthermore, it is my purpose, gentle Reader, to set before thee, as it were, a picture, or rather lively landscape of thy own country, just as thou mightest see it, didst thou take a walk into the fields at the proper season; even as Maister Milton hath elegantly set forth the same.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The smell of grain, or tedded grass or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds; but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves; or, if the hogs are astray, driving them to their styes. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields; he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none; as Maister Spenser well observeth,

Well is known that since the Saxon King
Never was wolf seen, many or some,
Nor in all Kent nor in Christendom.

For as much as I have mentioned Maister Spenser, soothly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memorial. Yet hath his shepherd's boy at sometimes raised his rustic reed to rhymes more rumbling than rural. Diverse grave points also hath he handled of churchly matter, and doubts in religion daily arising, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me best are his names, indeed right simple and meet for the country, such as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon, and others, some of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he called his Eclogues, *The Shepherd's Calendar*, and divided the same into the twelve months; I have chosen (peradventure not over rashly) to name mine by the

days of the week, omitting Sunday, or the Sabbath; ours being supposed to be Christian Shepherds, and to be then at church-worship. Yet further of many of Maister Spenser's Eclogues it may be observed, though months they be called, of the said months therein nothing is specified; wherein I have also esteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous Reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertised, (seeing I depart from the vulgar usage) is touching the language of my shepherds; which is, soothly to say, such as is neither spoken by the country maiden or the courtly dame; nay, not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past, and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future; it having too much of the country to be fit for the court; too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the present; too much of the present to have been fit for the old; and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted also it is, that in this my language I seem unto myself as a London mason, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent that is not his own, which soon turneth to rubbish and ruins. For this point no reason can I aliege, only deep-learned ensamples having led me thereunto.

But here again much comfort ariseth in me, from the hopes, in that I conceive, when these words in the course of transitory things shall de-

cay, it may so hap, in meet time, that some lover of simplicity shall arise, who shall have the hardiness to render these mine Eclogues into such more modern dialect as shall be then understood; to which end, glosses and explications of uncouth pastoral terms are annexed.

Gentle Reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thyself with the prospect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of

Thy loving countryman,

JOHN GAY.

PROLOGUE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

Lo I, who erst beneath a tree
Sung Bumkinet and Bowzybee,
And Blouzelind and Marian bright,
In apron blue or apron white,
Now write my sonnets in a book,
For my good Lord of Bolingbroke.
As lads and lasses stood around
To hear my boxen hautboy sound,
Our clerk came posting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the Queen;
" That Queen, (he said) to whom we owe
Sweet peace, that maketh riches flow;
That Queen who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas!—and lay in state."
At this, in tears was Cic'ly seen,
Buxoma tore her pinners clean;
In doleful dumps stood every clown;
The parson rent his band and gown.
For me, when as I heard that death
Had snatch'd Queen Anne to El'zabeth,
I broke my reed, and sighing swore,
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.
While thus we stood as in a stound,
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground;
Full soon by bonfire and by bell
We learnt our liege was passing well.
A skilful leach (so God him speed)
They say had wrought this blessed deed;

This leach Arbuthnot was yclept,
Who many a night not once had slept,
But watch'd our gracious Sovereign still;
For who could rest while she was ill?
Oh! may'st thou henceforth sweetly sleep:
Sheer, swains! oh! sheer your softest sheep
To swell his couch; for well I ween,
He sav'd the realm who sav'd the Queen.
Quoth I, "Please God, I'll hie with glee
To court, this Arbuthnot to see."—
I sold my sheep and lambkins too,
For silver loops and garment blue;
My boxen hautboy, sweet of sound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around;
For Lightfoot and my scrip I got
A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.
So forth I far'd to court with speed,
Of soldier's drum withouten dreed;
For peace allays the shepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of granadier.
There saw I ladies all-a-row
Before their Queen in seemly show.
No more I'll sing Buxoma brown,
Like goldfinch, in her Sunday gown;
Nor Clumsilis, nor Marian bright,
Nor damsel that Hobnelia hight;
But Lansdown fresh as flower of May,
And Berkeley lady blithe and gay,
And Anglesey, whose speech exceeds
The voice of pipe or oaten reeds,
And blooming Hyde, with eyes so rare,
And Montague beyond compare.
Such ladies fair would I depaint
In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen
In ribbon blue and ribbon green;
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,
Like Moses, in our Bibles, fair;
Who for our traffic forms designs,
And gives to Britain Indian mines.
Now, shepherds! clip your fleecy care,
Ye maids! your spinning-wheels prepare,
Ye weavers! all your shuttles throw,
And bid broad-cloths and serges grow,
For trading free shall thrive again,
Nor leasings lewd affright the swain.
There saw I St. John, sweet of mien,
Full steadfast both to church and queen;
With whose fair name I'll deck my strain;
St. John, right courteous to the swain:
For thus he told me on a day,
" Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay!
And, certes, mirth it were to see
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,
With preface meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well ye-bound."
All suddenly then home I sped,
And did even as my Lord had said.
Lo here thou hast mine Eclogues fair,
But let not these detain thine ear:
Let not the' affairs of states and kings
Wait while our Bowzybeus sings.
Rather than verse of simple swain
Should stay the trade of France or Spain,
Or for the plaint of parson's maid,
Yon Emperor's packets be delay'd,
In sooth, I swear by holy Paul,
I'd burn book, preface, notes and all.

THE

SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

MONDAY:

OR,

THE SQUABBLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

THY younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,
No thrustles shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear,
Then why does Cuddy leave his cot so rear?

Ver. 3.] Welkin, the same as Welken; an old Saxon word, signifying a cloud: by poetical licence it is frequently taken for the element or sky, as may appear by this verse in the 'Dream of Chaucer:'

Ne in all the *welkin* was no cloud——

Ibid.] Sheen, or Shine; an old word for shining, or bright.

Ver. 5.] Scant; used in ancient British authors, for scarce.

Ver. 6.] Rear; an expression in several counties of England for early in the morning.

Cud. Ah! Lobbin Clout, I ween my plight is
For he that loves, a stranger is to rest; [guest,
If swains belie not, thou hast prov'd the smart,
And Blouzelinda's mistress of thy heart.
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind;
Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind:
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

Lob.Cl. Ah Blouzelind! I love thee more by half,
Than does their fawns, or cows the new fall'n calf:
Woe worth the tongue, may blisters sore it gall,
That names Buxoma, Blouzelind withal.

Cud. Hold, witless Lobbin Clout! I thee advise;
Lest blisters sore on thy own tongue arise.
Lo, yonder Cloddipole, the blithsome swain,
The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain!
From Cloddipole we learnt to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds arise;
He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view,
When stuck aloft, that showers would strait ensue:
He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain:
When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear.
Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his sweetheart, in alternate verse:
I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

Lob.Cl. See this tobacco-pouch that's lin'd with
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer; [hair,

Ver. 7.] To ween, derived from the Saxon, to think or conceive.

Ver. 25.] Erst, a contraction of ere this; it signifies sometime ago, or formerly.

This pouch that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due. [slouch!
CUD. Begin thy carols, then, thou vaunting
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch.
LOB. CL. My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisy that beside her grows;
Fair is the gilliflower, of gardens sweet,
Fair is the marygold, for pottage meet;
But Blouzelind's than gilliflower more fair,
Than daisy, marygold, or king-cup rare.
CUD. My brown Buxoma is the featest maid
That e'er at wake delightsome gambol play'd;
Clean as young lambkins, or the goose's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,
The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,
And my cur Tray play deftest feats around;
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.
LOB. CL. Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near;
Of her bereft, 'tis winter all the year.
With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.
Come, Blouzelinda! ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire!
CUD. As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;
And holidays, if haply she were gone,
Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.

Ver. 56.] Deft, an old word signifying brisk or nimble.

Eftsoons, O sweetheart kind! my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday.
Lob. Cl. As Blouzelinda in a gamesome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I slily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss,
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to say,
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.
Cud. As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,
I quaintly stole a kiss; at first, 'tis true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cow's.
Lob. Cl. Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen but-
Of Irish swains potatoe is the cheer; [ter's dear,
Oats for their feasts the Scotish shepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind:
While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe, prize. [knife,
Cud. In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his
The capon fat delights his dainty wife;

Ver. 69.] Eftsoons, from eft, an ancient British word signifying soon; so that eftsoons is a doubling of the word soon, which is, as it were, to say, twice soon, or very soon.

Ver. 79.] Quaint has various significations in the ancient English authors. I have used it in this place in the same sense as Chaucer hath done in his 'Millar's Tale,'

As clerkes being full subtle and quaint:

(by which he means arch or waggish) and not in that obscene sense wherein he useth it in the line immediately following.

Ver. 83.] Populus Alcidæ gratissima, vitis Iaccho,
Formosæ myrtus Veneri, sua laurea Phœbo.
Phillis amat corylos. Illas dum Phillis amabit,
Nec myrtus vincet corylos, nec laurea Phœbi, &c. *Virg.*

Pudding our parson eats, the 'squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me. [hapt

Lob. Cl. As once I play'd at Blindman's-buff, it
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt:
I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind;
True speaks that ancient proverb, 'Love is blind.'

Cud. As at Hot-cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown,
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

Lob. Cl. On two near elms the slacken'd cord I
Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda swung: [hung;
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
And show'd her taper leg and scarlet hose.

Cud. Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myself pois'd against the tottering maid:
High leapt the plank; adown Buxoma fell:
I spied—but faithful sweethearts never tell.

Lob. Cl. This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst,
This wily riddle puzzles every swain; [explain,
What flower is that which bears the Virgin's name[1],
The richest metal joined with the same?

Cud. Answer, thou carl, and judge this riddle
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight; [right,
What flower is that which royal honour craves,
Adjoin the Virgin[2], and 'tis strown on graves?

Clod. Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your
An oaken staff each merits for his pains. [strains;

[1] Marygold. [2] Rosemary.

Ver. 117.] Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum
Nascantur flores. *Virg.*

Ver. 120.] Et vitula tu dignus, et hic. *Virg.*

But see the sunbeams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of Goodman Hodges' barn.
Your herds for want of water stand adry,
They're weary of your songs——and so am I.

TUESDAY:

OR,

THE DITTY.

MARIAN.

YOUNG Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed,
In every wood his carols sweet were known,
At every wake his nimble feats were shown.
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw,
The damsels' pleasures with his conquests grew;
Or when aslant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger smites the breast of every maid;
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,
The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain:
Marian, that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
Or lessen with her sieve the barley-mow;
Marbled with sage the hardening cheese she press'd,
And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd;
But Marian now, devoid of country cares,
Nor yellow butter nor sage-cheese prepares;
For yearning love the witless maid employs,
And love, says swains, all busy heed destroys.

Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart,
A lass, that Cic'ly hight, had won his heart;
Cic'ly, the western lass that tends the kee,
The rival of the parson's maid was she,
In dreary shade now Marian lies along,
And mixt with sighs thus wails in plaining song:
"Ah! woful day; ah woful noon and morn!
When first by thee my younglings white were shorn;
Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
My sheep were silly, but more silly I.
Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart;
They lost but fleeces, while I lost a heart.
"Ah! Colin! canst thou leave thy sweetheart true;
What I have done for thee, will Cic'ly do?
Will she thy linen wash or hosen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own spun yarn?
Will she with huswife's hand provide thy meat,
And every Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait?
Which o'er thy kersy-doublet spreading wide,
In service-time drew Cic'ly's eyes aside.
"Where'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
My new disasters in my look appear.
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features that I'm hardly known;
Our neighbours tell me oft, in joking talk,
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;
Unwittingly of Marian they divine,
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine:
Yet Colin Clout, untoward shepherd-swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I 'plain.
"Whilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight
To moil all day, and merry-make at night.

Ver. 21.] Kee, a West-Country word for kine, or cows.

If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
Your early breakfast is my constant care;
And when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
In mislen days, when I my thrasher heard,
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;
Lost in the music of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the smoking pail.
In harvest when the sun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy draught supply;
Whene'er you mow'd, I follow'd with the rake,
And have full oft been sunburnt for thy sake:
When in the welkin gathering showers were seen,
I lag'd the last with Colin on the green;
And when at eve returning with thy car,
Awaiting heard the jingling bells from far;
Straight on the fire the sooty pot I plac'd,
To warm thy broth, I burnt my hands in haste.
When hungry thou stood'st staring, like an oaf,
I slic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf,
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess:
Ah! love me more, or love thy pottage less!
" Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,
I, near yon stile, three sallow gipsies met:
Upon my hand they cast a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook;
They said ' that many crosses I must prove,
' Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.'
Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock;
And, off the hedge, two pinners and a smock.
I bore these losses with a christian mind,
And no mishaps could feel while thou wert kind:
But since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,
I've known no pleasure night, or noon, or morn.

Help me, ye gipsies! bring him home again,
And to a constant lass give back her swain.
" Have I not sate with thee full many a night,
When dying embers were our only light;
When every creature did in slumbers lie,
Besides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I?
No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.
" Remember, Colin, when at last year's wake
I bought thee costly presents for thy sake;
Couldst thou spell o'er the posie on thy knife,
And with another change thy state of life?
If thou forget'st, I wot, I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verse so sweet:
' As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
' So is thy image on this heart of mine.'
But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,
For knives, they tell me, always sever love."
Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brimfull,
When goody Dobbins brought her cow to bull:
With apron blue to dry her tears she sought,
Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a groat.

WEDNESDAY:

OR,

THE DUMPS[1].

SPARABELLA.

THE wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair, that Sparabella hight.
Such strains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note:
No magpie chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray;
No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damsel sung:
A while, oh D'Urfey! lend an ear or twain,
Nor, though in homely guise, my verse disdain;

[1] Dumps, or Dumbs, made use of to express a fit of the sullens. Some have pretended that it is derived from Dumopes, a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid, and died of melancholy. So Mopes, after the same manner, is thought to have come from Merops, another Egyptian king that died of the same distemper; but our English antiquaries have conjectured that Dumps, which is a grievous heaviness of spirits, comes from the word Dumplin, the heaviest kind of pudding that is eaten in this country; much used in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

Ver. 5.] Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca
Certantes, quorum stupefactæ carmine lynces;
Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus. *Virg.*

Ver. 9.] Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris——

Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,
Whether thy Muse does at Newmarket run,
Or does with gossips at a feast regale,
And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,
Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
Where D'Urfey's lyrics swell in every voice;
Yet suffer me, thou bard of wondrous meed!
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the sun drove adown the western road,
And oxen, laid at rest, forget the goad; [spade,
The clown fatigued trudg'd homeward with his
Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade;
When Sparabella, pensive and forlorn,
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
Lean'd on her rake, and straight with doleful guise
Did this sad plaint in moanful notes devise:

'Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head;
From Sparabella, Bumkinet is fled;
The ribbon that his valorous cudgel won,
Last Sunday happier Clumsilis put on:
Sure if he'd eyes (but Love, they say, has none)
I whilom by that ribbon had been known.
Ah! well-a-day! I'm shent with baneful smart,
For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

'My plaint, ye lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Ver. 11.] An opera written by this author, called 'The World in the Sun; or, The Kingdom of Birds:' he is also famous for his song on the Newmarket horse-race, and several others that are sung by the British swains.

Ver. 17.] Meed, an old word for fame or renown.

Ver. 18.] ——Hanc sine tempora circum
Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros.

Ver. 25.] Incumbens tereti Damon sic cœpit olivæ.

Ver. 33. Shent, an old word signifying hurt, or harmed.

'Shall heavy Clumsilis with me compare?
View this, ye lovers! and like me despair.
Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco-whiffs are borne;
The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;
If e'er she brew'd, the drink would straight go sour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's power:
No huswifery the dowdy creature knew;
To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.
'My plaint, ye lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
'I've often seen my visage in yon lake,
Nor are my features of the homeliest make.
Though Clumsilis may boast a whiter dye,
Yet the black sloe turns in my rolling eye;
And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek,
While Katherine-pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet she, alas! the witless lout hath won,
And by her gain poor Sparabell's undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,
The clucking hen make friendship with the kite;
Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
And join in wedlock with the waddling goose;

Ver. 37.] Mopso Nisa datur; quid non speremus amantes? *Virg.*

Ver. 49.] Nec sum adeo informis; nuper me in litore vidi. *Virg.*

Ver. 53.] Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur. *Virg.*

Ver. 59.] Jungentur jam gryphes equis; ævoque sequenti
Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ. *Virg.*

For Love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.
'My plaint, ye lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
'Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
And speckled mackarel graze the meadows fair;
Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,
And the slow ass on trees, like squirrels play;
Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,
Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.
'My plaint, ye lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
'Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,
When late I met the 'squire in yonder wood:
To me he sped, regardless of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;
My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
Then from his purse of silk a guinea took;
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modest struggling broke his hold.
He swore that Dick, in livery strip'd with lace,
Should wed me soon to keep me from disgrace;
But I nor footman priz'd nor golden fee,
For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?
'My plaint, ye lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
'Now plain I ken whence Love his rise begun;
Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son,

Ver. 67.] Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere cervi,
Et freta destituent nudos in litore pisces——
Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus. *Virg.*

Ver. 89.] To ken. *Scire Chaucero*, to ken, and kende, *notus A. S.* cunnan. *Goth.* kunnan. *Germanis* kennen. *Danis* kiende. *Islandis* Kunna. *Belgis* kennen. This word

Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain
Erst taught him mischief, and to sport with pain.
The father only silly sheep annoys,
The son the sillier shepherdess destroys.
Does son or father greater mischief do?
The sire is cruel, so the son is too.
'My plaint, ye lasses! with this burden aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid. [flow;
'Farewell, ye woods! ye meads! ye streams! that
A sudden death shall rid me of my woe.
This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide:—
What, shall I fall as squeaking pigs have died!
No—To some tree this carcass I'll suspend:—
But worrying curs find such untimely end!
I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
That stool, the dread of every scolding quean;—
Yet sure a lover should not die so mean!
There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
Though all the parish say I've lost my wits;
And thence, if courage holds, myself I'll throw,
And quench my passion in the lake below.
'Ye lasses! cease your burden, cease to moan;
And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own.'
The sun was set; the night came on apace,
And falling dews bewet around the place,

is of general use, but not very common, though not unknown to the vulgar. Ken, for *prospicere*, is well known, and used, to discover by the eye. Ray, *F. R. S.*

Nunc scio quid sit amor, &c.
Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer; crudelis tu quoque mater. *Virg.*

Ver. 99.] ——vivite Sylvæ,
Præceps aerii specula de montis in undas
Deferar. *Virg.*

The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings;
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And till to-morrow comes, defers her fate.

THURSDAY:

OR,

THE SPELL.

HOBNELIA.

HOBNELIA, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous tale;
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining Echo answers groan for groan:
'I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woful day, a day indeed of woe!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin! these ditties hear,
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Ver. 8.] Dight, or bedight, from the Saxon word *Dightan*, which signifies to set in order.

'When first the year I heard the cuckoo sing,
And call with welcome note the budding Spring,
I straightway set a running with such haste,
Deborah, that won the smock, scarce ran so fast;
Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown,
Then doff'd my shoe; and, by my troth, I swear,
Therein I spied this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'At eve last midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hempseed brought;
I scatter'd round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cried,
"This hempseed with my virgin hand I sow,
"Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow."
I straight look'd back, and if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should huswives do)
Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune, shall our true-love be.

Ver. 21.] Doff, and don, contracted from the words *do off*, and *do on*.

See, Lubberkin! each bird his partner take,
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail
That might my secret lover's name reveal;
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
I seiz'd the vermin, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread:
Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious *L:*
Oh! may this wondrous omen lucky prove:
For *L* is found in Lubberkin and love.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;
This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd:
As blaz'd the nut so may thy passion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice aronnd, around, around.
'As peasecods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
Which when I crop'd, I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid:

Ver. 64.] ——εγω δ ετι Δελφιδι δαφναν
Αιθω· χ᾽ ως αυτα λαχεει μεγα καππυρισασα. *Theoc.*

Ver. 66.] Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide.

My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,
But, in his proper person,—Lubberkin!
I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see,
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted sleight;
So may again his love with mine unite!
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.
Fly, lady-bird; north, south, or east, or west,
Fly where the man is found that I love best.
He leaves my hand; see to the west he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'This mellow pippin which I pare around,
My shepherd's name shall flourish on the ground:
I fling the' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect *L* is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is seen
Than what the paring marks upon the green.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'This pippin shall another trial make;
See from the core two kernels brown I take;
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,
And Boobyclod on t'other side is borne:

Ver. 93.] Transque caput jace; ne respexeris. *Virg.*

But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound;
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last;
Oh! were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee;
He wist not when the hempen string I drew;
Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;
Together fast I tie the garters twain,
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain;
"Three times a true-love's knot I tie secure,
"Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure."
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day
To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay.
I made my market long before 'twas night;
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.
Straight to the 'pothecary's shop I went,
And in love-powder all my money spent:
Behap what will, next Sunday, after prayers,
When to the alehouse Lubberkin repairs,
These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

Ver. 109.] Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores:
Necte, Amarylli, modo; et Veneris, dic, vincula necto.
Virg.

Ver. 123.] Has herbas, atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena
Ipse dedit Mœris. *Virg.*

Ver. 127.] ———Ποτον κακον αυριον οισω. *Theoc.*

'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
'But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
Nor shall she, crown'd with willow, die a maid.
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown;
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!'

FRIDAY:

OR,

THE DIRGE[1].

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

WHY, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?
There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;

Ver. 131.] Nescio quid certe est: et Hylax in limine latrat. *Virg.*

[1] Dirge, or Dyrge, a mournful ditty or song of lamentation over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin *Dirige*, in the Popish hymn, *Dirige gressus meos*, as some pretend, but from the Teutonic *Dyrke*, *Laudare*, to praise and extol: whence it is possible their *dyrke* and our *dirge* was a laudatory song to commemorate and applaud the dead. *Cowell's Interpreter.*

From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne,
And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn;
Yet ev'n this season pleasance blithe affords;
Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple-hoards,
Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl,
Let cider new wash sorrow from thy soul.

GRUB. Ah! Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert gone,
From these sad plains all merriment is flown;
Should I reveal my grief 'twould spoil thy cheer,
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMK. Hang sorrow! let's to yonder hut repair,
And with trim sonnets cast away our care.
Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,
Thou sing'st most sweet 'O'er hills and far away.'
Of Patient Grissel I devise to sing,
And catches quaint shall make the valleys ring.
Come, Grubbinol! beneath this shelter, come;
From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

GRUB. Yes, blithsome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
But with my woe shall distant valleys ring;
The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,
For woe is me!—our Blouzelind is dead.

BUMK. Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell my glee!
No happiness is now reserv'd for me.
As the wood-pigeon cooes without his mate,
So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate:
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
The peerless maid that did all maids excel.
Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
And evening tears upon the grass be spread;

Ver. 15.] Incipe, Mopse, prior; si quo saut Phyllidis ignes,
Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri. *Virg.*

Ver. 27.] Glee, joy; from the Dutch *Glooren*, to recreate.

The rolling streams with wat'ry grief shall flow,
And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft as autumn shall return,
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn;
This season quite shall strip the country's pride,
For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda died.

Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,
Woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our passion knew.
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood:
Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,
When rotten sticks our fuel have supplied;
There I remember how her faggots large,
Were frequently these happy shoulders' charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel-boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown;
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
Or wallowing mid a feast of acorns lay,
The' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,
And whistled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
I shall her goodly countenance espy,
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.
Whilom I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
And press from spongy curds the milky stream.
But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
The whining swine surround the dairy door;
No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye swine! in grunting spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly,
The poultry there will seem around to stand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand:
No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.
Whenever by yon barley-mow I pass,
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.
I pitch'd the sheaves (oh! could I do so now)
Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There every deale my heart by love was gain'd,
There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd:
Ah! Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er shall see,
But thy memorial will revive in me.
Lament, ye fields! and rueful symptoms show,
Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
Let weeds instead of butter-flowers appear,
And meads instead of daisies hemlock bear;
For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
For Blouzelinda, blithsome maid! is dead.
Lament, ye Swains! and o'er her grave bemoan,
And spell ye right this verse upon her stone;
'Here Blouzelinda lies—Alas, alas!
'Weep, shepherds!—and remember flesh is grass.'
GRUB. Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear,

Ver. 84.] Pro molli viola, pro purpureo narcisso
Carduus, et spinis surgit paliurus acutis. *Virg.*

Ver. 90.] Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen. *Virg.*

Ver. 93.] Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.
Nos tamen hæc quocumque modo tibi nostra vicissim
Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad astra. *Virg.*

Or winter porridge to the labouring youth,
Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay;
Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she died,
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cried;
The boding raven on her cottage sate,
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;
The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
Drop'd on the plains, that fatal instant, dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spied,
Which erst I saw when goody Dobson died.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate?
While on her darling's bed her mother sate,
These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,
And of the dead let none the will revoke:—

"Mother (quoth she) let not the poultry need;
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed;
Be these my sister's care—and every morn
Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet ere I die—see, Mother, yonder shelf,
There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf.
Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,
Be ten the parson's, for my sermon paid:
The rest is your's—my spinning-wheel and rake,
Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake:
My new straw hat that's trimly lin'd with green
Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean:

Ver. 96.] Κρεσσον Μελπομενω τευαχεσμεν υι μελι λειχειν. *Theoc.*

My leathern bottle, long in harvests tried,
Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside:
Three silver pennies and a nine-pence bent,
A token kind, to Bumkinet is sent."
Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cried;
And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she died.

To show their love, the neighbours far and near
Follow'd, with wistful look, the damsel's bier.
Sprig'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
While dismally the parson walk'd before:
Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisy, butter-flower, and endive blue.

After, the good man warn'd us from his text,
That none could tell whose turn would be the next;
He said that Heaven would take her soul, no doubt,
And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.

To her sweet memory flowery garlands strung,
O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung;
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,
Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze;
For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
To drink new cider mull'd, with ginger warm;
For gaffer Treadwell told us, by the bye,
Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
Or lasses with soft strokings milk the cow;
While paddling ducks the standing lake desire,
Or battening hogs roll in the sinking mire;

Ver. 153.] Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.
Virg.

While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,
So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.
Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
Till bonny Susan sped across the plain:
They seiz'd the lass, in apron clean array'd,
And to the alehouse forc'd the willing maid.
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
And Susan, Blouzelinda's loss repairs.

SATURDAY:

OR,

THE FLIGHTS.

BOWZYBEUS.

SUBLIMER strains, O rustic Muse! prepare;
Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's Flights require sonorous lays;
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.
'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about;
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter-plough.
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was untied;

Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,
And merry reapers what they list will ween.
Soon she rose up, and cried with voice so shrill,
That Echo answer'd from the distant hill;
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd.
When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spied,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;
That Bowzybeus who with finger's speed
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who with jocund tongue,
Ballads, and roundelays, and catches sung.
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.
Ah! Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!
Thou shouldst have left the fair before 'twas night,
But thou sat'st toping till the morning light.
Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
And kiss'd with smacking lip the snoring lout;
For custom says, whoe'er this venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.
By [illegible] example Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling straw within his nose:
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke [spoke;
The sneering swains with stammering speech be-

Ver. 22.] Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant. *Virg.*

Ver. 40.] Sanguineis frontem moris et tempora pingit. *Virg.*

" To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er;
As for the maids—I've something else in store."
No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng:
Not ballad-singer, plac'd above the crowd,
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud;
Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bowzybeus soothes the' attentive ear.
Of Nature's laws his carols first begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the sun;
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing, and seek their prey, by night:
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,
And how the closing coleworts upward grow;
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light, that gilds his tail:
He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed;
Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon, in midnight hours, ascend:
Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep:

Ver. 43.] Carmina quæ vultis, cognoscite; carmina vobis;
Huic aliud mercedis erit. *Virg.*

Ver. 47.] Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnassia rupes;
Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur, et Ismarus Orphea. *Virg.*

Ver. 51.] Our swain had probably read Tusser, from whence he might have collected these philosophical observations.

Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta, &c.
Virg.

How Nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose:
For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind.
Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose:
How pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country-maid;
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine:
How the tight lass knives, combs, and scissars spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold:
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song:
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the venturous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding in his party-colour'd jacket
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet:
Of rareeshows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.
Then sad he sung 'The Children in the Wood;'
(Ah! barbarous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!)
How blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,
And fearless at the glittering falchion smil'd:
Their little corse the robin-red-breasts found,
And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
Ah! gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
Your names shall live for ever in my song.

Ver. 97.] Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo. *Virg.*

For buxom Joan he sung the doubtful strife,
How the sly sailor made the maid a wife.
To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woful wars in Chevy-chase befell,
When Percy drove the deer with hound and horn;
Wars to be wept, by children yet unborn!
Ah! Witherington! more years thy life had crown'd,
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
Yet shall the 'Squire who fought on bloody stumps,
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.
All in the land of Essex next he chaunts,
How to sleek mares starch quakers turn gallants:
How the grave brother stood on bank so green;
Happy for him, if mares had never been!
Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
And, on a sudden, sung the hundredth psalm.
He sung of Taffey Welch, and Sawney Scot,
Lilli-burlero, and the Irish Trot.
Why should I tell of Bateman or of Shore,
Or Wantley's Dragon slain by valiant More;-
The bower of Rosamond, or Robin Hood,
And how the grass now grows, where Troy-town stood?
His carols ceas'd; the listening maids and swains
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
Sudden he rose; and, as he reels along,
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.

Ver. 99.] A Song in the Comedy of 'Love for Love,' beginning, A Soldier and a Sailor, &c.

Ver. 109.] A Song of Sir John Denham's. See his *Poems*.

Ver. 112.] Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent Pasiphaen.

Ver. 116.] See Percy's Reliques of English Poetry.

Ver. 117.] Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, &c. *Virg.*

Ibid.] Old English ballads.

The damsels laughing fly; the giddy clown
Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown:
The Power that guards the drunk his sleep attends,
Till ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

AN

ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

OF NAMES, PLANTS, FLOWERS, FRUITS, BIRDS, BEASTS, INSECTS, AND OTHER MATERIAL THINGS MENTIONED IN THESE PASTORALS.

	Past.	*Ver.*
Acorns	v,	52
Adder	vi,	20
Alehouse	v,	8
Apple	iv,	126
Apron	ii, 105.	v, 50
Ass	iii, 6.	iii, 70
Autumn	v, 3.	v, 37
Barley	ii, 70.	v, 78
Ballad-Singer	vi,	47
Bat	iii,	117
Bateman	vi,	117
Bays	iii,	18
Barn	i, 122,	v, 69
Beech	v,	6
Bee	v,	107
Bran	ii,	44
Blackberry	vi,	93
Blindman's-buff	i,	95
Bramble	i,	2
Blouzelind	i, 10.	v, 26
Breakfast	ii,	53
Bull	ii,	104
Bumkinet	iii,	28
Bun	v,	96
Boobyclod	iv,	102
Butter	i,	33
Bowzybeus	vi,	
Butcher	iii,	90
Butterflower	v,	85
Buxoma	i,	14
Calf	i, 16.	i, 55
Capon	i,	90

	Past.	Ver.
Car	ii,	65
Cat	ii, 90.	iii, 67
Cicily	ii, 20.	vi, 35
Clover-Grass	i,	42
Cloddipole	i,	
Churn	iii,	42
Coleworts	vi,	56
Clumsilis	iii,	30
Cock	ii,	79
Comb	vi,	77
Cow	i, 16.	i, 82. ii, 104
Colin Clout	ii,	1
Clouted Cream	v,	61
Cowslips	v,	87
Chalk	ii,	44
Cricket	v,	102
Curd	v,	62
Cuddy	i,	
Church-Yard	v,	148
Cuckoo	iv,	15
Cur	i,	56
Cyder	v,	150
Corns	i,	28
Dairy	v,	42
Daisy	i,	44
Dandelion	v,	87
Deborah	iv,	18
Death-Watch	v,	101
D'Urfey	iii,	9
Dobbins, Goody	ii,	104
Deer	i,	36
Dick	iii,	83
Doe	i,	16
Dorcas	vi,	39
Dragon	vi,	118
Drink	iii,	43
Dobson, Goody	v,	108
Duck	v,	155
Duckling	v,	116
Ducking-Stool	iii,	105
Eggs	iv,	120
Elm	v,	5
Endive	v,	138
Epitaph	v,	90
Fair	vi,	71
Fawn	i,	16
Fox	iii,	61
Fuel	v,	46
Gillyflower	i,	45
Gloves	vi,	38
Glow-Worm	vi,	60
Garter	iv,	110
Goldfinch	i,	52
Ginger	v,	150
Goose	v,	114
Gillian of Croydon	v,	17
Gooseberry	iv,	51
Green Gown	iv,	135
Grass	iv,	94
Grubbinol	v,	
Gipsy	ii,	74

	Past.	Ver.
Hare	iii,	59
Holiday	i,	66
Haycock	i,	72
Hazel Nut	iv,	61
Harvest	vi,	8
Hemlock	v,	86
Hempseed	iv,	28
Heifer	i,	25
Hen	iii,	60
Hour Glass	v,	142
Holly	iii,	54
Hosen	ii,	33
Hobnelia	iv,	
Hot Cockles	i,	99
Hog	v,	51
Hodge	iii,	15
Horse	v,	148
Hodges, Goodman	i,	122
Hound	iii,	59
Jack Pudding	vi,	87
Jay	iii,	5
Joan	vi,	99
Irish Trot	vi,	116
Katherine Pear	iii,	56
Kid	i,	54
Kerchief	v,	58
Kidling	v,	25
Kiss	i,	73
Kite	iii,	60
Kersey Doublet	ii,	37
Knife	i,	89
King-Cup	i,	43
Lady-Bird	iv,	85
Leather	ii,	44
Lamb	i,	53
Lobbin Clout	i,	
Love-Powder	iv,	124
Lambkin	v,	105
Lottery	vi,	79
Lark	i,	3
Leathern Bottle	v,	127
Lubberkin	iv,	7
Lily	v,	60
Leek	iii,	55
Lilly-Burlero	vi,	116
Linnet	iii,	3
Mackerel	iii,	68
May Day	i,	58
Magpie	iii,	5
Milk-Pail	ii,	58
Mare	vi,	110
Mug	vi,	32
Marian	ii,	9
Moore	vi,	118
Marygold	i,	46
Midsummer Eve	iv,	27
Mole	v,	157
Mountebank	vi,	83
Mow	v,	75
Neckcloth	ii,	36
Nuts	v,	50

	Past.	Ver.
Ninepence	v,	129
Oak	v,	3
Oatmeal	ii,	44
Owl	vi,	52
Oxen	iii,	20
Ploughing	ii,	51
Peasecod	iv,	69
Penny	v,	129
Peggy	v,	126
Penknife	iii,	101
Pigeon	v,	29
Pedlar	vi,	73
Pig	iii,	102
Pinner	v,	58
Pippin	iv,	91
Pottage	v,	95
Potatoe	i,	84
Pudding	i,	91
Primrose	v,	84
Patient Grissel	v,	19
Poultry	v,	113
Parish Clerk	vi,	49
Puppy	vi,	67
Rake	v,	123
Raven	v,	103
Robin Hood	vi,	119
Robin Redbreast	vi,	95
Ring	vi,	80
Rook	ii,	54
Rosamond	vi,	119
Roast Beef	i,	89
Ribbon	iii,	29
Rosemary	v,	137
Riddle	i,	111
Swinging	i,	103
Spring	iv,	16
Sawney	vi,	115
Sage	ii,	13
Scissars	vi,	77
Sheep	ii,	28
Straw Hat	v,	125
Sloe	iii,	52
Smock	iv,	18
Snail	iii,	71
Spinning-Wheel	v,	123
Squirrel	iii,	70
Sugar	v,	96
Susan	v,	124
Squire	iii,	76
Sowing	ii,	53
Swallow	i,	29
Shore	vi,	117
Swine	v,	64
Summer	i,	61
Silver Spoon	vi,	80
Sparabella	iii,	
Seesawing	i,	107
Thimble	vi,	79
Thrustle	i,	2
Tobacco	iii,	40
Treadwell, Gaffer	v,	151

	Past.	Ver.
Troy-Town	vi,	120
Turnip	i,	86
Thrashing	ii,	55
Truelove's Knot	iv,	115
Valentine's Day	iv,	37
Udder	i,	4
Wake	ii,	4
Weather	v,	99
Winter	i,	60
Weed	v,	85
Will-a-Wisp	vi,	57
Wheat-Sheaf	vi,	126
Whey	v,	66
White Pot	i,	92
Wood	v,	43
Worky-Day	i,	63
Woodcock	vi,	61
Whistling	v,	54
Yarn	iv,	77
Youngling	ii,	26

ACIS AND GALATEA.

A SERENATA.

IN TWO PARTS.

THE MUSIC BY MR. HANDEL.

PART I.

A RURAL PROSPECT, DIVERSIFIED WITH ROCKS, GROVES, AND A RIVER. ACIS AND GALATEA SEATED BY A FOUNTAIN. CHORUS OF NYMPHS AND SHEPHERDS, DISTRIBUTED ABOUT THE LANDSCAPE; AND POLYPHEMUS DISCOVERED, SITTING UPON A MOUNTAIN.

CHORUS.

O THE pleasure of the plains!
Happy nymphs and happy swains!
Harmless, merry, free, and gay,
Dance and sport the hours away.
For us the zephyr blows,
For us distils the dew,
For us unfolds the rose,
And flowers display their hue:
For us the winters rain,
For us the summers shine;
Spring swells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine.

RECITATIVE.

GAL. Ye verdant plains and woody mountains!
Purling streams and bubbling fountains!
Ye painted glories of the field!
Vain are the pleasures which you yield;
Too thin the shadow of the grove,
Too faint the gales to cool my love.

AIR.

Hush, ye pretty warbling choir,
Your thrilling strains;
Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce desire:
Cease your song, and take your flight;
Bring back my Acis to my sight.

AIR.

ACIS. Where shall I seek the charming fair?
Direct the way, kind Genius of the mountains!
O tell me if you saw my dear;
Seek she the groves, or bathes in crystal fountains?

RECITATIVE.

DAM. Stay, shepherd! stay;
See how thy flocks in yonder valley stray.
What means this melancholy air?
No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

AIR.

Shepherd! what art thou pursuing?
Heedless, running to thy ruin!

Share our joy, our pleasure share:
Leave thy passion till to-morrow;
Let the day be free from sorrow,
Free from love and free from care.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS. Lo here, my love!
Turn, Galatea! hither turn thine eyes;
See at thy feet the longing Acis lies.

AIR.

Love in her eyes sits playing,
And sheds delicious death;
Love in her lips is straying,
And warbling in her breath:
Love on her breast sits panting,
And swells with soft desire;
Nor grace nor charm is wanting
To set the heart on fire.

RECITATIVE.

GAL. O! didst thou know the pains of absent love,
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

AIR.

As when the dove
Laments his love,
All on the naked spray;
When he returns,
No more she mourns,
But loves the live-long day.

Billing, cooing,
Panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs fill the grove;
Melting murmurs, lasting love.

DUET.

ACIS, GAL. Happy we.
What joys I feel!—What charms I see!
Of all youths thou dearest boy!
Of all nymphs thou brightest fair!
Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy!

CHORUS.

Happy we, &c.

PART II.

A CONCERTO ON THE ORGAN.

CHORUS.

WRETCHED lovers! Fate has past
This sad decree, 'No joy shall last.'
Wretched lovers! quit your dream,
Behold the monster Polypheme:
See what ample strides he takes,
The mountain nods, the forest shakes;
The waves run frighten'd to the shores:
Hark! how the thundering giant roars.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

POLYPH. I rage, I melt, I burn;
The feeble god has stab'd me to the heart.

Thou trusty pine!
Prop of my godlike steps, I lay thee by.
Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
In soft enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

AIR.

O ruddier than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!
O nymph more bright
Than moonshine night,
Like kidlings, blithe and merry!
Ripe as the melting cluster!
No lily has such lustre;
Yet hard to tame
As raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster!

RECITATIVE.

POLYPHEMUS, ACIS, GALATEA, DAMON.

POLYPH. Whither, fairest! art thou running,
Still my warm embraces shunning?
GAL. The lion calls not to his prey,
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin stay.
POLYPH. Thee, Polyphemus! great as Jove,
Calls to empire and to love;
To his palace in the rock,
To his dairy, to his flock;
To the grape of purple hue,
To the plum of glossy blue;
Wildings which expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by thy hand.

GAL. Of infant limbs to make my food,
And swill full draughts of human blood!
Go, Monster! bid some other guest:
I loath the host; I loath the feast.

AIR.

POLYPH. Cease to beauty to be suing:
Ever-whining love disdaining,
Let the brave, their aims pursuing,
Still be conquering, not complaining.

AIR.

DAMON. Would you gain the tender creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her;
Suffering is the lover's part:
Beauty, by constraint, possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing;
Lifeless charms without the heart.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS. His hideous love provokes my rage;
Weak as I am, I must engage:
Inspir'd with thy victorious charms,
The god of love will lend his arms.

AIR.

Love sounds the' alarm,
And fear is a-flying:
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal fears dying?
In defence of my treasure
I'd bleed at each vein:
Without her no pleasure,
For life is a pain.

AIR.

DAM. Consider, fond Shepherd!
How fleeting's the pleasure,
That flatters our hopes
In pursuit of the fair:
The joys that attend it
By moments we measure;
But life is too little
To measure our care.

RECITATIVE.

GAL. Cease, O cease, thou gentle youth!
Trust my constancy and truth;
Trust my truth, and powers above,
The powers propitious still to love.

TRIO.

ACIS, GALATEA, POLYPHEME.

ACIS, GAL. The flock shall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle-dove,
The nymphs forsake the fountains,
Ere I forsake my love.

POLYPH. Torture! fury! rage! despair!
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear.

ACIS, GAL. Not showers to larks so pleasing,
Nor sunshine to the bee;
Not sleep to toil so easing,
As these dear smiles to me.

POLYPH. Fly swift, thou massy ruin! fly:
Die, presumptuous Acis! die.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS. Help, Galatea! help, ye parent-gods!
And take me, dying, to your deep abodes.

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye Muses! weep, ye Swains!
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful strains;
Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the neighbouring shore,
Ah!—the gentle Acis is no more.

SONG AND CHORUS.

GAL. Must I my Acis still bemoan,
Inglorious crush'd beneath that stone?
Must the lovely charming youth
Die for his constancy and truth?
Say, what comfort can you find?
For dark despair o'erclouds my mind.

CHORUS.

Cease, Galatea! cease to grieve;
Bewail not, when thou canst relieve:
Call forth thy power, employ thy art;
The goddess soon can heal thy smart:
To kindred gods the youth return,
Through verdant plains to roll his urn.

RECITATIVE.

GAL. 'Tis done: thus I exert my power divine;
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

AIR.

Heart! thou seat of soft delight,
Be thou now a fountain bright;

Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a crystal flood;
Rock! thy hollow womb disclose:
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows.
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murmuring still his gentle love.

CHORUS.

Galatea! dry thy tears;
Acis now a god appears;
See how he rears him from his bed;
See the wreath that binds his head.
Hail! thou gentle murmuring Stream!
Shepherds' pleasure, Muses' theme;
Through the plain still joy to rove,
Murmuring still thy gentle love.

END OF VOL. II.

Printed by C. WHITTINGHAM, Chiswick.

GAY.

These while she spreads them still in spires extends,
Till in small leaves her taper fingers end:

Vol. III. Story of Cephisa.

Painted by H.r Singleton. Engraved by L. Schiavonetti.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN GAY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

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CONTENTS.

EPISTLES.

	Page
To a Lady. Occasioned by the Arrival of her Royal Highness	5
To the Right Hon. the Earl of Burlington. A Journey to Exeter	10
To the Right Hon. William Pulteney, Esq.	15
To the Right Hon. Paul Methuen, Esq. . .	23
To her Grace Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough	26
To William Lowndes, Esq.	28
To a young Lady, with some Lampreys . .	30
To a Lady, on her Passion for old China .	32
Bounce to Fop. An Epistle from a Dog at Twickenham to a Dog at Court . . .	34
Panegyrical Epistle to Mr. Thomas Snow, Goldsmith, near Temple-bar	37
To Bernard Lintot, on a Miscellany of Poems	40
Elegiac Epistle to a Friend; written under a Dejection of Spirits	43

TALES.

An Answer to the Sompner's Prologue of Chaucer. In Imitation of Chaucer's Style	46
True Story of an Apparition	48
The mad Dog	53

ECLOGUES.

The Birth of the 'Squire. In Imitation of the Pollio of Virgil	58

Page
The Toilet. A town Eclogue 61
The Tea-table. A town Eclogue 65
The Funeral. A town Eclogue 68
The Espousal. A sober Eclogue between two of the People called Quakers 72

SONGS AND BALLADS 76

ELEGIES.

Panthea 98
Araminta 101
On a Lap-dog 104

GONDIBERT, A POEM 106

MISCELLANIES.

Wine 134
The Story of Cephisa 143
Prologue. Designed for the Pastoral Tragedy of Dione 147
The Lamentation of Glumdalclitch for the Loss of Grildrig. A Pastoral 149
Mary Gulliver to Capt. Lemuel Gulliver . 152
To Quinbus Flestrin, the Man-mountain. A Lilliputian Ode 155
The Man-mountain's Answer to the Lilliputian Verses 157
Verses to be placed under the Picture of Sir Richard Blackmore 159
Contemplation on Night 161
A Thought on Eternity 162
Epitaph of By-words 164
My own Epitaph . . . . . *ib.*

EPISTLES.

TO A LADY.

OCCASIONED BY THE ARRIVAL OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM, to all your censures I submit,
And frankly own I should long since have writ;
You told me, silence would be thought a crime,
And kindly strove to tease me into rhyme:
'No more let trifling themes your Muse employ,
Nor lavish verse to paint a female toy:
No more on plains with rural damsels sport,
But sing the glories of the British court.'
By your commands and inclination sway'd,
I call'd the' unwilling Muses to my aid;
Resolv'd to write, the noble theme I chose,
And to the Princess thus the poem rose:
Aid me, bright Phœbus! aid, ye sacred Nine!
Exalt my genius, and my verse refine.
My strains with Carolina's name I grace,
The lovely parent of our royal race.
Breathe soft, ye winds! ye waves! in silence sleep,
Let prosperous breezes wanton o'er the deep,
Swell the white sails, and with the streamers play,
To waft her gently o'er the wat'ry way.
Here I to Neptune form'd a pompous pray'r,
To rein the winds and guard the royal fair;

Bid the blue tritons sound their twisted shells,
And call the nereids from their pearly cells.
Thus my warm zeal had drawn the Muse along,
Yet knew no method to conduct her song:
I then resolv'd some model to pursue,
Perus'd French critics, and began anew.
Long open panegyric drags at best,
And praise is only praise when well address'd.
Straight Horace for some lucky ode I sought,
And all along I trac'd him, thought by thought:
This new performance to a friend I show'd;
'For shame, (says he) what, imitate an ode!
I'd rather ballads write, and Grub-street lays,
Than pillage Cæsar for my patron's praise.
One common fate all imitators share,
To save mince-pies, and cap the grocer's ware.'
Vex'd at the charge, I to the flames commit
Rhymes, similes, lords names, and ends of wit;
In blotted stanzas scraps of odes expire,
And fustian mounts in pyramids of fire.
Ladies! to you I next inscrib'd my lay,
And writ a letter in familiar way;
For still impatient till the Princess came,
You from description wish'd to know the dame.
Each day my pleasing labour larger grew,
For still new graces open'd to my view:
Twelve lines ran on to introduce the theme,
And then I thus pursued the growing scheme.
Beauty and wit were sure by Nature join'd,
And charms are emanations of the mind;
The soul transpiercing through the shining frame,
Forms all the graces of the princely dame:
Benevolence her conversation guides,
Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye resides.

Such harmony upon her tongue is found,
As softens English to Italian sound;
Yet in those sounds such sentiments appear,
As charm the judgment, while they soothe the ear.
Religion's cheerful flame her bosom warms,
Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms.
Henceforth, ye Fair! at chapel mind your pray'rs,
Nor catch your lovers' eyes with artful airs:
Restrain your looks, kneel more and whisper less,
Nor most devoutly criticise on dress.
From her form all your characters of life,
The tender mother, and the faithful wife.
Oft have I seen her little infant-train,
The lovely promise of a future reign;
Observ'd with pleasure every dawning grace,
And all the mother opening in their face:
The son shall add new honours to the line,
And early with paternal virtues shine.
When he the tale of Audenard repeats,
His little heart with emulation beats;
With conquests yet to come his bosom glows,
He dreams of triumphs and of vanquish'd foes.
Each year with arts shall store his ripening brain,
And from his grandsire he shall learn to reign.
Thus far I'd gone: propitious rising gales
Now bid the sailor hoist the swelling sails.
Fair Carolina lands; the cannons roar,
White Albion's cliffs resound from shore to shore.
Behold the bright original appear;
All praise is faint when Carolina's near.
Thus to the nation's joy, but poet's cost,
The Princess came, and my new plan was lost.
Since all my schemes were balk'd, my last resort,
I left the Muses to frequent the court:

Pensive each night, from room to room I walk'd,
To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd;
Inquir'd what news, or such a lady's name,
And did the next day, and the next, the same.
Places, I found, were daily given away,
And yet no friendly gazette mention'd Gay.
I ask'd a friend what method to pursue;
He cried, 'I want a place as well as you.'
Another ask'd me, 'why I had not writ?
A poet owes his fortune to his wit.'
Straight I replied, 'With what a courtly grace
Flows easy verse from him that has a place!
Had Virgil ne'er at court improv'd his strains,
He still had sung of flocks and homely swains;
And had not Horace sweet preferment found,
The Roman lyre had never learnt to sound.'
Once ladies fair in homely guise I sung, [rung.
And with their names wild woods and mountains
Oh! teach me now to strike a softer strain:
The court refines the language of the plain.
'You must (cries one) the ministry rehearse,
And with each patriot's name prolong your verse.'
But sure this truth to poets should be known,
That praising all alike is praising none.
Another told me, if I wish'd success,
To some distinguish'd lord I must address;
One whose high virtues speak his noble blood,
One always zealous for his country's good;
Where valour and strong eloquence unite,
In council cautious, resolute in fight;
Whose generous temper prompts him to defend,
And patronise the man that wants a friend.
You have, 'tis true, the noble patron shown,
But I, alas! am to Argyle unknown.

Still every one I met in this agreed,
That writing was my method to succeed;
But now preferments so possess'd my brain,
That scarce I could produce a single strain:
Indeed I sometimes hammer'd out a line,
Without connection, as without design.
One morn upon the Princess this I writ,
An epigram that boasts more truth than wit:
'The pomp of titles easy faith might shake,
She scorn'd an empire for religion's sake:
For this, on earth the British crown is giv'n,
And an immortal crown decreed in Heaven.'
Again, while George's virtues rais'd my thought,
The following lines prophetic Fancy wrought:
'Methinks I see some bard, whose heavenly rage
Shall rise in song, and warm a future age,
Look back through time, and, rapt in wonder, trace
The glorious series of the Brunswick race.
'From the first George these godlike kings descend,
A line which only with the world shall end.
The next, a generous prince renown'd in arms,
And bless'd, long bless'd, in Carolina's charms;
From these the rest. 'Tis thus secure in peace
We plough the fields, and reap the year's increase:
Now Commerce, wealthy goddess, rears her head,
And bids Britannia's fleets their canvass spread;
Unnumber'd ships the peopled ocean hide,
And wealth returns with each revolving tide.'
Here paus'd the sullen Muse; in haste I dress'd,
And through the crowd of needy courtiers press'd:
Though unsuccessful, happy whilst I see
Those eyes that glad a nation shine on me.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF BURLINGTON.

A JOURNEY TO EXETER.

WHILE you, my Lord, bid stately piles ascend,
Or in your Chiswick-bowers enjoy your friend,
Where Pope unloads the boughs within his reach,
The purple vine, blue plum, and blushing peach,
I journey far—You knew fat bards might tire,
And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty 'Squire.
'Twas on the day that City-dames repair
To take their weekly dose of Hyde-Park air,
When forth we trot; no carts the road infest,
For still on Sundays country-horses rest.
Thy gardens, Kensington! we leave unseen,
Through Hammersmith jog on to Turnham-green;
That Turnham-green which dainty pigeons fed,
But feeds no more; for Solomon[1] is dead.
Three dusty miles reach Brentford's tedious town,
For dirty streets and white-leg'd chickens known;
Thence o'er wide shrubby heaths and furrow'd lanes,
We come, where Thames divides the meads of Staines.
We ferried o'er; for late the Winter's flood
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.
Prepar'd for war, now Bagshot-Heath we cross,
Where broken gamesters oft repair their loss.
At Hartley-Row the foaming bit we prest,
While the fat landlord welcom'd every guest.

[1] A man famous for feeding pigeons at Turnham-green.

Supper was ended, healths the glasses crown'd,
Our host extoll'd his wine at every round,
Relates the Justices' late meeting there,
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer;
What lords had been his guests in days of yore,
And prais'd their wisdom much, their drinking more.
Let travellers the morning vigils keep;
The morning rose, but we lay fast asleep.
Twelve tedious miles we bore the sultry sun,
And Popham-Lane was scarce in sight by one:
The straggling village harbour'd thieves of old;
'Twas here the stage-coach'd lass resign'd her gold,
That gold which had in London purchas'd gowns,
And sent her home a belle to country towns.
But robbers haunt no more the neighbouring wood;
Here unown'd infants find their daily food;
For should the maiden-mother nurse her son,
'Twould spoil her match when her good name is gone.
Our jolly hostess nineteen children bore,
Nor fail'd her breast to suckle nineteen more.
Be just, ye prudes! wipe off the long arrear;
Be virgins still in Town, but mothers here.
Sutton we pass, and leave her spacious down,
And with the setting sun reach Stockbridge town.
O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
And the red dainty trout our knife divides.
Sad melancholy every visage wears;
What, no election come in seven long years!
Of all our race of mayors, shall Snow alone
Be by Sir Richard's[2] dedication known?

2 Sir Richard Steele, Member for Stockbridge, wrote a treatise called 'The Importance of Dunkirk considered;' and dedicated it to Mr. John Snow, Bailiff of Stockbridge.

Our streets no more with tides of ale shall float,
Nor cobblers feast three years upon one vote.
Next morn, twelve miles led o'er the' unbounded plain,
Where the clok'd shepherd guides his fleecy train:
No leafy bowers a noon-day shelter lend,
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend:
With wondrous art he counts the straggling flock,
And by the sun informs you what's a clock.
How are our shepherds fall'n from ancient days!
No Amaryllis chaunts alternate lays;
From her no listening echoes learn to sing,
Nor with his reed the jocund vallies ring.
Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend;
See Sarum's steeple o'er yon hill ascend.
Our horses faintly trot beneath the heat,
And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat.
Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire
The proud cathedral and the lofty spire?
What sempstress has not prov'd thy scissars good?
From hence first came the' intriguing ridinghood.
Amid three boarding-schools[3] well stock'd with misses,
Shall three knights-errant starve for want of kisses?
O'er the green turf the miles slide swift away,
And Blandford ends the labours of the day.
The morning rose; the supper reckoning paid,
And our due fees discharg'd to man and maid,
The ready hostler near the stirrup stands,
And, as we mount, our halfpence load his hands.
Now the steep hill fair Dorchester o'erlooks,
Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks.

[3] There are three boarding-schools in this town.

Here sleep my two companions' eyes suppress,
And propt in elbow-chairs they snoring rest:
I weary sit, and with my pencil trace
Their painful postures, and their eyeless face;
Then dedicate each glass to some fair name,
And on the sash the diamond scrawls my flame.
Now o'er true Roman-way our horses sound,
Grævius would kneel and kiss the sacred ground.
On either side low fertile vallies lie,
The distant prospects tire the travelling eye.
Through Bridport's stony lanes our rout we take,
And the proud steep descend to Marcombe's lake.
As herses pass'd, our landlord robb'd the pall,
And with the mournful 'scutcheon hung his hall.
On unadulterate wine we here regale,
And strip the lobster of his scarlet mail.
We climb'd the hills, when starry night arose,
And Axminster affords a kind repose.
The maid, subdued by fees, her trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas smocks:
Mean time our shirts her busy fingers rub,
While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub.
If women's geer such pleasing dreams incite,
Lend us your smocks, ye damsels! every night.
We rise; our beards demand the barber's art;
A female enters, and performs the part:
The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck:
Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when Venus strok'd the beard of Jove.
Now from the steep, 'midst scatter'd cots and groves;
Our eye through Honiton's fair valley roves;
Behind us soon the busy town we leave,
Where finest lace industrious lasses weave.

Now swelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load
Stream'd down our hats, and smok'd along the road;
When (O blest sight!) a friendly sign we spied,
Our spurs are slacken'd from the horses' side;
For sure a civil host the house commands,
Upon whose sign this courteous motto stands,
'This is the ancient Hand, and eke the Pen;
Here is for horses hay, and meat for men.'
How rhyme would flourish, did each son of fame
Know his own genius, and direct his flame!
Then he that could not epic flights rehearse,
Might sweetly mourn in elegiac verse.
But were his Muse for elegy unfit,
Perhaps a distich might not strain his wit:
If epigram offend, his harmless lines
Might in gold letters swing on alehouse signs:
Then Hobbinol might propagate his bays,
And Tothill-fields record his simple lays;
Where rhymes like these might lure the nurses' eyes,
While gaping infants squall for farthing pies!
Treat here, ye shepherds blithe! your damsels sweet,
For pies and cheesecakes are for damsels meet:
Then Maurus in his proper sphere might shine,
And these proud numbers grace great William's sign;
'This is the man, this the Nassovian[4], whom
I nam'd the brave Deliverer to come.'
But now the driving gales suspend the rain,
We mount our steeds, and Devon's city gain.
Hail, happy native land!—but I forbear
What other counties must with envy hear.

[4] Blackmore's *Prince Arthur*, Book V.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ

PULTENEY! methinks you blame my breach of word;
What, cannot Paris one poor page afford?
Yes, I can sagely, when the times are past,
Laugh at those follies which I strove to taste,
And each amusement, which we shar'd, review;
Pleas'd with mere talking, since I talk to you.
But how shall I describe, in humble prose,
Their balls, assemblies, operas, and beaux?
'In prose! (you cry) oh! no; the Muse must aid,
And leave Parnassus for the Thuilleries' shade.
Shall he (who late Britannia's city trod,
And led the draggled Muse, with pattens shod[1],
Through dirty lanes' and alleys' doubtful ways)
Refuse to write, when Paris asks his lays?'
Well, then, I'll try. Descend, ye beauteous Nine!
In all the colours of the rainbow shine;
Let sparkling stars your neck and ear adorn,
Lay on the blushes of the crimson morn;
So may ye balls and gay assemblies grace,
And at the opera claim the foremost place.
Travellers should ever fit expression choose,
Nor with low phrase the lofty theme abuse.
When they describe the state of eastern lords,
Pomp and magnificence should swell their words;
And when they paint the serpent's scaly pride,
Their lines should kiss, their numbers smoothly slide:

[1] In allusion to his poem of Trivia.

But they, unmindful of poetic rules,
Describe alike Macaws and great Moguls.
Dampier would thus, without ill-meaning satire,
Dress forth, in simple style, the petit-maitre:
'In Paris there's a race of animals,
(I've seen them at their operas and balls)
They stand erect, they dance whene'er they walk,
Monkeys in action, paroquets in talk;
They're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo,
And, like chameleons, daily change their hue:
From patches justly plac'd they borrow graces,
And with vermilion lacker o'er their faces.
This custom, as we visibly discern,
They by frequenting ladies' toilets learn.'
Thus might the traveller easy truth impart.
Into the subject let me nobly start.

How happy lives the man, how sure to charm,
Whose knot embroider'd flutters down his arm!
On him the ladies cast the yielding glance,
Sigh in his songs, and languish in his dance;
While wretched is the wit, contemn'd, forlorn,
Whose gummy hat no scarlet plumes adorn;
No 'broider'd flowers his worsted ankle grace,
Nor cane emboss'd with gold directs his pace;
No lady's favour on his sword is hung.
What though Apollo dictate from his tongue?
His wit is spiritless and void of grace,
Who wants the' assurance of brocade and lace.
While the gay fop genteelly talks of weather,
The Fair in raptures dote upon his feather;
Like a court-lady though he write and spell,
His minuet-step was fashion'd by Marcell[2]:

[2] A famous dancing-master.

He dresses, fences. What avails to know?
For women choose their men, like silks, for show.
'Is this the thing, (you cry) that Paris boasts?
Is this the thing renown'd among our toasts?
For such a fluttering sight we need not roam;
Our own assemblies shine with these at home.'
Let us into the field of beauty start;
Beauty's a theme that ever warm'd my heart.
Think not, ye Fair! that I the sex accuse:
How shall I spare you, prompted by the Muse?
(The Muses all are prudes) she rails, she frets,
Amidst this sprightly nation of coquets;
Yet let not us their loose coquetry blame;
Women of every nation are the same.
You ask me if Parisian dames, like ours,
With rattling dice profane the Sunday's hours?
If they the gamester's pale-ey'd vigils keep,
And stake their honour while their husbands sleep?
Yes, Sir; like English toasts, the dames of France
Will risk their income on a single chance.
Nannette last night at tricking Pharaoh play'd,
The cards the taillier's sliding hand obey'd;
To-day her neck no brilliant circle wears,
Nor the ray-darting pendant loads her ears.
Why does old Chloris an assembly hold?
Chloris each night divides the sharper's gold.
Corinna's cheek with frequent losses burns,
And no bold *trente la va* her fortune turns.
Ah! too rash virgin! where's thy virtue flown?
She pawns her person for the sharper's loan.
Yet who with justice can the fair upbraid,
Whose debts of honour are so duly paid?
But let me not forget the toilet's cares,
Where art each morn the languid cheek repairs:

This red's too pale, nor gives a distant grace;
Madame to-day puts on her opera-face:
From this we scarce extract the milkmaid's bloom,
Bring the deep dye that warms across the room.
Now flames her cheek, so strong her charms prevail,
That on her gown the silken rose looks pale!
Not but that France some native beauty boasts,
Clermont and Charolois might grace our toasts.

When the sweet-breathing spring unfolds the buds,
Love flies the dusty town for shady woods.
Then Tottenham-fields with roving beauty swarm,
And Hampstead-balls the city virgins warm;
Then Chelsea's meads o'erhear perfidious vows,
And the prest grass defrauds the grazing cows.
'Tis here the same, but in a higher sphere;
For ev'n court-ladies sin in open air.
What cit with a gallant would trust his spouse
Beneath the tempting shade of Greenwich boughs?
What peer of France would let his duchess rove,
Where Boulogne's closest woods invite to love?
But here no wife can blast her husband's fame;
Cuckold is grown an honourable name.
Stretch'd on the grass the shepherd sighs his pain,
And on the grass what shepherd sighs in vain?
On Chloe's lap here Damon, laid along,
Melts with the languish of her amorous song:
There Iris flies Palæmon through the glade,
Nor trips by chance—till in the thickest shade:
Here Celimene defends her lips and breast,
For kisses are by struggling closer prest:
Alexis there with eager flame grows bold,
Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold.
Be wise, Alexis! what, so near the road!
Hark, a coach rolls, and husbands are abroad!

Such were our pleasures in the days of yore,
When amorous Charles Britannia's sceptre bore;
The nightly scene of joy the Park was made,
And Love in couples peopled every shade;
But since at court the rural taste is lost,
What mighty sums have velvet couches cost!
Sometimes the Thuilleries' gaudy walk I love,
Where I through crowds of rustling manteaus rove.
As here from side to side my eyes I cast,
And gaz'd on all the glittering train that past,
Sudden a fop steps forth before the rest,
I knew the bold embroidery of his vest:
He thus accosts me with familiar air,
'*Parbleu! on a fait cet habit en Angleterre!*
Quelle manche! ce galon est grossiérement rangé;
Voila quelque chose de fort beau et degagé!'
This said, on his red heel he turns, and then
Hums a soft minuet, and proceeds again:
'Well, now you've Paris seen, you'll frankly own
Your boasted London seems a country town:
Has Christianity yet reach'd your nation?
Are churches built? are masquerades in fashion?
Do daily soups your dinners introduce?
Are music, snuff, and coaches, yet in use?'
'Pardon me, sir; we know the Paris mode,
And gather politesse from courts abroad.
Like you, our courtiers keep a numerous train
To load their coach, and tradesmen dun in vain.
Nor has Religion left us in the lurch,
And, as in France, our vulgar crowd the church:
Our ladies, too, support the masquerade;
The sex, by nature, love the' intriguing trade.'
Straight the vain fop in ignorant rapture cries,
'Paris the barbarous world will civilize!'

'Pray, sir, point out among the passing band
The present beauties who the Town command.'
'See yonder dame; strict virtue chills her breast,
Mark in her eye demure the prude profest;
That frozen bosom native fire must want,
Which boasts of constancy to one gallant!
This next the spoils of fifty lovers wears,
Rich Dandin's brilliant favours grace her ears;
The necklace Florio's generous flame bestow'd,
Clitander's sparkling gems her finger load:
But now, her charms grown cheap by constant use,
She sins for scarfs, clock'd stockings, knots, and shoes.
This next, with sober gait and serious leer,
Wearies her knees with morn and evening pray'r;
She scorns the' ignoble love of feeble pages,
But with three abbots in one night engages.
This with the cardinal her nights employs,
Where holy sinews consecrate her joys.
Why have I promis'd things beyond my pow'r?
Five assignations wait me at this hour:
The sprightly countess first my visit claims,
To-morrow shall indulge inferior dames.
Pardon me, sir, that thus I take my leave;
Gay Florimella slily twitch'd my sleeve.'
'Adieu, monsieur'—The opera-hour draws near.
Not see the opera! all the world is there;
Where on the stage the' embroider'd youth of France
In bright array attract the female glance:
This languishes, this struts, to show his mien,
And not a gold-clock'd stocking moves unseen.
But, hark! the full orchestra strike the strings;
The hero struts, and the whole audience sings.
My jarring ear harsh grating murmurs wound,
Hoarse and confus'd, like Babel's mingled sound.

Hard chance had plac'd me near a noisy throat,
That in rough quavers bellow'd every note.
'Pray, sir, (says I) suspend awhile your song;
The opera's drown'd; your lungs are wondrous strong:
I wish to hear your Roland's ranting strain,
While he with rooted forests strows the plain.'
Sudden he shrugs surprise, and answers quick,
'*Monsieur apparemment n'aime pas la musique.*'
Then turning round, he join'd the' ungrateful noise,
And the loud chorus thunder'd with his voice.
O soothe me with some soft Italian air,
Let harmony compose my tortur'd ear!
When Anastasia's voice commands the strain[3],
The melting warble thrills through every vein;
Thought stands suspense, and Silence pleas'd attends,
While in her notes the heavenly choir descends.
But you'll imagine I'm a Frenchman grown,
Pleas'd and content with nothing but my own;
So strongly with this prejudice possest,
He thinks French music and French painting best.
Mention the force of learn'd Corelli's notes,
Some scraping fiddler of their ball he quotes:
Talk of the spirit Raphael's pencil gives,
Yet warm with life whose speaking picture lives;
'Yes, sir, (says he) in colour and design,
Rigaut and Raphael are extremely fine!'
'Tis true, his country's love transports his breast
With warmer zeal than your old Greeks profest.
Ulysses lov'd his Ithaca of yore,
Yet that sage traveller left his native shore.
What stronger virtue in the Frenchman shines?
He to dear Paris all his life confines.

[3] This was Anastasia Robinson, a celebrated singer on the Italian stage, afterwards married to the Earl of Peterborough.

I'm not so fond. There are, I must confess,
Things which might make me love my country less.
I should not think my Britain had such charms,
If lost to learning, if enslav'd by arms.
France has her Richlieus and her Colberts known;
And then, I grant it, France in science shone.
We, too, I own, without such aids, may chance
In ignorance and pride to rival France.
But let me not forget Corneille, Racine,
Boileau's strong sense, and Moliere's numerous scene.
Let Cambray's name be sung above the rest,
Whose maxims, Pulteney! warm thy patriot breast:
In Mentor's precepts wisdom strong and clear
Dictates sublime, and distant nations hear.
Hear, all ye princes! who the world control,
What cares, what terrors, haunt the tyrant's soul;
His constant train are anger, fear, distrust,
To be a king is to be good and just;
His people he protects, their rights he saves,
And scorns to rule a wretched race of slaves.
Happy, thrice happy, shall the monarch reign,
Where guardian laws despotic power restrain!
There shall the ploughshare break the stubborn land:
And bending harvest tire the peasant's hand:
There Liberty her settled mansion boasts,
There Commerce plenty brings from foreign coasts.
O Britain! guard thy laws, thy rights defend,
So shall these blessings to thy sons descend!
You'll think 'tis time some other theme to choose,
And not with beaux and fops fatigue the Muse:
Should I let satire loose on English ground,
There fools of various character abound;
But here my verse is to one race confin'd,
All Frenchmen are of petit-maitre kind.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

PAUL METHUEN, ESQ.

THAT 'tis encouragement makes science spread,
Is rarely practis'd, though 'tis often said.
When learning droops and sickens in the land,
What patron's found to lend a saving hand?
True generous spirits prosperous vice detest,
And love to cherish virtue when distrest;
But ere our mighty lords this scheme pursue,
Our mighty lords must think and act like you.
Why must we climb the Alpine mountains' sides,
To find the seat where Harmony resides?
Why touch we not so soft the silver lute,
The cheerful hautboy, and the mellow flute?
'Tis not the' Italian clime improves the sound,
But there the patrons of her sons are found.
Why flourish'd verse in great Augustus' reign?
He and Mecænas lov'd the Muse's strain.
But now that wight in poverty must mourn
Who was (O cruel stars!) a poet born.
Yet there are ways for authors to be great;
Write rancorous libels to reform the state:
Or if you choose more sure and ready ways,
Spatter a minister with fulsome praise:
Launch out with freedom, flatter him enough;
Fear not, all men are dedication-proof.
Be bolder yet, you must go farther still,
Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.
He who his pen in party-quarrels draws,
Lists an hir'd bravo to support the cause;
He must indulge his patron's hate and spleen,
And stab the fame of those he ne'er has seen.

Why then should authors mourn their desperate case?
Be brave, do this, and then demand a place.
Why art thou poor? exert the gifts to rise,
And banish timorous virtue from thy eyes.

All this seems modern preface, where we're told
That wit is prais'd, but hungry lives and cold.
Against the' ungrateful age these authors roar,
And fancy learning starves because they're poor.
Yet why should learning hope success at court?
Why should our patriots virtue's cause support?
Why to true merit should they have regard?
They know that virtue is its own reward.
Yet let not me of grievances complain,
Who (though the meanest of the Muses' train)
Can boast subscriptions to my humble lays,
And mingle profit with my little praise.

Ask Painting why she loves Hesperian air;
'Go view, (she cries) my glorious labours there;
There in rich palaces I reign in state,
And on the temple's lofty domes create.
The nobles view my works with knowing eyes,
They love the science, and the painter prize.'

Why didst thou, Kent! forego thy native land,
To emulate in picture Raphael's hand?
Think'st thou for this to raise thy name at home?
Go back, adorn the palaces of Rome;
There on the walls let thy just labours shine,
And Raphael live again in thy design.
Yet stay awhile; call all thy genius forth,
For Burlington, unbias'd, knows thy worth;
His judgment in thy master-strokes can trace
Titian's strong fire, and Guido's softer grace:
But, oh! consider, ere thy works appear,
Canst thou unhurt the tongue of Envy hear?

Censure will blame, her breath was ever spent
To blast the laurels of the eminent.
While Burlington's proportion'd columns rise,
Does not he stand the gaze of envious eyes?
Doors, windows, are condemn'd by passing fools,
Who know not that they damn Palladio's rules.
If Chandos with a liberal hand bestow,
Censure imputes it all to pomp and show;
When, if the motive right were understood,
His daily pleasure is in doing good.
Had Pope with grovelling numbers fill'd his page,
Dennis had never kindled into rage:
'Tis the sublime that hurts the critic's ease;
Write nonsense, and he reads and sleeps in peace.
Were Prior, Congreve, Swift, and Pope, unknown,
Poor slander-selling Curl would be undone.
He who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise:
But let this tale to valiant Virtue tell
The daily perils of deserving well.
A crow was strutting o'er the stubbled plain,
Just as a lark descending clos'd his strain:
The crow bespoke him thus with solemn grace;
'Thou most accomplish'd of the feather'd race!
What force of lungs! how clear! how sweet you sing!
And no bird soars upon a stronger wing.'
The lark, who scorn'd soft flattery, thus replies:
'True, I sing sweet, and on strong pinion rise;
Yet let me pass my life from envy free,
For what advantage are these gifts to me?
My song confines me to the wiry cage;
My flight provokes the falcon's fatal rage:
But as you pass, I hear the fowlers say,
To shoot at crows is powder flung away.'

TO HER GRACE

HENRIETTA DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

EXCUSE me, Madam, if amidst your tears
A Muse intrudes, a Muse who feels your cares:
Numbers, like music, can ev'n grief control,
And lull to peace the tumults of the soul.
If partners in our woes the mind relieve,
Consider for your loss ten thousands grieve;
The' affliction burdens not your heart alone;
When Marlborough died, a nation gave a groan.
Could I recite the dangerous toils he chose
To bless his country with a fix'd repose;
Could I recount the labours he o'ercame,
To raise his country to the pitch of fame;
His councils, sieges, his victorious fights,
To save his country's laws, and native rights,
No father (every generous heart must own)
Has stronger fondness to his darling shown:
Britannia's sighs a double loss deplore,
Her father and her hero is no more.
Does Britain only pay her debt of tears?
Yes; Holland sighs, and for her freedom fears.
When Gallia's monarch pour'd his wasteful bands,
Like a wide deluge, o'er her level lands,
She saw her frontier-towers in ruin lie,
Ev'n Liberty had prun'd her wings to fly;
Then Marlborough came! defeated Gallia fled,
And shatter'd Belgia rais'd her languid head,
In him secure, as in her strongest mound,
That keeps the raging sea within its bound.

O Germany! remember Hockstet's plain,
Where prostrate Gallia bled at every vein;
Think on the rescue of the' Imperial throne,
Then think on Marlborough's death without a groan!
Apollo kindly whispers me, 'Be wise; [groan!
How to his glory shall thy numbers rise?
The force of verse another theme might raise,
But here the merit must transcend the praise.
Hast thou, presumptuous bard! that godlike flame
Which with the sun shall last, and Marlborough's fame?
Then sing the man: but who can boast this fire?
Resign the task, and silently admire.'
Yet shall he not in worthy lays be read?
Raise Homer, call up Virgil from the dead.
But he requires not the strong glare of verse,
Let punctual History his deeds rehearse;
Let truth in native purity appear,
You'll find Achilles and Æneas there.
Is this the comfort which the Muse bestows?
I but indulge and aggravate your woes.
A prudent friend, who seeks to give relief,
Ne'er touches on the spring that mov'd the grief.
Is it not barbarous to the sighing maid,
To mention broken vows and nymphs betray'd?
Would you the ruin'd merchant's soul appease,
With talk of sands, and rocks, and stormy seas?
Ev'n while I strive on Marlborough's fame to rise,
I call up sorrow in a daughter's eyes.
Think on the laurels that his temples shade,
Laurels that (spite of time) shall never fade;
Immortal Honour has enroll'd his name,
Detraction's dumb, and Envy put to shame.
Say, who can soar beyond his eagle-flight?
Has he not reach'd to glory's utmost height?

What could he more, had Heaven prolong'd his date?
All human power is limited by Fate.
Forbear; 'tis cruel further to commend;
I wake your sorrow, and again offend:
Yet sure your goodness must forgive a crime
Which will be spread through every age and clime.
Though in your life ten thousand summers roll,
And though you compass earth from pole to pole,
Where'er men talk of war and martial fame,
They'll mention Marlborough and Cæsar's name.
But vain are all the counsels of the Muse;
A soul like your's could not a tear refuse:
Could you your birth and filial love forego,
Still sighs must rise and generous sorrow flow;
For when from earth such matchless worth removes,
A great mind suffers. Virtue virtue loves.

To my ingenious and worthy Friend

WILLIAM LOWNDS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THAT CELEBRATED TREATISE IN FOLIO CALLED 'THE LAND-TAX BILL.'

WHEN poets print their works, the scribbling crew
Stick the bard o'er with bays, like Christmas-pew.
Can meagre poetry such fame deserve?
Can poetry, that only writes to starve?
And shall no laurel deck that famous head,
In which the senate's annual law is bred?
That hoary head, which greater glory fires,
By nobler ways and means true fame acquires?
O had I Virgil's force, to sing the man
Whose learned line can millions raise *per ann.*

Great Lownds's praise should swell the trump of Fame,
And rapes and wapentakes resound his name.
If the blind poet gain'd a long renown
By singing every Grecian chief and town,
Sure Lownds's prose much greater fame requires,
Which sweetly counts five thousand knights and 'squires,
Their seats, their cities, parishes, and shires.
Thy copious preamble so smoothly runs,
Taxes no more appear like legal duns; [obey,
Lords, Knights, and 'Squires, the' assessors' power
We read with pleasure, though with pain we pay.
Ah! why did C—— thy works defame!
That author's long harangue betrays his name:
After his speeches can his pen succeed?
Though forc'd to hear, we're not oblig'd to read.
Under what science shall thy works be read?
All know thou wert not poet born and bred;
Or dost thou boast the' historian's lasting pen,
Whose annals are the Acts of worthy men?
No: satire is thy talent; and each lash
Makes the rich miser tremble o'er his cash.
What on the drunkard can be more severe,
Than direful taxes on his ale and beer?
Ev'n Button's wits are nought compar'd to thee,
Who ne'er were known or prais'd but o'er his tea,
While thou through Britain's distant isle shall spread,
In every hundred and division read.
Critics in classics oft interpolate,
But every word of thine is fix'd as fate.
Some works come forth at morn, but die at night,
In blazing fringes round a tallow-light;
Some may perhaps to a whole week extend,
Like S—— (when unassisted by a friend)

But thou shalt live a year in spite of fate;
And where's your author boasts a longer date?
Poets of old had such a wondrous power,
That with their verses they could raise a tower;
But in thy prose a greater force is found:
What poet ever rais'd ten thousand pound?
Cadmus, by sowing dragons' teeth, we read,
Rais'd a vast army from the poisonous seed:
Thy labours, Lownds! can greater wonders do,
Thou raisest armies, and canst pay them too.
Truce with thy dreaded pen; thy annals cease;
Why need we armies when the land's in peace?
Soldiers are perfect devils in their way,
When once they're rais'd, they're cursed hard to lay.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH SOME LAMPREYS.

With lovers 'twas of old the fashion
By presents to convey their passion;
No matter what the gift they sent,
The lady saw that love was meant.
Fair Atalanta as a favour,
Took the boar's head her hero gave her;
Nor could the bristly thing affront her,
'Twas a fit present from a hunter.
When 'squires send woodcocks to the dame,
It serves to show their absent flame.
Some by a snip of woven hair,
In posied lockets bribe the fair.
How many mercenary matches
Have sprung from di'mond-rings and watches?

But hold—a ring, a watch, a locket,
Would drain at once a poet's pocket:
He should send songs that cost him nought,
Nor ev'n be prodigal of thought.
  Why then, send Lampreys. Fie, for shame!
'Twill set a virgin's blood on flame.
This to fifteen a proper gift!
It might lend sixty-five a lift.
  I know your maiden aunt will scold,
And think my present somewhat bold:
I see her lift her hands and eyes;
'What, eat it, Niece! eat Spanish flies!
Lamprey's a most immodest diet;
You'll neither wake nor sleep in quiet:
Should I to-night eat sago-cream,
'Twould make me blush to tell my dream.
If I eat lobster, 'tis so warming,
That every man I see looks charming.
Wherefore had not the filthy fellow
Laid Rochester upon your pillow?
I vow and swear I think the present
Had been as modest and as decent.
  'Who has her virtue in her power?
Each day has its unguarded hour:
Always in danger of undoing,
A prawn, a shrimp, may prove our ruin!
  'The shepherdess, who lives on salad,
To cool her youth controls her palate;
Should Dian's maids turn liquorish livers,
And of huge lampreys rob the rivers,
Then all beside each glade and visto,
You'd see nymphs lying like Calisto.
  'The man who meant to heat your blood,
Needs not himself such vicious food.'—

In this, I own, your aunt is clear;
I sent you what I well might spare:
For when I see you, (without joking)
Your eyes, lips, breasts, are so provoking;
They set my heart more cock-a-hoop,
Than could whole seas of cray-fish soup.

TO A LADY,

ON HER PASSION FOR OLD CHINA.

WHAT ecstasies her bosom fire!
How her eyes languish with desire!
How blest, how happy should I be,
Were that fond glance bestow'd on me!
New doubts and fears within me war:
What rival's near?—a China jar!
China's the passion of her soul;
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
Can kindle wishes in her breast,
Inflame with joy, or break her rest.
Some gems collect; some medals prize,
And view the rust with lovers' eyes;
Some court the stars at midnight-hours,
Some dote on Nature's charms in flow'rs;
But every beauty I can trace
In Laura's mind, in Laura's face;
My stars are in this brighter sphere;
My lily and my rose is here.
Philosophers, more grave than wise,
Hunt science down in butterflies;

Or, fondly poring on a spider,
Stretch human contemplation wider.
Fossils give joy to Galen's soul,
He digs for knowledge like a mole;
In shells so learn'd, that all agree
No fish that swims knows more than he!
In such pursuits if wisdom lies,
Who, Laura! shall thy taste despise?
When I some antique jar behold,
Or white, or blue, or speck'd with gold,
Vessels so pure, and so refin'd,
Appear the types of womankind:
Are they not valued for their beauty,
Too fair, too fine for household-duty?
With flowers, and gold, and azure dyed,
Of every house the grace and pride?
How white, how polish'd, is their skin,
And valued most when only seen!
She who before was highest priz'd,
Is for a crack or flaw despis'd.
I grant they're frail, yet they're so rare,
The treasure cannot cost too dear!
But man is made of coarser stuff,
And serves convenience well enough;
He's a strong earthen vessel made,
For drudging, labour, toil, and trade;
And when wives lose their other-self,
With ease they bear the loss of delf.
Husbands, more covetous than sage,
Condemn this china-buying rage;
They count that woman's prudence little,
Who sets her heart on things so brittle.
But are those wise men's inclinations
Fix'd on more strong, more sure foundations?

If all that's frail we must despise,
No human view or scheme is wise.
Are not Ambition's hopes as weak?
They swell like bubbles, shine and break.
A courtier's promise is so slight,
'Tis made at noon, and broke at night.
What pleasure's sure? The miss you keep
Breaks both your fortune and your sleep.
The man who loves a country life,
Breaks all the comforts of his wife;
And if he quit his farm and plough,
His wife in town may break her vow.
Love, Laura! love, while youth is warm,
For each new winter breaks a charm;
And woman's not like china sold,
But cheaper grows in growing old:
Then quickly choose the prudent part,
Or else you break a faithful heart.

BOUNCE TO FOP.

AN EPISTLE FROM A DOG AT TWICKENHAM TO A DOG AT COURT.

To thee, sweet Fop! these lines I send,
Who, though no spaniel, am a friend.
Though once my tail, in wanton play,
Now frisking this, and then that way,
Chanc'd, with a touch of just the tip,
To hurt your Lady-lap-dog-ship,
Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off,
Sure Bounce is one you never read of.

Fop! you can dance and make a leg,
Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg;
And (what's the top of all your tricks)
Can stoop to pick up strings or sticks.
We country-dogs love nobler sport,
And scorn the pranks of dogs at court.
Fie, naughty Fop! where'er you come
To sh-t and p-ss about the room;
To lay your head in every lap,
And when they think not of you—snap:
The worst that Envy or that Spite
E'er said of me is, I can bite;
That idle gipsies, rogues in rags,
Who poke at me, can make no brags;
And that to touze such things as flutter,
To honest Bounce is bread and butter.
While you and every courtly fop
Fawn on the devil for a chop,
I've the humanity to hate
A butcher, though he brings me meat:
And let me tell you, have a nose,
(Whatever stinking Fops suppose)
That, under cloth of gold or tissue,
Can smell a plaister or an issue.
Your pilfering lord, with simple pride
May wear a picklock at his side;
My master wants no key of state,
For Bounce can keep his house and gate.
When all such dogs have had their days,
As knavish Pams and fawning Trays;
When pamper'd Cupids, beastly Venies,
And motley squinting Harlequinies[1]
Shall lick no more their lady's br—
Shall die of looseness, claps, or itch,

[1] *Alii legunt* Harvequinies.

Fair Thames, from either echoing shore,
Shall hear and dread my manly roar.
  See, Bounce, like Berecynthia, crown'd
With thundering offspring all around,
Beneath, beside me, and a-top,
A hundred sons! and not one Fop.
Before my children set your beef,
Not one true Bounce will be a thief;
Not one without permission feed,
(Though some of J—ns hungry breed)
But, whatsoe'er the father's race,
From me they suck a little grace:
While your fine whelps learn all to steal,
Bred up by hand on chick and veal.
My eldest-born resides not far,
Where shines great Strafford's glittering star;
My second (child of Fortune!) waits
At Burlington's Palladian gates;
A third majestically stalks,
(Happiest of dogs!) in Cobham's walks;
One ushers friends to Bathurst's door,
One fawns at Oxford's on the poor.
  Nobles whom arms or arts adorn,
Wait for my infants yet unborn.
None but a peer of wit and grace,
Can hope a puppy of my race.
And, oh! would Fate the bliss decree
To mine (a bliss too great for me)
That two my tallest sons might grace
Attending each with stately pace,
Iülus' side, as erst Evander's [2],
To keep off flatterers, spies, and panders;
To let no noble slave come near,
And scare Lord Fannies from his ear;

[2] Virg. Æn. 8.

Then might a royal youth and true
Enjoy at least a friend—or two;
A treasure which of royal kind,
Few but himself deserve to find:
Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
Shall wag her tail within the grave.

PANEGYRICAL EPISTLE

TO MR. THOMAS SNOW,

GOLDSMITH, NEAR TEMPLE BAR;

Occasioned by his buying and selling of the Third Subscriptions, taken in by the Directors of the South-Sea Company, at a thousand per cent.

Disdain not, Snow! my humble verse to hear:
Stick thy black pen awhile behind thy ear.
Whether thy compter shine with sums untold,
And thy wide-grasping hand grow black with gold;
Whether thy mien erect and sable locks,
In crowds of brokers over-awe the stocks;
Suspend the worldly business of the day,
And to enrich thy mind attend my lay.
O thou! whose penetrative wisdom found
The South-Sea rocks and shelves, where thousands drown'd;
When credit sunk, and commerce gasping lay,
Thou stood'st, nor sent'st one bill unpaid away;
When not a guinea chink'd on Martin's boards,
And Atwell's self was drain'd of all his hoards,

Thou stood'st (an Indian king in size and hue)
Thy unexhausted shop was our Peru.
Why did Change-Alley waste thy precious hours,
Among the fools who gap'd for golden show'rs?
No wonder if we found some poets there
Who live on fancy, and can feed on air;
No wonder they were caught by South-Sea schemes,
Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea but in dreams;
No wonder they their Third Subscriptions sold,
For millions of imaginary gold;
No wonder that their fancies wild could frame
Strange reasons that a thing is still the same,
Though chang'd throughout in substance and in name.
But you (whose judgment scorns poetic flights)
With contracts furnish boys for paper-kites.
Let Vulture Hopkins stretch his rusty throat,
Who'd ruin thousands for a single groat:
I know thou spurn'st his mean, his sordid mind,
Nor with ideal debts wouldst plague mankind.
Why strive his greedy hands to grasp at more?—
The wretch was born to want, whose soul is poor.
Madmen alone their empty dreams pursue,
And still believe the fleeting vision true;
They sell the treasure which their slumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
If to instruct thee all my reasons fail,
Yet be diverted by this moral tale.—
Through fam'd Moorfields extends a spacious seat,
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;
Where, wrapt in contemplation and in straw,
The wiser few from the mad world withdraw:
There in full opulence a banker dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt;

His sideboard glitter'd with imagin'd plate,
And his proud fancy held a vast estate.
As on a time he pass'd the vacant hours
In raising piles of straw and twisting bow'rs,
A poet enter'd, of the neighbouring cell,
And with fix'd eyes observ'd the structure well:
A sharpen'd skewer cross his bare shoulders bound
A tatter'd rug, which drag'd upon the ground.
The banker cried, 'Behold my castle-walls,
My statues, gardens, fountains, and canals,
With land of twenty thousand acres round!
All these I sell thee for ten thousand pound.'
The bard with wonder the cheap purchase saw,
So sign'd the contract (as ordains the law.)
The banker's brain was cool'd; the mist grew clear:
The visionary scene was lost in air.
He now the vanish'd prospect understood,
And fear'd the fancied bargain was not good:
Yet loth the sum entire should be destroy'd,
'Give me a penny, and thy contract's void.'
The startled bard, with eye indignant frown'd;
'Shall I, ye gods! (he cries) my debts compound!'
So saying, from his rug the skewer he takes,
And on the stick ten equal notches makes;
With just resentment flings it on the ground,
'There, take my tally of ten thousand pound.'

ON

A MISCELLANY OF POEMS.

TO BERNARD LINTOT,

THE BOOKSELLER.

Ipsa varietate tentamus efficere ut alia aliis; quædam fortasse omnibus placeant. PLIN. EPIST.

As when some skilful cook, to please each guest,
Would in one mixture comprehend a feast,
With due proportion and judicious care
He fills his dish with different sorts of fare,
Fishes and fowls deliciously unite,
To feast at once the taste, the smell, and sight:
So, Bernard! must a Miscellany be
Compounded of all kinds of poetry;
The Muses' olio, which all tastes may fit,
And treat each reader with his darling wit.
Wouldst thou for Miscellanies raise thy fame,
And bravely rival Jacob's[1] mighty name,
Let all the Muses in the piece conspire;
The lyric bard must strike the' harmonious lyre!
Heroic strains must here and there be found,
And nervous sense be sung in lofty sound:
Let elegy in moving numbers flow,
And fill some pages with melodious woe:
Let not your amorous songs too numerous prove,
Nor glut thy reader with abundant love:
Satire must interfere, whose pointed rage
May lash the madness of a vicious age;

1 Jacob Tonson, a rival bibliopole.

Satire, the Muse that never fails to hit,
For if there's scandal, to be sure there's wit.
Tire not our patience with Pindaric lays,
Those swell the piece, but very rarely please:
Let short-breath'd Epigram its force confine,
And strike at follies in a single line:
Translations should throughout the work be sown,
And Homer's godlike Muse be made our own:
Horace in useful numbers should be sung,
And Virgil's thoughts adorn the British tongue:
Let Ovid tell Corinna's hard disdain,
And at her door in melting notes complain:
His tender accents pitying virgins move,
And charm the listening ear with tales of love.
Let every classic in the volume shine,
And each contribute to thy great design:
Through various subjects let the reader range,
And raise his fancy with a grateful change;
Variety's the source of joy below,
From whence still fresh-revolving pleasures flow.
In books and love the mind one end pursues,
And only change the' expiring flame renews.
Where Buckingham will condescend to give,
That honour'd piece to distant times must live:
When noble Sheffield strikes the trembling strings,
The little Loves rejoice, and clap their wings:
Anacreon lives, they cry; the' harmonious swain
Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted strain;
'Tis he—our lost Anacreon lives again.
But when the' illustrious poet soars above
The sportive revels of the god of Love,
Like Maro's Muse he takes a loftier flight,
And towers beyond the wondering Cupids' sight.
If thou wouldst have thy volume stand the test,
And of all others be reputed best,

Let Congreve teach the listening groves to mourn,
As when he wept o'er fair Pastora's urn.
Let Prior's Muse with softening accents move,
Soft as the strains of constant Emma's love;
Or let his fancy choose some jovial theme,
As when he told Hans Carvel's jealous dream:
Prior the' admiring reader entertains
With Chaucer's humour, and with Spenser's strains.
Waller in Granville lives: when Mira sings,
With Waller's hand he strikes the sounding strings;
With sprightly turns his noble genius shines,
And manly sense adorns his easy lines.
On Addison's sweet lays Attention waits,
And Silence guards the place while he repeats:
His Muse alike on every subject charms,
Whether she paints the god of Love or Arms:
In him pathetic Ovid sings again,
And Homer's Iliad shines in his Campaign.
Whenever Garth shall raise his sprightly song,
Sense flows in easy numbers from his tongue;
Great Phœbus in his learned son we see,
Alike in physic as in poetry.
When Pope's harmonious Muse with pleasure roves
Amidst the plains, the murmuring streams and groves,
Attentive Echo, pleas'd to hear his songs,
Through the glad shade each warbling note prolongs;
His various numbers charm our ravish'd ears,
His steady judgment far outshoots his years,
And early in the youth the god appears.
From these successful bards collect thy strains,
And praise with profit shall reward thy pains:
Then, while calves'-leather binding bears the sway,
And skeep-skin to its sleeker gloss gives way;

While neat old Elzevir is reckon'd better
Than Pirate Hill's brown sheets and scurvy letter;
While print-admirers careful Aldus choose
Before John Morphew, or the Weekly News;
So long shall live thy praise in books of fame,
And Tonson yield to Lintot's lofty name.

ELEGIAC EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND [1].

FRIEND of my youth, shed'st thou the pitying tear
O'er the sad relics of my happier days?
Of nature tender, as of soul sincere,
Pour'st thou for me the melancholy lays?

Oh! truly said!—the distant landscape bright,
Whose vivid colours glitter'd on the eye
Is faded now, and sunk in shades of night,
As on some chilly eve the closing flowerets die.

Yet had I hop'd, when first, in happier times,
I trod the magic paths where Fancy led,
The Muse to foster in more friendly climes,
Where never Misery rear'd its hated head.

How vain the thought! hope after hope expires!
Friend after friend, joy after joy, is lost;
My dearest wishes feed the funeral fires,
And life is purchas'd at too dear a cost.

[1] Written under a dejection of spirits.

Yet could my heart the selfish comfort know,
That not alone I murmur and complain:
Well might I find companions in my woe,
All born to grief, the family of Pain!

Full well I know in life's uncertain road
The thorns of misery are profusely sown;
Full well I know in this low vile abode,
Beneath the chastening rod what numbers groan.

Born to a happier state, how many pine
Beneath the' oppressor's pow'r, or feel the smart
Of bitter want, or foreign evils join
To the sad symptoms of a broken heart!

How many, fated from their birth to view
Misfortunes growing with their ripening years,
The same sad track, through various scenes, pursue,
Still journeying onward through a vale of tears.

To them, alas! what boots the light of Heaven,
While still new miseries mark their destin'd way,
Whether to their unhappy lot be giv'n
Death's long sad night, or life's short busy day!

Me, not such themes delight:—I more rejoice
When chance some happier, better change I see;
Though no such change await my luckless choice,
And mountains rise between my hopes and me.

For why should he who roves the dreary waste
Still joy on every side to view the gloom?
Or, when upon the couch of sickness plac'd,
Well-pleas'd survey a hapless neighbour's tomb?

If e'er a gleam of comfort glads my soul,
  If e'er my brow to wonted smiles unbends,
'Tis when the fleeting minutes, as they roll,
  Can add one gleam of pleasure to my friends.

Ev'n in these shades, the last retreat of grief,
  Some transient blessings will that thought be-
To Melancholy's self yield some relief, [stow;
  And ease the breast surcharg'd with mortal woe.

Long has my bark in rudest tempest toss'd,
  Buffetted seas, and stem'd life's hostile wave;
Suffice it now, in all my wishes cross'd,
  To seek a peaceful harbour in the grave.

And when that hour shall come, (as come it must)
  Ere many moons their waning horns increase,
When this frail frame shall mix with kindred dust,
  And all its fond pursuits and troubles cease:

When those black gates, that ever open stand,
  Receive me on the' irremeable shore;
When life's frail glass has run its latest sand,
  And the dull jest repeated charms no more:

Then may my friend weep o'er the funeral herse,
  Then may his presence gild the awful gloom,
And his last tribute be some mournful verse,
  To mark the spot that holds my silent tomb.—

This—and no more:—the rest let Heaven provide,
  To which, resign'd, I trust my weal or woe;
Assur'd, howe'er its justice shall decide,
  To find nought worse than I have left below.

TALES.

AN ANSWER TO THE *SOMPNER'S PROLOGUE* OF CHAUCER.

IN IMITATION OF CHAUCER'S STYLE.

THE Sompner leudly hath his prologue told,
And saine on the freers his tale japing and bold,
How that in hell they sèarchen near and wide,
And ne one freer in all thilke place espyde;
But lo! the devil turn'd his erse about,
And twenty thousand freers wend in and out;
By which in Geoffry's rhyming it appears,
The devil's belly is the hive of freers.

Now listneth, lordings! forthwith ye shall hear,
What happen'd at a house in Lancashire.
A misere that had londs and tenement,
Who raketh from his villaines taxes and rent,
Owned a house which emptye long ystood,
Full deeply sited in a derkning wood;
Murmring a shallow brook runneth along,
'Mong the round stones it maken doleful song.

Now there spreaden a rumour that everich night
The rooms yhaunted been by many a sprite,
The miller avoucheth, and all there about,
That they full oft hearen the hellish rout;

Some saine they hear the jingling of chains,
And some hath yheard the psautries straines;
At midnight some the headless horse ymeet,
And some espien a corse in a white sheet,
And oother things, faye, elfin, and elfe,
And shapes that fear createn to it selfe.
Now it so hapt, there was not ferre away,
Of grey freers a fair and rich abbaye,
Where liven a freer ycleped Pere Thomas, [pass.
Who daren alone in derke through church-yerds
This freer would lye in thilke house all night,
In hope he might espyen a dreadful sprite.
He taketh candle, beades, and holy watere,
And legends eke of saintes, and bookes of prayere:
He entereth the room, and looketh round about,
And haspen the door to haspen the goblin out.
The candle hath he put close by the bed,
And in low tone his *Ave Marye* said:
With water now besprinkled hath the floore,
And maken cross on key-hole of the doore.
Ne was there not a mouse-hole in thilke place,
But he y-crossed hath by God his grace:
He crossed hath this, and eke he crossed that,
With *Benedicite*, and God knows what.
Now he goeth to bed and lieth adown,
When the clock had just stricken the twelfth soun.
Bethinketh him now what the cause had ybeen,
Why many sprites by mortals have been seen.
Hem remembreth how Dan Plutarch hath ysed
That Cæsar's sprite came to Brute his bed;
Of chains that frighten erst Artemidore,
The tales of Plinie, Valere, and many more.
Hem thinketh that some murdere here been done,
And he mought see some bloodye ghost anone,

Or that some orphlines writings here be stor'd,
Or pot of gold laine deep beneath a board:
Or thinketh hem, if he might see no sprite,
The abbaye mought buy this house cheap outright.
As hem thus thinketh, anone asleep he lies,
Up starten Sathanas with saucer eyes:
He turned the freer upon his face downright,
Displaying his nether cheeks full broad and white.
Then quoth Dan Sathanas as he thwacked him sore,
'Thou didst forget to guard thy postern-door;
There is an hole which hath not crossed been:
Farewell, from whence I came I creepen in.'
Now plain it is ytellen in my verse,
If devils in hell bear freers in their erse,
On earth the devil in freers doth ydwell;
Were there no freers, the devil mought keep in hell.

A TRUE STORY

OF AN APPARITION.

Sceptics (whose strength of argument makes out
That wisdom's deep inquiries end in doubt)
Hold this assertion positive and clear,
That sprites are pure delusions rais'd by fear.
Not that fam'd ghost, which in presaging sound
Call'd Brutus to Philippi's fatal ground,
Nor can Tiberius Gracchus' gory shade
These ever-doubting disputants persuade.
Straight they with smiles reply, 'Those tales of old
By visionary priests were made and told.'
Oh! might some ghost at dead of night appear,
And make you own conviction by your fear!

I know your sneers my easy faith accuse,
That with such idle legends scares the Muse;
But think not that I tell those vulgar sprites
Which frighted boys relate on winter-nights,
How cleanly milkmaids meet the fairy train,
How headless horses drag the clinking chain,
Night-roaming ghosts, by saucer-eyeballs known,
The common spectres of each country-town:
No; I such fables can like you despise,
And laugh to hear these nurse-invented lies:
Yet has not oft the fraudful guardian's fright
Compell'd him to restore an orphan's right?
And can we doubt that horrid ghosts ascend,
Which on the conscious murderer's steps attend?
Hear, then, and let attested truth prevail;
From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.
Where Arden's forest spreads its limits wide,
Whose branching paths the doubtful road divide,
A traveller took his solitary way,
When low beneath the hills was sunk the day.
And now the skies with gathering darkness low'r,
The branches rustle with the threaten'd show'r;
With sudden blasts the forest murmurs loud,
Indented lightnings cleave the sable cloud;
Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempest roars,
And Heaven discharges all its wat'ry stores.
The wandering trav'ller shelter seeks in vain,
And shrinks and shivers with the beating rain:
On his steed's neck the slacken'd bridle lay,
Who chose with cautious step the' uncertain way;
And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear
If any noise foretold a village near:
At length from far a stream of light he sees
Extend its level ray between the trees;

Thither he speeds, and as he nearer came,
Joyful he knew the lamp's domestic flame
That trembled through the window; cross the way
Darts forth the barking cur, and stands at bay.
It was an ancient lonely house, that stood
Upon the borders of the spacious wood;
Here towers and antique battlements arise,
And there in heaps the moulder'd ruin lies:
Some lord this mansion held in days of yore,
To chase the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar:
How chang'd, alas! from what it once had been!
'Tis now degraded to a public inn. [mands;
Straight he dismounts, repeats his loud com-
Swift at the gate the ready landlord stands;
With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuse,
His house was full, and every bed in use.
'What, not a garret, and no straw to spare?
Why, then, the kitchen-fire and elbow-chair
Shall serve for once to nod away the night.'
'The kitchen ever is the servants' right,'
Replies the host; 'there, all the fire around,
The Count's tir'd footmen snore upon the ground.'
The maid, who listen'd to this whole debate,
With pity learn'd the weary stranger's fate:
'Be brave, (she cries) you still may be our guest,
Our haunted room was ever held the best;
If then your valour can the fright sustain,
Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain;
If your courageous tongue have power to talk,
When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk;
If you dare ask it why it leaves its tomb,
I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room.'
Soon as the frighted maid her tale had told,
The stranger enter'd, for his heart was bold.

The damsel led him through a spacious hall,
Where ivy hung the half-demolish'd wall;
She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,
While fancy tipt the candles' flame with blue:
And now they gain'd the winding stairs' ascent,
And to the lonesome room of terrors went;
When all was ready, swift retir'd the maid,
The watch-lights burn; tuckt warm in bed was laid
The hardy stranger, and attends the sprite
Till his accustom'd walk at dead of night.

At first he hears the wind with hollow roar
Shake the loose lock, and swing the creaking door;
Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful sound
Of rattling chains, that drag'd upon the ground;
When, lo! the spectre came with horrid stride,
Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide!
In human form the ghastful phantom stood,
Expos'd his mangled bosom, dy'd with blood;
Then silent pointing to his wounded breast,
Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath the frighted guest
The bed-cords trembled, and with shuddering fear,
Sweat chill'd his limbs, high rose his bristled hair;
Then muttering hasty pray'rs, he man'd his heart,
And cried aloud, 'Say whence and who thou art?'
The stalking ghost with hollow voice replies,
'Three years are counted, since with mortal eyes
I saw the sun, and vital air respir'd:
Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,
Within these walls I slept. O thirst of gain!
See, still the planks the bloody marks retain;
Stretch'd on this very bed, from sleep I start,
And see the steel impending o'er my heart;
The barbarous hostess held the lifted knife,
The floor ran purple with my gushing life.

My treasure now they seize; the golden spoil
They bury deep beneath the grass-grown soil,
Far in the common field. Be bold, arise,
My steps shall lead thee to the secret prize;
There dig and find; let that thy care reward:
Call loud on Justice, bid her not retard
To punish murder; lay my ghost at rest,
So shall with peace secure thy nights be blest;
And when beneath these boards my bones are found,
Decent inter them in some sacred ground.'
Here ceas'd the ghost. The stranger springs from bed,
And boldly follows where the phantom led.
The half-worn stony stairs they now descend,
Where passages obscure their arches bend.
Silent they walk; and now through groves they pass,
Now through wet meads their steps imprint the grass;
At length amidst a spacious field they came;
There stops the Spectre, and ascends in flame.
Amaz'd he stood; no bush or brier was found,
To teach his morning search to find the ground;
What could he do? the night was hideous dark,
Fear shook his joints, and Nature dropt the mark:
With that he starting wak'd, and rais'd his head,
But found the golden mark was left in bed.
What is the statesman's vast ambitious scheme,
But a short vision and a golden dream?
Power, wealth, and title, elevate his hope;
He wakes; but for a garter finds a rope.

THE MAD DOG.

A PRUDE, at morn and evening prayer,
Had worn her velvet cushion bare;
Upward she taught her eyes to roll,
As if she watch'd her soaring soul;
And when devotion warm'd the crowd,
None sung or smote their breast so loud:
Pale Penitence had mark'd her face
With all the meagre signs of grace.
Her mass-book was completely lin'd
With painted saints of various kind;
But when in every page she view'd
Fine ladies who the flesh subdued,
As quick her beads she counted o'er,
She cried—'Such wonders are no more!'
She chose not to delay confession,
To bear at once a year's transgression,
But every week set all things even,
And balanc'd her accounts with Heaven.
Behold her now, in humble guise,
Upon her knees with downcast eyes
Before the priest: she thus begins,
And sobbing, blubbers forth her sins:
'Who could that tempting man resist?
My virtue languish'd as he kiss'd;
I strove,—till I could strive no longer;
How can the weak subdue the stronger?'
The Father ask'd her where and when?
How many? and what sort of men?
By what degrees her blood was heated?
How oft the frailty was repeated?

Thus have I seen a pregnant wench
All flush'd with guilt before the bench,
The judges (wak'd by wanton thought)
Dive to the bottom of her fault;
They leer, they simper at her shame,
And make her call all things by name.
And now to sentence he proceeds,
Prescribes how oft to tell her beads;
Shows her what saints could do her good;
Doubles her fasts, to cool her blood.
Eas'd of her sins, and light as air,
Away she trips, perhaps to prayer.
'Twas no such thing. Why then this haste?
The clock has struck, the hour is past,
And on the spur of inclination,
She scorn'd to bilk her assignation.
Whate'er she did, next week she came,
And piously confest the same:
The priest, who female frailties pitied,
First chid her, then her sins remitted.
But did she now her crime bemoan
In penitential sheets alone?
And was no bold, no beastly fellow,
The nightly partner of her pillow?
No, none: for next time in the grove
A bank was conscious of her love.
Confession-day was come about,
And now again it all must out:
She seems to wipe her twinkling eyes;
'What now? my Child!' the Father cries.
'Again!' says she—With threatening looks
He thus the prostrate dame rebukes.
'Madam, I grant there's something in it,
That virtue has the' unguarded minute;

But pray now tell me what are whores,
But women of unguarded hours?
Then you must sure have lost all shame:
What, every day, and still the same,
And no fault else! 'tis strange to find
A woman to one sin confin'd!
Pride is this day her darling passion,
The next day slander is in fashion;
Gaming succeeds; if Fortune crosses,
Then virtue's mortgag'd for her losses;
By use her favourite vice she loaths,
And loves new follies like new clothes;
But you, beyond all thought unchaste,
Have all sin center'd near your waist!
Whence is this appetite so strong?
Say, Madam, did your mother long?
Or is it luxury and high diet
That won't let Virtue sleep in quiet?'
She tells him now with meekest voice,
That she had never err'd by choice,
Nor was there known a virgin chaster,
Till ruin'd by a sad disaster.
  That she a favourite lap-dog had,
Which, (as she strok'd and kiss'd) grew mad;
And on her lip a wound indenting,
First set her youthful blood fermenting.
  The priest replied, with zealous fury,
'You should have sought the means to cure ye.
Doctors by various ways, we find,
Treat these distempers of the mind.
Let gaudy ribbons be denied
To her who raves with scornful pride;
And if religion crack her notions,
Lock up her volumes of devotions;

But if for man her rage prevail,
Bar her the sight of creatures male.
Or else to cure some venom'd bite,
And set the shatter'd thoughts aright,
They send you to the ocean's shore,
And plunge the patient o'er and o'er.'
The dame replied, 'Alas! in vain
My kindred forc'd me to the main,
Naked, and in the face of day;
Look not, ye fishermen! this way:
What virgin had not done as I did?
My modest hand, by Nature guided,
Debar'd at once from human eyes
The seat where female honour lies,
And though thrice dipt from top to toe,
I still secur'd the post below,
And guarded it with grasp so fast,
Not one drop through my fingers past;
Thus owe I to my bashful care,
That all the rage is settled there.'
Weigh well the projects of mankind,
Then tell me, reader! canst thou find
The man from madness wholly free?
They all are mad—save you and me.
Do not the statesman, fop, and wit,
By daily follies prove they're bit,
And when the briny cure they tried,
Some part still kept above the tide?
Some men (when drench'd beneath the wave)
High o'er their heads their fingers save:
Those hands by mean extortion thrive,
Or in the pocket lightly dive;
Or more expert in pilfering vice,
They burn and itch to cog the dice.

Plunge in a courtier, straight his fears
Direct his hands to stop his ears:
And now truth seems a grating noise,
He loves the slanderer's whispering voice;
He hangs on flattery with delight,
And thinks all fulsome praise is right.
All women dread a wat'ry death;
They shut their lips to hold their breath,
And though you duck them ne'er so long,
Not one salt drop e'er wets their tongue:
'Tis hence they scandal have at will,
And that this member ne'er lies still.

ECLOGUES.

THE
BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

IN IMITATION OF THE POLLIO OF VIRGIL.

YE silvan Muses! loftier strains recite;
Not all in shades and humble cots delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the distant grounds
The driving gales convey the swelling sounds:
The' attentive swain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder leans upon his fork.
What sudden news alarms the waking morn?
To the glad 'Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye stags! and all ye beasts of chase!
This hour destruction brings on all your race.
See the pleas'd tenants duteous offerings bear,
Turkeys, and geese, and grocer's sweetest ware;
With the new health the pondrous tankard flows,
And old October reddens every nose.
Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
Kiss his moist lip, and gently lick his hand;
He joys to hear the shrill horn's echoing sounds,
And learns to lisp the names of all the hounds.
With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley shall in paternal acres grow;

The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flow'rs,
To give metheglin for his morning hours;
For him the clustering hop shall climb the poles,
And his own orchard sparkle in his bowls.

His sire's exploits he now with wonder hears;
The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears;
How when youth strung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
He rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains.
He leads the staring infant through the hall—
Points out the horny spoils that grace the wall;
Tells how this stag thro' three whole counties fled,
What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Describes the desperate chase, and all his cheats;
How in one day beneath his furious speed,
He tir'd seven coursers of the fleetest breed;
How high the pale he leapt, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the witch[1].
These stories, which descend from son to son,
The forward boy shall one day make his own.

Ah! too fond Mother! think the time draws nigh
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;
How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar-schools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod:
No, let him never feel that smart disgrace;
Why should he wiser prove than all his race?

When ripening youth with down o'ershades his chin,
And every female eye incites to sin,
The milkmaid (thoughtless of her future shame)
With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame:

[1] The most common accident to sportsmen, to hunt a witch in the shape of a hare.

The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
Shall oft be conscious of their stolen love.
But think, Priscilla, on that dreadful time,
When pangs and wat'ry qualms shall own thy crime;
How wilt thou tremble, when thy nipple's prest,
To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast!
Nine moons shall publicly divulge thy shame,
And the young 'Squire forestal a father's name.

When twice twelve times the reaper's sweeping hand
With levell'd harvests has bestrown the land,
On fam'd Saint Hubert's feast, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound, and wake the morn:
This memorable day his eager speed
Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.
O check the foamy bit! nor tempt thy fate;
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet prodigal of life, the leap he tries;
Low in the dust his grovelling honour lies:
Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar-bone.
O ventrous Youth! thy thirst of game allay;
May'st thou survive the perils of this day!—
He shall survive, and in late years be sent
To snore away debates in Parliament.

The time shall come when his more solid sense,
With nod important, shall the laws dispense;
A justice with grave justices shall sit,
He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.
No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons shall leave their covers void of fear,
Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear;
Poachers shall tremble at his awful name,
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.

Assist me, Bacchus! and ye drunken pow'rs!
To sing his friendships and his midnight hours.
Why dost thou glory in thy strength of beer,
Firm-cork'd and mellow'd till the twentieth year;
Brew'd or when Phœbus warms the fleecy sign,
Or when his languid rays in Scorpio shine? [sprung!
Think on the mischiefs which from hence have
It arms with curses dire the wrathful tongue;
Foul scandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the memory with injurious words.
O where is wisdom when by this o'erpower'd?
The state is censur'd, and the maid deflower'd!
And wilt thou still, O 'Squire! brew ale so strong?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic song.
Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer;
'Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead-drunk his servile crew supinely snore;
Triumphant o'er the prostrate brutes he stands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and, like his glorious sires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

THE TOILET.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

LYDIA.

Now twenty springs had cloth'd the Park with green,
Since Lydia knew the blossom of fifteen;
No lovers now her morning hours molest,
And catch her at her toilet, half undrest:

The thundering knocker wakes the street no more ;
No chairs, no coaches, crowd her silent door :
Her midnights once at cards and hazard fled,
Which now, alas ! she dreams away in bed :
And round her wait shocks, monkeys, and macaws,
To fill the place of fops and perjur'd beaus.
In these she views the mimicry of man,
And smiles when grinning Pug gallants her fan ;
When Poll repeats, the sounds deceive her ear,
For sounds, like his, once told her Damon's care.
With these alone her tedious mornings pass ;
Or at the dumb devotion of her glass
She smooths her brow, and frizzles forth her hairs,
And fancies youthful dress gives youthful airs :
With crimson wool she fixes every grace,
That not a blush can discompose her face.
Reclin'd upon her arm she pensive sate,
And curs'd the' inconstancy of youth, too late.
' O youth! O spring of life! for ever lost!
No more my name shall reign the favourite toast;
On glass no more the diamond grave my name,
And rhymes mis-spell'd, record a lover's flame :
Nor shall side-boxes watch my restless eyes,
And, as they catch the glance, in rows arise [croach,
With humble bows; nor white-glov'd beaus en-
In crowds behind, to guard me to my coach.
Ah ! hapless nymph ! such conquests are no more,
For Chloe's now what Lydia was before!
' 'Tis true this Chloe boasts the peach's bloom;
But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume?
I own her taper shape is form'd to please;
Yet if you saw her unconfin'd by stays,
She doubly to fifteen may make pretence,
Alike we read it in her face and sense.

Her reputation! but that never yet
Could check the freedoms of a young coquet.
Why will ye then, vain fops! her eyes believe?
Her eyes can, like your perjur'd tongues, deceive.
'What shall I do? how spend the hateful day?
At chapel shall I wear the morn away?
Who there frequents at these unmodish hours,
But ancient matrons with their frizzled towers,
And grey religious maids? my presence there,
Amid that sober train, would own despair;
Nor am I yet so old, nor is my glance,
As yet, fixt wholly to Devotion's trance. [range
'Straight then I'll dress, and take my wonted
Through every Indian shop, through all the Change;
Where the tall jar erects his costly pride,
With antic shapes in China's azure dy'd;
There careless lies the rich brocade unroll'd,
Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold;
But then remembrance will my grief renew,
'Twas there the raffling dice false Damon threw;
The raffling dice to him decide the prize:
'Twas there he first convers'd with Chloe's eyes;
Hence sprung the' ill-fated cause of all my smart,
To me the toy he gave, to her his heart:
But soon thy perjury in the gift was found,
The shiver'd China dropt upon the ground;
Sure omen, that thy vows would faithless prove;
Frail was thy present, frailer is thy love.
'O happy Poll, in wiry prison pent,
Thou ne'er hast known what love or rivals meant;
And Pug with pleasure can his fetters bear,
Who ne'er believ'd the vows that lovers swear.
How am I curst! (unhappy and forlorn)
With perjury, with love, and rivals' scorn!

False are the loose coquet's invcigling airs,
False is the pompous grief of youthful heirs,
False is the cringing courtier's plighted word,
False are the dice, when gamesters stamp the board,
False is the sprightly widow's public tear;
Yet these, to Damon's oaths, are all sincere.
' Fly from perfidious man, the sex disdain,
Let servile Chloe wear the nuptial chain:
Damon is practis'd in the modish life,
Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife.
He games, he swears, he drinks, he fights, he roves,
Yet Chloe can believe he fondly loves.
Mistress and wife can well supply his need,
A miss for pleasure, and a wife for breed.
But Chloe's air is unconfin'd and gay,
And can perhaps an injur'd bed repay;
Perhaps her patient temper can behold
The rival of her love adorn'd with gold: [care,
Powder'd with di'monds, free from thought and
A husband's sullen humours she can bear.
' Why are these sobs? and why these streaming eyes?
Is love the cause?—No, I the sex despise:
I hate, I loath his base perfidious name:
Yet if he should but feign a rival flame?—
But Chloe boasts and triumphs in my pains;
To her he's faithful, 'tis to me he feigns.'
Thus love-sick Lydia rav'd. Her maid appears;
A band-box in her steady hand she bears:
' How well this ribbon's gloss becomes your face!
(She cries, in raptures) then, so sweet a lace!
How charmingly you look! so bright! so fair!
'Tis to your eyes the head-dress owes its air.'
Straight Lydia smil'd; the comb adjusts her locks,
And at the play-house Harry keeps her box.

THE TEA-TABLE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

DORIS, MELANTHE.

SAINT James's noon-day-bell for prayers had toll'd,
And coaches to the patron's levee roll'd,
When Doris rose: and now through all the room,
From flowery tea exhales a fragrant fume.
Cup after cup they sipt, and talk'd by fits,
For Doris here, and there Melanthe sits.
Doris was young, a laughter-loving dame,
Nice of her own alike and others' fame:
Melanthe's tongue could well a tale advance,
And sooner gave, than sunk a circumstance:
Lock'd in her memory secrets never died;
Doris begun, Melanthe thus replied:

DORIS. Sylvia the vain fantastic fop admires,
The rake's loose gallantry her bosom fires:
Sylvia like that is vain, like this she roves,
In liking them, she but herself approves.

MELAN. Laura rails on at men, the sex reviles,
Their vice condemns, or at their folly smiles:
Why should her tongue in just resentment fail,
Since men at her with equal freedom rail? [seen,

DORIS. Last masquerade was Sylvia nymph-like
Her hand a crook sustain'd, her dress was green;
An amorous shepherd led her through the crowd;
The nymph was innocent, the shepherd vow'd;
But nymphs their innocence with shepherds trust;
So both withdrew, as nymph and shepherd must.

MELAN. Name but the license of the modern stage,
Laura takes fire, and kindles into rage;
The whining tragic love she scarce can bear,
But nauseous comedy ne'er shock'd her ear;
Yet in the gallery mob'd, she sits secure,
And laughs at jests that turn the box demure.

DORIS. Trust not, ye ladies! to your beauty's pow'r,
For beauty withers like a shrivell'd flow'r;
Yet those fair flowers that Sylvia's temples bind,
Fade not with sudden blights or winter's wind;
Like those her face defies the rolling years,
For Art her roses and her charms repairs.

MELAN. Laura despises every outward grace,
The wanton sparkling eye, the blooming face;
The beauties of the soul are all her pride,
For other beauties Nature has denied;
If affectation shows a beauteous mind,
Lives there a man to Laura's merits blind?

DORIS. Sylvia, be sure, defies the Town's reproach,
Whose deshabille is soil'd in hackney-coach;
What though the sash was clos'd! must we conclude
That she was yielding, when her fop was rude?

MELAN. Laura learn'd caution at too dear a cost:
What fair could e'er retrieve her honour lost?
Secret she loves; and who the nymph can blame,
Who durst not own a footman's vulgar flame?

DORIS. Though Laura's homely taste descends so low,
Her footman well may vie with Sylvia's beau.

MEL. Yet why should Laura think it a disgrace,
When proud Miranda's groom wears Flanders' lace!

DORIS. What though for music Cynthio boasts an ear?
Robin perhaps can hum an opera air.

Cynthio can bow, takes snuff, and dances well:
Robin talks common sense; can write and spell:
Sylvia's vain fancy dress and show admires,
But 'tis the man alone who Laura fires.

MELAN. Plato's wise morals Laura's soul im-
And this, no doubt, must be platonic love! [prove,
Her soul to generous acts was still inclin'd;
What shows more virtue than an humble mind?

DORIS. What though young Sylvia love the park's cool shade,
And wander in the dusk the secret glade?
Mask'd and alone (by chance) she met her spark;
That innocence is weak which shuns the dark.

MELAN. But Laura for her flame has no pretence;
Her footman is a footman too in sense.
All prudes I hate; and those are rightly curst
With scandal's double load who censure first.

DORIS. And what if Cynthio Sylvia's garter tied!
Who such a foot and such a leg would hide,
When crook-knee'd Phillis can expose to view
Her gold-clock'd stocking, and her tawdry shoe?

MELAN. If pure devotion centre in the face,
If censuring others show intrinsic grace,
If guilt to public freedoms be confin'd,
Prudes (all must own) are of the holy kind!

DORIS. Sylvia disdains reserve, and flies constraint;
She neither is, nor would be thought a saint.

MELAN. Love is a trivial passion, Laura cries;
May I be blest with Friendship's stricter ties:
To such a breast all secrets we commend;
Sure the whole drawing-room is Laura's friend.

DORIS. At marriage Sylvia rails; who men would trust!
Yet husbands' jealousies are sometimes just. [

Her favours Sylvia shares among mankind;
Such generous love should never be confin'd.
As thus alternate chat employ'd their tongue,
With thundering raps the brazen knocker rung.
Laura with Sylvia came; the nymphs arise.
'This unexpected visit (Doris cries,)
Is doubly kind!' Melanthe Laura led;
'Since I was last so blest, my dear, (she said)
Sure 'tis an age!' They sate; the hour was set;
And all again that night at Ombre met.

THE FUNERAL.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

SABINA, LUCY.

Twice had the moon perform'd her monthly race,
Since first the veil o'ercast Sabina's face:
Then died the tender partner of her bed;
And lives Sabina when Fidelio's dead?
Fidelio's dead, and yet Sabina lives:
But see, the tribute of her tears she gives.
Their absent lord her rooms in sable mourn,
And all the day the glimmering tapers burn;
Stretch'd on the couch of state she pensive lies,
While oft the snowy cambric wipes her eyes.
Now enter'd Lucy: trusty Lucy knew
To roll a sleeve, or bear a billet-doux:
Her ready tongue, in secret service tried,
With equal fluency spoke truth or lied:
She well could flush or humble a gallant,
And serve at once as maid and confidante.

A letter from her faithful stays she took ;
Sabina snatch'd it with an angry look,
And thus in hasty words her grief confest,
While Lucy strove to soothe her troubled breast :
SAB. What, still Myrtillo's hand! his flame I scorn ;
Give back his passion with the seal untorn.
To break our soft repose has man a right?
And are we doom'd to read whate'er they write?
Not all the sex my firm resolves shall move ;
My life's a life of sorrow, not of love.
May Lydia's wrinkles all my forehead trace,
And Celia's paleness sicken o'er my face ;
May fops of mine, as Flavia's favours, boast,
And coquets triumph in my honour lost ;
May cards employ my nights, and never more
May these curst eyes behold a matadore!
Break china, perish Shock, die paroquet!
When I Fidelio's dearer love forget.
Fidelio's judgment scorn'd the foppish train,
His air was easy, and his dress was plain ;
His words sincere, respect his presence drew,
And on his lips sweet conversation grew.
Where's Wit, where's Beauty, where is Virtue fled?
Alas! they're now no more; Fidelio's dead!
LUCY. Yet when he liv'd he wanted every grace ;
That easy air was then an awkward pace :
Have not your sighs in whispers often said,
His dress was slovenly, his speech ill-bred?
Have not I heard you, with a secret tear,
Call that sweet converse sullen and severe?
Think not I come to take Myrtillo's part,
Let Chloe, Daphne, Doris, share his heart :
Let Chloe's love in every ear express
His graceful person and genteel address.

All well may judge what shaft has Daphne hit,
Who can be silent to admire his wit.
His equipage and liveries Doris move,
But Chloe, Daphne, Doris fondly love.
Sooner shall cits in fashions guide the court,
And beaus upon the busy 'Change resort;
Sooner the nation shall from snuff be freed,
And fops' apartments smoke with India's weed;
Sooner I'd wish and sigh through nunnery grates,
Than recommend the flame Sabina hates.

SAB. Because some widows are in haste subdued,
Shall every fop upon our tears intrude?
Can I forget my lov'd Fidelio's tongue,
Soft as the warbling of Italian song?
Did not his rosy lips breathe forth perfume,
Fragrant as steams from tea's imperial bloom?

LUCY. Yet once you thought that tongue a greater curse
Than squalls of children for an absent nurse:
Have you not fancied in his frequent kiss
The' ungrateful leavings of a filthy miss?

SAB. Love! I thy power defy; no second flame
Shall ever raze my dear Fidelio's name.
Fannia without a tear might lose her lord,
Who ne'er enjoy'd his presence but at board.
And why should sorrow sit on Lesbia's face?
Are there such comforts in a sot's embrace?
No friend, no lover, is to Lesbia dead;
For Lesbia long had known a separate bed.
Gush forth, ye tears! waste, waste, ye sighs! my breast,
My days, my nights were by Fidelio blest!

LUCY. You cannot sure forget how oft you said
His teazing fondness jealousy betray'd!
When at the play the neighbouring box he took,
You thought you read suspicion in his look;

When cards and counters flew around the board,
Have you not wish'd the absence of your lord?
His company was then a poor pretence
To check the freedoms of a wife's expense!

SAB. But why should I Myrtillo's passion blame,
Since love's a fierce involuntary flame?

LUCY. Could he the sallies of his heart withstand,
Why should he not to Chloe give his hand?
For Chloe's handsome; yet he slights her flame;
Last night she fainted at Sabina's name.
Why, Daphne, dost thou blame Sabina's charms?
Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms.
At Crimp Myrtillo play'd; in kind regards
Doris threw love, unmindful of the cards:
Doris was touch'd with spleen; her fan he rent,
Flew from the table, and to tears gave vent.
Why, Doris! dost thou curse Sabina's eyes?
To her Myrtillo is a vulgar prize.

SAB. Yet say I lov'd; how loud would Censure
So soon to quit the duties of the veil! [rail,
No, sooner plays and operas I'd forswear,
And change these China jars for Tunbridge ware,
Or trust my mother as a confidante,
Or fix a friendship with my maiden aunt,
Than till—to-morrow throw my weeds away.
Yet let me see him if he comes to-day!—

Hasty she snatch'd the letter, tore the seal;
She read, and blushes glow'd beneath the veil.

THE ESPOUSAL.

A SOBER ECLOGUE BETWEEN TWO OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS.

CALEB, TABITHA.

Beneath the shadow of a beaver hat,
Meek Caleb at a silent meeting sat;
His eyeballs oft forgot the holy trance,
While Tabitha demure return'd the glance.
The meeting ended, Caleb silence broke,
And Tabitha her inward yearnings spoke:
Caleb. Beloved! see how all things follow love:
Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove disports with dove;
Yet fondled lambs their innocence secure,
And none can tell the turtle's bill impure.
O fairest of our sisters! let me be
The billing dove, and fondling lamb, to thee.
Tabit. But, Caleb, know that birds of gentle mind
Elect a mate among the sober kind;
Not the macaws, all deck'd in scarlet pride,
Entice their mild and modest hearts aside;
But thou, vain man! beguil'd by popish shows,
Dotest on ribbons, flounces, furbelows.
If thy false heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
Go, wed the painted arch in summer skies;
Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
Strong at the first, but passeth soon away.
Caleb. Name not the frailties of my youthful days,
When Vice misled me through the harlot's ways;

When I with wanton look thy sex beheld,
And nature with each wanton look rebell'd;
Then party-colour'd pride my heart might move
With lace, the net to catch unhallow'd love.
All such-like love is fading as the flower,
Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour:
But now I feel the spousal love within,
And spousal love no sister holds a sin.

TABIT. I know thou longest for the flaunting maid;
Thy falsehood own, and say I am betray'd:
The tongue of man is blister'd o'er with lies,
But truth is ever read in woman's eyes:
O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine!
Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine!

CALEB. How bitter are thy words! forbear to teaze;
I too might blame—but love delights to please.
Why should I tell thee, that when last the sun
Painted the downy peach of Newington,
Josiah led thee through the garden's walk,
And mingled melting kisses with his talk?
Ah! Jealousy! turn, turn thine eyes aside,
How can I see that watch adorn thy side?
For, verily, no gift the sisters take
For lust of gain, but for the giver's sake.

TABIT. I own Josiah gave the golden toy,
Which did the righteous hand of Quare employ:
When Caleb hath assign'd some happy day,
I look on this, and chide the hour's delay:
And when Josiah would his love pursue,
On this I look, and shun his wanton view.
Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move;
The only present love demands is love.

CALEB. Ah! Tabitha! to hear these words of thine,
My pulse beats high, as if inflam'd with wine!
When to the brethren first, with fervent zeal,
The spirit mov'd thy yearnings to reveal,
How did I joy thy trembling lip to see
Red as the cherry from the Kentish tree?
When ecstasy had warm'd thy look so meek,
Gardens of roses blushed on thy cheek.
With what sweet transport didst thou roll thine eyes,
How did thy words provoke the brethren's sighs!
Words that with holy sighs might others move,
But, Tabitha! my sighs were sighs of love.

TABIT. Is Tabitha beyond her wishes blest?
Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breast?
Then hear me, Caleb! witness what I speak,
This solemn promise death alone can break;
Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
And with immodest favourites shade my face;
Sooner, like Babylon's lewd whore, be drest
In flaring diamonds and a scarlet vest,
Or make a curtsy in cathedral pew,
Than prove inconstant while my Caleb's true.

CALEB. When I prove false and Tabitha forsake,
Teachers shall dance a jig at country-wake;
Brethren unbeaver'd then shall bow their head,
And with profane mince-pies our babes be fed.

TABIT. If that Josiah were with passion fir'd,
Warm as the zeal of youth when first inspir'd;
In steady love though he might persevere,
Unchanging as the decent garb we wear,
And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
Light as the feather on the head of beaus;

Yet I for thee would all thy sex resign,
Sisters! take all the rest—be Caleb mine.

CALEB. Though I had all that sinful love affords,
And all the concubines of all the lords,
Whose couches creak with whoredom's sinful shame,
Whose velvet chairs are with adultery lame;
Ev'n in the harlot's hall I would not sip
The dew of lewdness from her lying lip;
I'd shun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
More sweet than powder which the merchants sell:
O solace me with kisses, pure like thine!
Enjoy, ye lords! the wanton concubine.
The spring now calls us forth; come, sister! come,
To see the primrose and the daisy bloom:
Let ceremony bind the worldly pair,
Sisters esteem the brethren's word sincere.

TABIT. Espousals are but forms: O lead me hence,
For secret love can never give offence.
Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw—
'True love is nature unrestrain'd by law:'
This tenet all the holy sect allows;
So Tabitha took earnest of a spouse.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL

TO BLACK-EY'D SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came aboard:—
'Oh! where shall I my true love find!
Tell me, ye jovial sailors! tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.'

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

'O Susan! Susan! lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

'Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

'If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory, so white:
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

'Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.'

The boatswain gave the dreadful word;
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head:
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
'Adieu!' she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

THE LADY'S LAMENTATION.

PHYLLIDA, that lov'd to dream
In the grove, or by the stream,
  Sigh'd on velvet pillow:
What, alas! should fill her head,
But a fountain or a mead,
  Water and a willow?

'Love in cities never dwells,
He delights in rural cells
  Which sweet woodbine covers:
What are your assemblies then?
There, 'tis true, we see more men,
  But much fewer lovers.

'Oh! how chang'd the prospect grows!
Flocks and herds to fops and beaus,
  Coxcombs without number!
Moon and stars that shone so bright,
To the torch and waxen light,
  And whole nights at ombre.

'Pleasant as it is to hear
Scandal tickling in our ear,
  Ev'n of our own mothers;
In the chit-chat of the day,
To us is paid, when we're away,
  What we lent to others.

'Though the favourite toast I reign,
Wine, they say, that prompts the vain,

Heightens defamation.
Must I live 'twixt spite and fear,
Every day grow handsomer,
And lose my reputation?'

Thus the fair to sighs gave way,
Her empty purse beside her lay:
Nymph! ah, cease thy sorrow.
Though curs'd Fortune frown to-night,
This odious town can give delight
If you win to-morrow.

DAMON AND CUPID.

The sun was now withdrawn,
The shepherds home were sped,
The moon wide o'er the lawn
Her silver mantle spread;
When Damon stay'd behind,
And saunter'd in the grove.
'Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
And give me love for love?

'Oh! those were golden hours,
When love, devoid of cares,
In all Arcadia's bowers
Lodg'd swains and nymphs by pairs:
But now from wood and plain
Flies every sprightly lass,
No joys for me remain,
In shades, or on the grass.'

The winged Boy draws near,
And thus the swain reproves:
'While beauty revell'd here,
My game lay in the groves;
At court I never fail
To scatter round my arrows,
Men fall as thick as hail,
And maidens love like sparrows.

'Then, Swain! if me you need,
Straight lay your sheephook down;
Throw by your oaten reed,
And haste away to Town:
So well I'm known at court,
None asks where Cupid dwells,
But readily resort
To B——n's or Lepell's.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade,
With arms across and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind:
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
Looks, sighs, and actions seem'd to say,
My Chloe is unkind.

'Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
Ye larks! ye linnets! cease your strains;
I faintly hear in your sweet notes,
My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains:

Yet why should you your song forbear?
Your mates delight your song to hear,
  But Chloe mine disdains.'

As thus he melancholy stood,
  Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet sounds broke gently through the wood;
  'I feel the sound, my heartstrings move:
'Twas not the nightingale that sung;
No, 'tis my Chloe's sweeter tongue:
  Hark, hark, what says my love!'

'How foolish is the nymph (she cries)
  Who trifles with her lover's pain!
Nature still speaks in woman's eyes,
  Our artful lips were made to feign.
O Daphnis! Daphnis! 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love denied;
  Come back, dear youth! again.

'As t'other day my hand he seiz'd,
  My blood with thrilling motion flew;
Sudden I put on looks displeas'd,
  And hasty from his hold withdrew:
'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain;
Then hadst thou prest my hand again,
  My heart had yielded too!

'Tis true thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
  That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek;
Think not thy skill in song defam'd,
  That lip should other pleasure seek:
Much, much thy music I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
  Much more, to hear thee speak.

'My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd;
Daphnis I fear is ever gone;
Last night with Delia's dog he play'd;
Love by such trifles first comes on.
Now, now, dear shepherd! come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey.
Ah! Chloe! thou art won.'

The youth step'd forth with hasty pace,
And found where wishing Chloe lay;
Shame sudden lighten'd in her face,
Confus'd, she knew not what to say:
At last in broken words she cried,
'To-morrow you in vain had tried,
But I am lost to-day!'

THE
COQUET MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

At the close of the day,
When the beanflower and hay
Breath'd odours in every wind;
Love enliven'd the veins
Of the damsels and swains,
Each glance and each action was kind.

Molly, wanton and free,
Kiss'd, and sat on each knee,
Fond ecstasy swam in her eyes:
'See, thy mother is near,
Hark! she calls thee to hear
What Age and Experience advise.

'Hast thou seen the blithe dove
Stretch her neck to her love,
All glossy with purple and gold?
If a kiss he obtain,
She returns it again;
What follows you need not be told.'

'Look ye, Mother! (she cried)
You instruct me in pride,
And men by good manners are won:
She who trifles with all
Is less likely to fall,
Than she who but trifles with one.'

'Prithee, Molly, be wise,
Lest by sudden surprise
Love should tingle in every vein:
Take a shepherd for life,
And when once you're a wife,
You safely may trifle again.'

Molly smiling replied,
'Then I'll soon be a bride;
Old Roger has gold in his chest:
But I thought all you wives
Chose a man for your lives,
And trifled no more with the rest.'

MOLLY MOG:

OR,

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN[1].

Says my uncle, 'I pray you discover
What hath been the cause of your woes,
That you pine and you whine like a lover?'
—'I have seen Molly Mog of the Rose.'

'O nephew! your grief is but folly,
In Town you may find better prog;
Half-a-crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.'

'I know that by wits 'tis recited
That women at best are a clog;
But I'm not so easily frighted
From loving of sweet Molly Mog.

'The schoolboy's desire is a playday,
The schoolmaster's joy is to flog;
The milk-maid's delight is on May-day,
But mine is on sweet Molly Mog.

'Will-a-wisp leads the traveller gadding
Through ditch, and through quagmire, and bog;
But no light can set me a madding
Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog.

[1] This Ballad was written on an innkeeper's daughter at Oakingham in Berkshire, who in her youth was a celebrated beauty and toast: she lived to a very advanced age, and until the month of March, 1766.

'For guineas in other men's breeches
Your gamesters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win sweet Molly Mog.

'The heart when half wounded is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog;
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis so fix'd upon sweet Molly Mog.

'Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
In pleasure is thought but a hog;
All the sex cannot give so good measure
Of joys, as my sweet Molly Mog.

'I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog,
And nothing can give satisfaction
But thinking of sweet Molly Mog.

'A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog,
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog.

'If I would not give up the three Graces
I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my sweet Molly Mog.

'Those faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log;
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit
Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.

'Those who toast all the family royal,
In bumpers of Hogan and Nog,
Have hearts not more true or more loyal,
Than mine to my sweet Molly Mog.

'Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another eclogue,
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give up for sweet Molly Mog.

'When she smiles on each guest, like her liquor,
Then jealousy sets me agog;
To be sure she's a bit for the Vicar,
And so I shall lose Molly Mog.'

BALLAD.

Of all the girls that e'er was seen,
There's none so fine as Nelly,
For charming face, and shape, and mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye.
Oh! the turn'd neck, and smooth white skin
Of lovely, dearest Nelly!
For many a swain it well had been
Had she ne'er been at Calai.

For when as Nelly came to France,
(Invited by her cousins)
Across the Thuilleries each glance
Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens.
The king, as he at dinner sat,
Did beckon to his hussar;
And bid him bring his tabby cat,
For charming Nell to buss her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd,
To see her so respected;
The men look'd arch, as Nelly strok'd,
And puss her tail erected:

But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty Nelly;
Then said the Duke de Villeroy,
'Ah! qu'elle est bien jolie!'

But who's that great philosopher,
That carefully looks at her?
By his concern it should appear,
The fair-one is his daughter.
Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier sly)
He on his child does leer too;
I wish he has no mind to try
What some papas will here do.

The courtiers all, with one accord,
Broke out in Nelly's praises,
Admir'd her rose, and *lys sans farde*,
(Which are your *termes Françoises.)*
Then might you see a painted ring
Of dames that stood by Nelly:
She like the pride of all the spring,
And they like *fleurs de palais.*

In Marli's gardens, and St. Clou,
I saw this charming Nelly,
Where shameless nymphs, expos'd to view,
Stand naked in each alley:
But Venus had a brazen face
Both at Versailles and Meudon,
Or else she had resign'd her place,
And left the stone she stood on.

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all the' Italian:
Lord! how those foreigners would stare!
But I should turn Pygmalion:

For spite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
  Me nothing can delight so,
As does that part that lies between
  Her left toe and her right toe.

ON QUADRILLE.

WHEN as Corruption hence did go,
  And left the nation free;
When Ay said ay, and No said no,
  Without or place or fee;
Then Satan, thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his spirit, call'd Quadrille.
    Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

Kings, queens, and knaves, made up his pack,
  And four fair suits he wore:
His troops they were with red and black
  All blotch'd and spotted o'er;
And every house, go where you will,
Is haunted by this imp Quadrille, &c.

Sure cards he has for every thing,
  Which well Court-cards they name;
And, statesman-like, calls in the king,
  To help out a bad game;
But if the parties manage ill,
The king is forc'd to lose Codille, &c.

When two and two were met of old,
  Though they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in Cupid's books enroll'd,
  And call'd a *Parti Quarré;*

But now meet when and where you will,
A *Parti Quarré* is Quadrille, &c.

The commoner, the knight, and peer,
Men of all ranks and fame,
Leave to their wives the only care
To propagate their name;
And well that duty they fulfil
When the good husband's at Quadrille, &c.

When patients lie in piteous case,
In comes the' apothecary,
And to the doctor cries, 'Alas!
Non debes Quadrillare:'
The patient dies without a pill,
For why? the doctor's at Quadrille, &c.

Should France and Spain again grow loud,
The Muscovite grow louder,
Britain to curb her neighbours proud,
Would want both ball and powder;
Must want both sword and gun to kill:
For why? the general's at Quadrille, &c.

The king of late drew forth his sword,
(Thank God 'twas not in wrath)
And made of many a 'squire and lord
An unwash'd knight of Bath:
What are their feats of arms and skill?
They're but nine parties at Quadrille, &c.

A party late at Cambray met,
Which drew all Europe's eyes;
'Twas call'd in Post-boy and Gazette—
The Quadruple Allies;

But somebody took something ill,
So broke this party at Quadrille, &c.

And now, God save this noble realm,
And God save eke Hanover;
And God save those who hold the helm,
When as the king goes over;
But let the king go where he will,
His subjects must play at Quadrille.
Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

A NEW SONG

OF NEW SIMILES.

My passion is as mustard strong;
I sit all sober sad;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March-hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For though as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown,
But as a goat now thin!

I melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The god of Love at her approach
Is busy as a bee;
Hearts, sound as any bell or roach,
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail
The fine men crowd about her;
But soon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five-pence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words,
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny drest;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king:
Good L—d! how all men envied me!
She lov'd like any thing.

But false as hell, she, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her sex must do;
Though seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru!
Great as an emperor should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post;
Let us like burs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a die,
And wish me better sped;
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

NEWGATE'S GARLAND:

BEING A NEW BALLAD,

Showing how Mr. Jonathan Wild's throat was cut from ear to ear with a penknife by Mr. Blake, alias Blueskin, the bold highwayman, as he stood at his trial in the Old-Bailey, 1725. To the tune of 'The Cut-purse.'

Ye gallants of Newgate, whose fingers are nice,
In diving in pockets or cogging of dice;
Ye sharpers so rich, who can buy off the noose,
Ye honester poor rogues, who die in your shoes;
Attend and draw near,
Good news you shall hear,
How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear;
How Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

When to the Old-Bailey this Blueskin was led,
He held up his hand, his indictment was read;
Loud rattled his chains, near him Jonathan stood,
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.
Then hopeless of life
He drew his penknife,
And made a sad widow of Jonathan's wife:
But forty pounds paid her, her grief shall appease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

Some say there are courtiers of highest renown,
Who steal the king's gold, and leave him but a crown;
Some say there are peers, and some parliament-men,
Who meet once a-year to rob courtiers again:

Let them all take their swing,
To pillage the king,
And get a blue ribbon instead of a string.
Now Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions, [sions;
Call'd briberies grants; and plain robberies pen-
Physicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learned rogues) call their pilfering, fees;
Since this happy day,
Now every man may
Rob (as safe as in office) upon the highway:
For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

Some cheat in the Customs, some rob the Excise,
But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.
Churchwardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
As yet only venture to steal from the altar:
But now to get gold,
They may be more bold,
And rob on the highway since Jonathan's cold;
For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob if he please.

A BALLAD.

ON ALE.

WHILST some in epic strains delight,
Whilst others pastorals invite,
  As taste or whim prevail;
Assist me, all ye tuneful Nine;
Support me in the great design,
  To sing of nappy Ale.

Some folks of cider make a rout,
And cider's well enough no doubt,
  When better liquors fail;
But wine, that's richer, better still,
Ev'n wine itself, (deny't who will)
  Must yield to nappy Ale.

Rum, brandy, gin, with choicest smack,
From Holland brought, Batavia 'rack,
  All these will nought avail
To cheer a truly British heart,
And lively spirits to impart,
  Like humming, nappy Ale.

Oh! whether thee I closely hug
In honest can, or nut-brown jug,
  Or in the tankard hail;
In barrel or in bottle pent,
I give the generous spirit vent,
  Still may I feast on Ale.

But chief when to the cheerful glass,
From vessel pure, thy streamlets pass,
Then most thy charms prevail;
Then, then, I'll bet, and take the odds,
That nectar, drink of heathen gods,
Was poor compar'd to Ale.

Give me a bumper, fill it up:
See how it sparkles in the cup;
O how shall I regale!
Can any taste this drink divine,
And then compare rum, brandy, wine,
Or aught with nappy Ale?

Inspir'd by thee the warrior fights,
The lover wooes, the poet writes,
And pens the pleasing tale;
And still in Britain's isle confest,
Nought animates the patriot's breast
Like generous nappy Ale.

High church and low, oft raise a strife,
And oft endanger limb and life,
Each studious to prevail;
Yet Whig and Tory, opposite
In all things else, do both unite
In praise of nappy Ale.

Inspir'd by thee, shall Crispin sing,
Or talk of freedom, church, and king,
And balance Europe's scale;
While his rich landlord lays out schemes
Of wealth in golden South-sea dreams,
The' effects of nappy Ale.

O blest potation! still by thee,
And thy companion, Liberty,
Do health and mirth prevail;
Then let us crown the can, the glass,
And sportive bid the minutes pass
In quaffing nappy Ale.

Ev'n while these stanzas I indite,
The bar-bell's grateful sounds invite
Where joy can never fail.
Adieu, my Muse! adieu, I haste
To gratify my longing taste
With copious draughts of Ale.

ELEGIES.

PANTHEA.

LONG had Panthea felt love's secret smart,
And hope and fear alternate rul'd her heart;
Consenting glances had her flame confest,
(In woman's eyes her very soul's exprest)
Perjur'd Alexis saw the blushing maid,
He saw, he swore, he conquer'd, and betray'd.
Another love now calls him from her arms,
His fickle heart another beauty warms;
Those oaths oft whisper'd in Panthea's ears,
He now again to Galatea swears.
Beneath a beech the' abandon'd virgin laid,
In grateful solitude enjoys the shade; [strains,
There with faint voice she breath'd these moving
While sighing zephyrs shar'd her amorous pains:
'Pale settled sorrow hangs upon my brow,
Dead are my charms; Alexis breaks his vow!
Think, think, dear shepherd! on the days you knew,
When I was happy, when my swain was true:
Think how thy looks and tongue are form'd to move,
And think yet more—that all my fault was love.
Ah! could you view me in this wretched state;
You might not love me, but you could not hate:
Could you behold me in this conscious shade,
Where first thy vows, where first my love, was paid;
Worn out with watching, sullen with despair,
And see each eye swell with a gushing tear?
Could you behold me on this mossy bed,
From my pale cheek the lively crimson fled,

Which, in my softer hours you oft have sworn,
With rosy beauty far out-blush'd the morn;
Could you, untouch'd, this wretched object bear,
And would not lost Panthea claim a tear? [steal,
You could not, sure—tears from your eyes would
And unawares thy tender soul reveal.
Ah! no;—thy soul with cruelty is fraught,
No tenderness disturbs thy savage thought;
Sooner shall tigers spare the trembling lambs,
And wolves with pity hear their bleating dams;
Sooner shall vultures from their quarry fly,
Than false Alexis for Panthea sigh.
Thy bosom ne'er a tender thought confest;
Sure stubborn flint has arm'd thy cruel breast;
But hardest flints are worn by frequent rains,
And the soft drops dissolve their solid veins,
While thy relentless heart more hard appears,
And is not soften'd by a flood of tears.

'Ah! what is love? Panthea's joys are gone,
Her liberty, her peace, her reason flown!
And when I view me in the wat'ry glass,
I find Panthea now not what she was.
As northern winds the new-blown roses blast,
And on the ground their fading ruins cast;
As sudden blights corrupt the ripen'd grain,
And of its verdure spoil the mournful plain;
So hapless love on blooming features preys,
So hapless love destroys our peaceful days.

'Come, gentle Sleep! relieve these wearied eyes,
All sorrow in thy soft embraces dies:
There, spite of all thy perjur'd vows, I find
Faithless Alexis languishingly kind:
Sometimes he leads me by the mazy stream,
And pleasingly deludes me in my dream;

Sometimes he guides me to the secret grove,
Where all our looks, and all our talk, is love.
Oh, could I thus consume each tedious day,
And in sweet slumbers dream my life away!
But sleep, which now no more relieves these eyes,
To my sad soul the dear deceit denies.

'Why does the sun dart forth his cheerful rays?
Why do the woods resound with warbling lays?
Why does the rose her grateful fragrance yield,
And yellow cowslips paint the smiling field?
Why do the streams with murmuring music flow?
And why do groves their friendly shade bestow?
Let sable clouds the cheerful sun deface,
Let mournful silence seize the feather'd race;
No more, ye roses! grateful fragrance yield;
Droop, droop, ye cowslips! in the blasted field;
No more, ye streams! with murmuring music flow,
And let not groves a friendly shade bestow:
With sympathizing grief let Nature mourn,
And never know the youthful Spring's return:
And shall I never more Alexis see?—
Then what is spring, or grove, or stream, to me?

'Why sport the skipping lambs on yonder plain?
Why do the birds their tuneful voices strain?
Why frisk those heifers in the cooling grove?
Their happier life is ignorant of love.

'Oh! lead me to some melancholy cave,
To lull my sorrows in a living grave;
From the dark rock where dashing waters fall,
And creeping ivy hangs the craggy wall,
Where I may waste in tears my hours away,
And never know the seasons, or the day.
Die, die, Panthea!—fly this hateful grove,
For what is life without the swain I love?'

ARAMINTA.

Now Phœbus rose, and with his early beams
Wak'd slumbering Delia from her pleasing dreams;
Her wishes by her fancy were supplied,
And in her sleep the nuptial knot was tied.
With secret joy she saw the morning-ray
Chequer the floor, and through the curtains play;
The happy morn that shall her bliss complete,
And all her rivals' envious hopes defeat.
In haste she rose, forgetful of her pray'rs,
Flew to the glass, and practis'd o'er her airs;
Her new-set jewels round her robe are plac'd,
Some in a brilliant buckle bind her waist,
Some round her neck a circling light display,
Some in her hair diffuse a trembling ray;
The silver knot o'erlooks the Mechlin lace,
And adds becoming beauties to her face;
Brocaded flowers o'er the gay mantua shine,
And the rich stays her taper shape confine:
Thus all her dress exerts a graceful pride,
And sporting Loves surround the' expecting bride.
For Daphnis now attends the blushing maid,
Before the priest their solemn vows are paid:
This day, which ends at once all Delia's cares,
Shall swell a thousand eyes with secret tears.
Cease, Araminta! 'tis in vain to grieve,
Canst thou from Hymen's bonds the youth retrieve?
Disdain his perjuries, and no longer mourn;
Recal my love, and find a sure return.
But still the wretched maid no comfort knows,
And with resentment cherishes her woes;

Alone she pines, and, in these mournful strains,
Of Daphnis' vows and her own fate complains:
'Was it for this I sparkled at the play,
And loiter'd in the ring whole hours away?
When if thy chariot in the circle shone,
Our mutual passion by our looks was known;
Through the gay crowd my watchful glances flew,
Where'er I pass thy grateful eyes pursue.
Ah! faithless youth! too well you saw my pain;
For eyes the language of the soul explain.
'Think, Daphnis! think, that scarce five days are fled, [you said;
Since (O false tongue!) those treacherous things
How did you praise my shape and graceful air!
And woman thinks all compliments sincere.
Didst thou not then in rapture speak thy flame,
And in soft sighs breathe Araminta's name?
Didst thou not then with oaths thy passion prove,
And with an awful trembling say—I love?
Ah! faithless youth! too well you saw my pain,
For eyes the language of the soul explain.
'How couldst thou thus, ungrateful youth! deceive?
How could I thus, unguarded maid! believe?
Sure thou canst well recal that fatal night,
When subtle love first enter'd at my sight:
When in the dance I was thy partner chose,
Gods! what a rapture in my bosom rose!
My trembling hand my sudden joy confess'd,
My glowing cheeks a wounded heart express'd;
My looks spoke love; while you, with answering eyes,
In killing glances made as kind replies.
Think, Daphnis! think what tender things you said,
Think what confusion all my soul betray'd.

You call'd my graceful presence Cynthia's air,
And when I sung, the Sirens charm'd your ear:
My flame, blown up by flattery, stronger grew,
A gale of love in every whisper flew.
Ah! faithless youth! too well you saw my pain,
For eyes the language of the soul explain. [flame,
'Whene'er I dress'd, my maid, who knew my
Cherish'd my passion with thy lovely name;
Thy picture in her talk so lively grew,
That thy dear image rose before my view:
She dwelt whole hours upon thy shape and mien,
And wounded Delia's fame to soothe my spleen.
When she beheld me at the name grow pale,
Straight to thy charms she chang'd her artful tale;
And when thy matchless charms were quite run o'er,
I bid her tell the pleasing tale once more.
Oh! Daphnis! from thy Araminta fled!
Oh! to my love for ever, ever dead!
Like death, his nuptials all my hope remove,
And ever part me from the man I love.
Ah! faithless youth! too well you saw my pain,
For eyes the language of the soul explain.
'O might I by my cruel fate be thrown
In some retreat, far from this hateful town!
Vain dress and glaring equipage! adieu;
Let happier nymphs those empty shows pursue.
Me let some melancholy shade surround,
Where not the print of human step is found.
In the gay dance my feet no more shall move,
But bear me faintly through the lonely grove;
No more these hands shall o'er the spinnet bound,
And from the sleeping strings call forth the sound:
Music, adieu! farewell, Italian airs!
The croaking raven now shall soothe my cares.

On some old ruin, lost in thought, I rest,
And think how Araminta once was blest;
There, o'er and o'er thy letters I peruse,
And all my grief in one kind sentence lose:
Some tender line by chance my woe beguiles,
And on my cheek a short-liv'd pleasure smiles.
Why is this dawn of joy! flow, tears, again;
Vain are these oaths, and all these vows are vain:
Daphnis, alas! the gordian-knot has tied,
Nor force nor cunning can the band divide.
Ah! faithless youth! since eyes the soul explain,
Why knew I not that artful tongue could feign?'

ON A LAP-DOG.

Shock's fate I mourn; poor Shock is now no more:
Ye Muses! mourn; ye Chambermaids! deplore.
Unhappy Shock! yet more unhappy Fair,
Doom'd to survive thy joy and only care.
Thy wretched fingers now no more shall deck,
And tie the favourite ribbon round his neck;
No more thy hand shall smooth his glossy hair,
And comb the wavings of his pendent ear.
Yet cease thy flowing grief, forsaken maid!
All mortal pleasures in a moment fade:
Our surest hope is in an hour destroy'd,
And love, best gift of Heaven, not long enjoy'd.
Methinks I see her frantic with despair,
Her streaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair;
Her Mechlin pinners, rent, the floor bestrow,
And her torn fan gives real signs of woe.

Hence, Superstition! that tormenting guest,
That haunts with fancied fears the coward breast;
No dread events upon this fate attend,
Stream eyes no more, no more thy tresses rend.
Though certain omens oft forewarn a state,
And dying lions show the monarch's fate,
Why should such fears bid Celia's sorrow rise?
For when a lap-dog falls, no lover dies.

Cease, Celia, cease; restrain thy flowing tears,
Some warmer passion will dispel thy cares:
In man you'll find a more substantial bliss,
More grateful toying, and a sweeter kiss.

He's dead. Oh! lay him gently in the ground!
And may his tomb be by this verse renown'd;
'Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid,
'Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man betray'd.'

GONDIBERT,

A POEM[1].

[CONTINUED FROM SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.]

BOOK III. CANTO VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Duke to solitude and shades retires:
Young Goltho burns with lewd unhallow'd fires:
The priests the nuptial rites prepare in vain,
Bad news arriving from the Brescian plain.

And now the gentle Duke, with all his train,
And Rhodalind, to splendid courts repair,
Where Aribert designs a son to gain,
Whose worth the greatest of his peers declare.

He gives him honours won by merit true,
And praise (most grateful food of worthy minds)
And promise still of empire doth renew,
With vows dispers'd in air by envious winds.

[1] 'Though we do not pretend to give the following as the entire production of Mr. Gay, yet as we had them from a person of undoubted veracity, who assures us that they were found among his papers after his decease; and as many marks of correction were made in them, so there is little doubt that they have undergone the occasional inspection of that celebrated Author.'—Gay's Works, vol. iv. edit. 1773.

Him Gondibert with duteous speech addrest,
In loyal reverence to the kingly power :—
But cares corrode his sad and tortur'd breast,
Which every blossom of his hopes devour.

The wounds of love deep in his bosom fix'd;
Immortal love, that triumphs over all,
With conscious worth and tenderness commix'd,
For high-born Rhodalind his mind enthral :

He thinks on bloody battles vainly fought,
(For vain is honour gain'd, where peace is lost)
And rues the ills which blind Ambition wrought,
And lovers in their dearest wishes crost.

Yet deems he Arnold's fate, untimely slain,
And Hugo's, resting in the silent tomb,
A happier chance than theirs who live in vain,
And hopeless wither in their early bloom.

And oft he wishes that his partial lot
Had plac'd him on some unfrequented shore,
Or given him, tranquil, in the rural cot,
To her whose charms he did with zeal adore.

Birtha—whom far beyond ambition's flame
He priz'd ;—whose love by him alone possest,
Beyond the thirst of glory or of fame,
Inspires his soul, and animates his breast.

Each object now a splendid grace assumes,
And strives to tempt him with the pleasing glare;
Deck'd in their costliest robes and richest plumes,
The supple courtiers flattering strains prepare.

All gay and rich,—but far above the rest
Imperial Rhodalind in beauty shone,
As the fair moon that, brightening in the east,
Outshines the stars which deck her evening throne.

On Gondibert she fix'd her ardent eye;
On him her thought, on him her soul, was bent;
Yet oft her bosom heav'd an anxious sigh,
And oft her mind presag'd some sad event.

But he, ere yet his solemn troth he plights,
Asks a short space to leave Verona's wall,
And while the priests prepare the nuptial rites,
To go where vows and pious duties call.

A pilgrimage he feigns, (with ease believ'd)
As vow'd in youth to a peculiar shrine;
The easy king, thus piously deceiv'd,
Grants his request, and lauds the just design.

But he, to Birtha constant, soon withdrew
To where thick woods a lone recess afford:
A rural mansion rising to the view,
Receives him there, and hails its ancient lord.

'Twas where in early youth he wont retire,
To woo sweet Solitude, and taste her charms,
Ere yet his bosom caught the martial fire,
Ere yet his name was great in deeds of arms.

From hence he soon dispatch'd a trusty slave
To proud Verona, and the neighbouring plain,
To summon all his tried companions brave,
Who in the city or the camp remain.

To Hurgonil, his sister Orna's knight,
To Tybalt, great of soul, and fam'd afar
For prudent youth;—to Goltho, fierce in fight,
Friends of his house, and partners of the war.

Among the rest, a chief there was who late
Return'd from northern climes, with glory crown'd;
Who the rough Vandals follow'd like their fate,
And bore the mark of many an honest wound.

He once aspir'd to Rhodalinda's charms,
But, early slighted, left the cruel fair;
And sought in fighting fields, by glorious arms,
To woo a kinder mistress in the war.

He came with Hurgonil;—the rest in vain
Were summon'd; save the loyal youthful page,
Who sped directly from the Brescian plain,
With news of ill import and hostile rage.

But leave we Gondibert consulting these,
And what befel the youthful chiefs declare;
What foes did Ulfinore and Goltho seize,
Caught in the wiles of a deceitful fair.

Goltho, who late had to the palace come,
Revolving Dalga's beauties in his mind,
Perceiv'd his heart had stray'd too far from home,
To follow which his body soon inclin'd.

And when he heard the prince's will declar'd
To quit the court, full glad the news to know,
He vows no motive shall his course retard,
On a more luckless errand bent to go.

Black Dalga's house he sought, nor sought in vain,
Nor could he long her wish'd appearance wait;
So ready did the fair deceiver deign
To give him welcome at her open gate.

And much inquir'd she of his health and weal,
And much rejoic'd for his unhop'd return;
Feigning such joys as youthful lovers feel,
And flames which in most constant bosoms burn:

Nor wanted fit excuse for that same flaw
Which Ulfinore had in her story found;
But blames the rigid sentence of the law, [bound:
Which (as she pleads) her tongue from truth had

'I own,' said she, (and tears her words succeed)
'That not my mother, but a wealthy youth
Found entrance here, whose acts my anguish breed,
And for whose sake you must suspect my truth.

'The wretch once sought me for his wedded wife,
My brother still his forward suit withstood;
But since in fighting fields he lost his life,
This hated suitor hath his siege renew'd.

'Sprung from one stock, he bears our ancient name,
And since by vile devices hath he wrought
To our paternal fiefs to lay his claim,
And by his bribes a cruel sentence bought.

'All that my mother or myself did hold,
The cruel law hath to this fiend convey'd;
And thence his desperate suit hath render'd bold,
Against a widow and an artless maid.

'So if his visits I refuse, he swears
To chase us from our ancient lov'd abode,
To give us up to poverty and fears,
And seize on all that Fortune hath bestow'd.

'No other way, alas! for me remains,
But him to wed whom from my soul I hate;
Or quit at once my rich and fair domains,
And rove, abandon'd to my evil fate.'

Goltho is touch'd;—he swears to plead her cause
With royal Aribert, whose just award
Might stand between her and the rigid laws,
And prove her injur'd virtue's surest guard.

And now they hasten from the crowded town
To rural seats, with Nature's bounty fair
Bedeck'd, where Dalga swears his wish to crown,
And leads him heedless to a fatal snare.

But that the good and virtuous Ulfinore,
(Friend of his heart, though rival of his love)
Disguis'd, attends him at the fatal door,
Their parting sees, and follows where they move.

But turn we where the royal bride awaits,
And, long-expectant, courts the slow-pac'd hours,
While Aribert, unknowing of the Fates,
Bids constant watch attend Verona's towers:

And these, at length, the Duke's approach declare,
Seen from afar as moving to the gates,
With purple streamers waving in the air,
And all the pomp that noble bridegrooms waits.

Straight to the temple haste the busy throng;
Some Hymen call, and some the god of Love,
While the grave priests, in far more sacred song,
Address the mighty Power that reigns above!

Now sunk the sun;—with solemn pace and slow
Dim night advanc'd; but not her deepest shade
Eclips'd the fires which through the city glow,
And second day by gleaming torches made.

These through the gloom fling forth a lengthened blaze,
And on the distant walls and turrets bright
Shine like the new-ris'n moon, with trembling rays,
Piercing the sable veil of dusky night.

The trumpets speak; the minstrelsy reply;
And mingled crowds the clamorous joy resound;
The notes ascending to the heavens high,
Through vaulted ether spread the pealing sound.

And still on Gondibert the people call;
His name, the burden of their grateful song,
To him whose valour wrought proud Oswald's fall,
A warlike band the echoing strains prolong.

While he, far distant, in unhappy plight,
By friends deserted, and by foes oppress'd,
Counts the long hours of that disastrous night,
Which now appear'd in fearful horrors dress'd.

Ev'n where joy revell'd high without control,
Rag'd the loud tempest, which their clamours drown'd,
The livid lightnings flash from either pole,
And roaring thunders rend the blue profound.

Amid this storm, which prodigies enhanc'd,
Seen by the dreadful meteors' bloody glare,
A wounded soldier to the walls advanc'd,
Whose looks the import of his speech declare.

Of dreadful deeds he told, and dangers near,
No less than threat the ancient city's harm,
And fill fair Rhodalind with pallid fear;
Such as of old did Perseus' bride alarm,

When desperate Phineus, rushing on his fate,
Claim'd fair Andromeda, for whom he burn'd;
And entering where the bidden guests were sate,
The marriage-feast to scenes of slaughter turn'd.

By him the fair, deserted at her need,
From a dread monster valiant Perseus won;
He claim'd the bride who durst not claim the deed,
And for the' unjust attempt was turn'd to stone.

So vain is joy, a quickly-fading flow'r,
A cloud still passing with each wind away,
A fleeting dream, the pageant of an hour,
A transient beam of visionary day.

Far, far from Gondibert the phantom hied, [name,
Far from the crowd, whose shouts resound his
Far from the monarch and the promis'd bride,
To whom too soon the fatal message came.

But now the city and her train we leave,
To seek the Duke, and make his fortunes known;
And how the rest the dreadful news receive,
Shall be in the succeeding Cantos shown.

BOOK III. CANTO VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rhodolpho's character; his high desert,
And league concluded with Duke Gondibert,
Whose enemies a quick revenge prepare,
Which he prevents by Orgo's friendly care.
The secret ambush of the treacherous foe
The Duke eludes, and reaches Bergamo.

In awful solitude of woodland shade
The Duke the issue of his charge attends,
And blames the counsel now too long delay'd,
And the long absence of his tardy friends.

At length his lov'd Count Hurgonil he 'spied,
Who from the lofty city bent his course,
With young Rhodolpho journeying by his side,
Whose ardent mind outwent his steed's swift course.

A youth he was of high and noble race,
Portly and tall, of inborn worth possest;
But tempering dignity with such a grace
As might have warm'd the tenderest female breast.

And on his brow such awe majestic sate,
As seem'd to speak him born for high command;
Though now for many a moon the sport of fate,
A willing exile from his native land.

The fair Italian fields and regions bright,
Where Adicé flows swiftly to the main,
He left to climb the rugged Alpine height,
And chase the Vandals on the barren plain.

Return'd with conquest from the foe subdued,
The youthful victor sought his ancient seat,
And Rhodalind again he had pursued,
And laid his spoils and trophies at her feet:

But that he heard Duke Gondibert had won
The peerless princess, bright in blooming charms;
Saw sumptuous feasts prepar'd, and rites begun,
To give his mistress to the hero's arms.

And common fame reported, for her love
How Gondibert had mighty Oswald slain,
And stain'd with noble blood the peaceful grove,
Bestrew'd with heroes from the Brescian plain.

But Gondibert full soon his fears dispels,
And ancient leagues of amity renew'd;
His own strange tale the generous hero tells,
And what ill fate his constant love pursued.

And then by solemn pacts the warriors bind
Their mutual vows each other's cause to aid,
Till the young chief possess his Rhodalind,
And Gondibert espouse his favourite maid.

Meanwhile the Duke for other aid delays
The fleeting hours, as fully he intends
All intercessors he can move to raise,
And try the interest of his ancient friends.

For as he knew the grief and inly rage
Which would his prince and Rhodalind inflame;
He sought all means that might the storm assuage,
And still preserve his loyalty and fame.

And now the prey of anxious thoughts he lies,
Contending passions labouring in his breast,
While tow'rd the shade the youthful Orgo hies,
Whose looks the tenor of his news express'd.

He tells how Hubert thither bends his course,
With furious Borgio, and a desperate train,
All chosen warriors of experienc'd force,
Drawn from the squadrons on the Brescian plain.

Ev'n while he spoke, loud-bursting shouts from far,
Mix'd with the shrill-ton'd trumpets' dreadful sound,
Pronounc'd the presage of approaching war,
Which mov'd in different sides to hem them round.

And first to flight the faithful Orgo mov'd
His honour'd lord: but he the thought disdain'd,
And brave Rhodolpho the advice reprov'd,
And other counsel taught, whilst other hope remain'd:

'Not far from hence (said he) a chosen few
Lie camp'd, my trusty followers in the field;
If these the present need and danger knew,
They would a sure and speedy succour yield:

'To them let swift-pac'd Orgo instant go,
Where by yon grove encamp'd the warriors lie,
Ere yet the' approaches of the circling foe
Cut off that hope, and all access deny.'

This counsel pleas'd; and swift as fly the darts
When with full strength is strain'd the crooked yew,
Hastes the brave youth, whose love such speed imparts,
As from the bending grass scarce strikes the pearly dew.

Meanwhile the heroes scan, with cautious eye,
All measures and advantage of the ground;
And every posture of the troops descry,
Whose crescent form grew verging to a round.

'Ah! now (cried Hurgonil) we want the might
Of Tybalt, dreaded chief, and many more,
Who in yon city wait the' approach of night,
With Goltho brave, and prudent Ulfinore.'

'I deem'd (said Gondibert) these should have grac'd
My rural mansion, and our counsels shar'd;
But where my strongest confidence was plac'd,
My stronger destiny the hope has marr'd.

'But you, brave Chiefs! who in this dangerous hour
To my uncertain fates have link'd your own,
Be witness you if valour yield to pow'r,
Or if your friend deserve to fall alone.

'Ev'n here will we the coming foe abide,
Till faithful Orgo bring the promis'd aid;
Then shall our fortune in fair field be tried,
And wounds with wounds be plenteously repaid.'

Thus while he speaks, the deafening shouts increase,
Till from the foe an embassy there came,
Borne by a comely youth, in robes of peace
Array'd—and Sibert was the warrior's name.

Of late aspiring Oswald's favour'd friend,
While Oswald fortune's lucky ensigns wore,
He now on Hubert's person did attend,
And to Duke Gondibert his message bore.

Coop'd in a narrow space the Duke he found,
Unlike those proud pavilions where of late
He sat sublime, with victor-laurels crown'd,
And thence to captive chiefs dispens'd their fate.

'Prince! (said the youth) Lord Hubert now de-
That you surrender up to his dispose [mands
Yourself and these, and wait what new commands
He shall from high Verona's towers impose:

'For to the city next he bends his way,
Whither his Brescians are already gone;
And there presumes, before the rising day,
To be declar'd the king's adopted son.

'For you, your life is safe; and these your train,
If they submit, shall gracious treatment find:
Our force is such as makes resistance vain,
And yours, like chaff, must scatter in the wind.'

''Tis well (said Gondibert) your speech you frame
In artful guise; but for the terms you bear,
Go, tell Lord Hubert, that my valued fame
Makes me reject them, and prefer the war.

'Successless Prince! when from his eagle-flight
His ill-star'd brother fell, who soar'd in vain;
Thinks he to match his more unequal might,
And win those honours Oswald could not gain?

'Bid him revolve that chief's untimely fate,
And his own foil, twice conquer'd in the field;
The train of evils which on war await,
And bitter fruits that wild ambition yield.

'That we are few, it is our pride and boast,
Though more than these perhaps shall meet his
A worthy conquest for as great an host, [arms;
All train'd to war, and bred amidst alarms.

'And know, whate'er betide, whoever here
Should us assault, whoe'er wish'd aid deny;
We scorn to yield through base unmanly fear;
Too few to conquer, we're enough to die.'

Thus answer'd, Sibert from the spot withdrew,
(His terms rejected) and a sign display'd,
On which the hostile squadrons came in view,
And march'd, far-stretching from the silvan shade.

But as their troops advanc'd in loose array,
Deeming the rural mansion to invest;
Lo! from the point where glows the setting day,
Young Orgo speedily his pace address'd;

And close behind, in well-rang'd files, were seen
Rhodolpho's train, a small but faithful band,
With measur'd steps swift gliding o'er the green,
To aid their general, and his foes withstand.

No longer Gondibert nor he remain
Within the limits of their narrow bound,
But pass the wood, swift issuing on the plain,
And leave behind, with scorn, the rural mound.

Close follows Hurgonil, with steady pace,
Who gladly mixes with those leaders brave,
That young Rhodolpho's warlike legions grace,
And on their shoulders wore the scarfs he gave.

Among those chiefs stood Adelmar the sage,
Cherbert and Rollo, not unknown to fame,
With many a knight, the flower of all that age,
The pride and glory of the Lombard name.

On these Prince Hubert pour'd his warriors down,
Out-numbering by the half their scanty band,
But the stout few, whom dear-bought laurels crown'd,
Abide their fury, and the shock withstand:

Till raging Borgio, barbarous, fierce, and bold,
Gualthierus, and gigantic Melador,
Through opening lines their course resistless hold,
And mark the road they pass with streams of gore.

First fell two youths, with honest wounds o'er-
spread,
Whom late from Gaul the great Rhodolpho
brought;
But now the Tuscan land receives them dead,
And gives that honour which in life they sought.

Cherbert, the next a dangerous wound receiv'd
Full on his breast, and there had sunk to night,
But that Rhodolpho's timely aid reliev'd,
Who straight rush'd dreadful to the scene of fight.

And near him Gondibert with Orgo stood,
Who yet in war ne'er flesh'd his maiden-sword;
This hour he dy'd it deep in warrior's blood,
And then fell bravely fighting by his lord:

For now as Melador's and Borgio's force
Were join'd, at Gondibert to strike amain,
The youth oppos'd his breast to Borgio's force,
While by his lord bold Melador was slain.

The giant sunk untimely to his grave,
Like some tall pine, struck by celestial fires;
While Borgio curs'd the erring blow he gave,
As from the Duke he sullenly retires.

And but Gualthierus' ready aid was near,
(His father's offspring by a foreign bed,)
Here he had run his last of life's career,
And swell'd the growing number of the dead.

But now so variously the combat bleeds,
That Fame, though all her tongues should give
them breath,
Could not express the bold and warlike deeds
Of warriors ranging through this field of death.

At length, while yet the sun's revolving ray
Wheel'd round the ocean's brim with trembling light,
The battle swerv'd with the declining day,
When Gondibert succeeded in the fight.

And perfect victor had the Duke remain'd;
But that Prince Hubert privately retir'd,
And long before the camp at Brescia gain'd,
Whence he return'd with double fury fir'd.

By secret ways his chosen band he draws,
Till in a snare their enemies they thrall,
Who feel the' effect, discerning not the cause,
And die, unknowing by what hands they fall.

But soon Rhodolpho and the Duke could tell
The fatal guile, and found their struggle vain;
Yet by the first of them had Hubert fell,
But that he fenc'd him with a heap of slain.

As thus the chiefs contend, a veil of clouds
(While thunders roll, and gathering showers descend)
Alike the vanquish'd and the victor shrouds,
Yet in the storm the eager troops contend.

But now a chosen few the Duke selects,
With whom he pierces Hubert's thick array;
And while the favouring storm his rear protects,
Through all the fighting ranks he wins his way:

Nor stops, till Bergamo's white tents he spies,
Deck'd with the radiance of ascending morn,
And enters there, what time the shepherds rise,
And early huntsmen wind the shrill-ton'd horn.

BOOK III. CANTO IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Black Dalga's wiles full timely do explore
Brave Sigebert and prudent Ulfinore;
Them Goltho loses in a winding way,
And falls to barbarous Borgio's troops a prey.
Hubert's design upon Verona's towers
Disclos'd with horror in the gloomy hours:
Sage Aribert in vain consults his peers,
The council broken amidst panic fears.

Alas! that man, creation's glorious lord,
And bless'd with sway supreme o'er sea and land,
With wisdom's wealth should be so thinly stor'd,
As by an harlot's smiles to be trepan'd.

In vain he boasts him of his strength and pow'r,
In vain the image of his Maker wears,
If prone to evil in the dangerous hour,
He falls a prey to penitence and tears.

Who that had seen young Goltho's force in fight,
Who that had known the virtues of his youth,
Had thought he held them both so cheap and light,
To risk his safety on a harlot's truth?

To sacrifice his worth at such a shrine,
To waste his hours in dalliance at her side,
To call her angel-goddess most divine,
Whom hell's black monarch had so deeply dy'd?

Yet he, forgetful of the counsel sage
Which Ulfinore so generously had giv'n,
Attends on Dalga, through an unknown road,
While the broad sun declin'd the steep of Heaven.

Thro' winding mazy paths sometimes they pass'd,
Sometimes o'er forests wild they held their way;
A spacious dome receives them at the last,
Where all was deck'd for joy and amorous play.

Blithe as a bridegroom rushing to his love,
Young Goltho hastes to quench his wanton fires;
Whilst other thoughts black Dalga's bosom move,
Intent on other schemes than fostering fond desires.

The youth whom Ulfinore had first descried
Resort with welcome to her open gate,
That self-same youth had Goltho strictly eyed,
And sought to work him an untimely fate.

Friend to Prince Oswald, mortal hate he bore
To all that sought Duke Gondibert to aid,
And on his brow a dreadful frown he wore,
Till Dalga all her wily tale display'd.

'Think not, my love, (said she) that hated race
Who with your house hold enmity so great,
Shall e'er with me find favour, love, or grace,
But rather death and sure destruction meet.

'Yet let him hither come, and bring his gold,
And jewels store, to purchase evil chance;
No back-returning steps shall you behold,
If to my wish the headlong youth advance.

'For when again he hither bends his course,
With him will I to lonely seats repair;
So may you him entrap with guile or force,
And take him heedless in an easy snare.'

The counsel pleas'd; and when young Goltho came,
With eager haste, to sate his amorous fire,
Straight to her paramour the fraudful dame
Dispatch'd the tidings, which his haste require.

And he as soon, by Jealousy and Hate
Inspir'd, and Malice, eldest-born of Hell,
With two bold 'squires that on his fortune wait,
Rush'd on to meet the stroke by which he fell.

They leave Verona's lofty towers behind,
And follow eagerly their evil game,
With speed that seems to' outstrip the passing wind,
And leave behind them honour, truth, and fame.

Now had they pass'd the forest's awful shade,
And now in view upon the open plain
Beheld the dome where Goltho, twice betray'd,
Was doom'd black Dalga's captive to remain:

But ere they yet attain'd their destin'd place,
From a deep dell, all clad in green array,
Two knights came issuing forth with eager pace,
Then check'd their haste, and stood across the way.

Astolpho (so the treacherous youth we name)
Who Goltho's glories sought to' eclipse ere noon,
Stop'd short, starts backward with surprise and shame,
To find his early progress check'd so soon.

Yet questions with himself if these be foes,
Or how his deep design they e'er could scan;
Of which to learn, straight onward still he goes,
And soon a fierce and cruel fight began.

Him Ulfinore well knowing, nothing spoke,
But at him aim'd aloft his gothic lance,
Which through a faithful servant's harness broke,
That did in luckless hour his aid advance.

Stretch'd on the ground when lewd Astolpho view'd
His trusty 'squire, he chaf'd with double rage;
And made his steel drink deep his rival's blood,
And by his fall his anger sought to' assuage.

But Ulfinore not wounds or blood could tame;
In such a cause resolv'd to spend his breath,
To save his friend, to purchase honest fame,
And live victorious, or be great in death.

And Sigebert his friend, with courage warm'd,
That other 'squire whom false Astolpho brought
Had overpower'd, and on the ground disarm'd,
His death deserv'd had with his poniard wrought.

When at that instant Ulfinore wav'd high
His shining blade, which on Astolpho fell,
And ere brave Sigebert approach'd him nigh,
Had sent his treacherous soul to deepest hell.

These slain, the knights hold straight their onward road
To Dalga's mansion, where their friend they found,
Lost in the seas of joy which round him flow'd,
And rapt in music's soul-dissolving sound.

Fast on a couch beside him Dalga sate,
Her artful head reclining on his breast,
And round about the neat-hand damsels wait,
Whom now she bids prepare the sumptuous feast.

For grey-ey'd Twilight o'er the world had spread
Her dusky curtain, and the heavens high
Had lost their last remains of parting red,
And dipt their mantle in a deeper dye.

Straight in the hall a thousand glittering fires
Shoot forth like meteors to adorn the night,
And bring new day, when Phœbus' car retires,
On western shores to dart his welcome light.

Ev'n now the sorceress rears a massy bowl,
Replete with juices of the purple vine,
Which hides beneath fell drugs and poisons foul,
Mix'd with the spirit of the generous wine.

Unheeding Goltho to his lips had rear'd
The dreadful potion, with a gentle smile;
When Ulfinore and Sigebert appear'd,
Seiz'd the fell Dalga, and disclos'd her guile.

The bowl they wrested from their wondering friend,
To his vile mistress instant they prefer'd,
Who tells them death does on the draught attend,
And owns that death she has herself incur'd.

For long Astolpho's coming did she wait, [ire;
On Goltho's head who should have wreak'd his
But when no such approach'd her open gate,
She doom'd the youth by poison to expire.

And by that draught (so Heaven divinely wrought)
Which for her guest she foully did intend,
By that same draught her own fall now is wrought,
Which brings her soon to an unpitied end.

Her wicked damsels straightway fled amain;
And the rich house, and all its bravest store,
The spoils of nymphs decoy'd and heroes slain,
Remain'd to Goltho and to Ulfinore.

But no such bawbles charm their longing eyes;
Not wealth they seek, but quit the house of Guile,
Nor wish to make the golden hoards their prize,
Gain'd by the triumphs of an harlot's smile.

With haste the hated mansion did they leave,
And o'er the lawn, and through the forest sped,
Where mazy paths their wandering steps deceive,
By the faint glimmering of the star-light led.

While thus perplex'd and unresolv'd they stood,
Seeking in vain some human track to' explore,
The south winds whistled wildly through the wood,
And distant thunders roll'd with solemn roar.

Meteors, foreboding storms, with horrid glare
  Gilt the dun horrors of approaching night;
A dismal radiance darting through the air,
  A dire effulgence and unwelcome light.

And nearer still as the rude tempest drew,
  Still farther tow'rd the forest's chequer'd shade
The youths approach, while at each step they view
  The horrors of the awful scene display'd:

'Yet here (said Ulfinore) let not our hearts
  Sink in despair, which erst amidst alarms
Have never fail'd, while showers of hostile darts
  Pour'd like this tempest on our shatter'd arms.'

Thus while he spoke, thick globes of hail descend,
  And all the winds of Heaven their forces try;
Vast dreadful sheets of livid fire extend
  From either pole, and blaze along the sky.

To the loud winds the louder thunders roar,
  Responsive, while the hail's continued sound,
With all the storms that from the heavens pour,
  The rattling branches through the wood resound:

And swelling waters bursting from each rill,
  In flowing torrents coursing through the shade,
With murmurings hoarse, the troubled welkin fill,
  And the vext ear with deafening sounds invade.

'Methinks the Powers above, (said Goltho, then,)
  Resolve to shake this globe's substantial base,
And hurl swift ruin on the sons of men,
  Long tried an impious and ungodly race:

'Else why these pealing sounds, these sheets of flame,
  And Heaven's eternal sluices open'd round?
This heavy gloom that wraps the' ethereal frame,
  And these rude shocks that shake the solid ground?'

For as he spoke the rending glebe gave way,
And fires infernal from beneath broke forth,
Disclosing horrid caves unknown to day,
Deep in the bowels of the groaning earth.

'Brave Goltho, (then said Ulfinore the sage,)
Ev'n midst the horrors of this dreadful scene,
This boist'rous strife of elemental rage,
The philosophic soul may sit serene.

'What if the jarring seeds of nature, pent
In hollow caves, these dreadful shocks supply;
And bursting vapours, struggling for a vent,
Blaze in the upper and the nether sky?

'Or what if Heaven's high Power in vengeance rise,
To hurl these bolts that set the skies on fire;
What if the' Almighty Mind these strokes devise,
And groaning nations in the shock expire?

'Think'st thou not Virtue can maintain her seat,
Offspring belov'd of Heaven's eternal King?
Think'st thou such shocks can reach her blest retreat,
Shelter'd behind the cherub Mercy's wing?

'No! let the coward guilty only fear,
Whose conscious hearts reproach them from within;
It is their place alone to tremble here,
Who sink oppress'd beneath a load of sin.

'Believe me, Goltho, not the roaring war
Of yonder fiery cope, though mov'd eterne,
Can with the dreadful passions e'er compare,
That raging in unhallow'd bosoms burn.

'For these all in their place the lot fulfil,
Which Heaven to each most wisely hath assign'd;
Whilst those tempestuous passions thwart the will,
And cross the mandates of the' Almighty Mind.'

Touch'd with the words of one so wise and young,
Regardless of the storm brave Goltho walks,
Hangs on the accents falling from his tongue,
And ev'n, when silent, thinks that still he talks.

But now two paths, full opening to the view,
To right and left, perplex'd the travellers stand,
Nor know which road to leave nor which pursue;
Alike they doubt to turn to either hand.

One track led winding down a shelving dale,
All arch'd with bending branches over-head;
The other opening to the northern gale, [spread.
Wide and more wide its greenwood carpet

Goltho and Sigebert now first descend
The darkling dell, and its recess explore,
Whilst where the widening shades more free extend,
With prudent step advanc'd brave Ulfinore.

This done, they all appointed to return
To that same place where both the ways did meet;
And Ulfinore, who early did discern
The open plain, turn'd back, his friends to greet.

But when the spot he gain'd, in vain he sought
Those friends, for whom awhile he patient waits,
Revolving over in his anxious thought
The various perils of uncertain fates.

But, tir'd at length, he down the darkling dale
Moves with swift pace, and prudent eye askance,
Measuring the track where scoops the hollow vale,
And his firm steps supporting on his lance.

So steers some vessel through the boiling deep,
While rocks, and shoals, and quicksands, are in
Such cautious watch the steady pilots keep, [view,
And guide what course to shun, and what pursue;

And ever and anon the boisterous surge,
That swells to meet them, carefully avoid;
Then with quick helm the answering vessel urge
To shun its rage on other billows buoy'd.

And now had Ulfinore, with weary pace,
Trac'd many a rood of that same winding way,
Exploring as he went each secret place,
Each dell, impervious ev'n to brightest day.

At length, emerging from the opening glade,
He reach'd the margin of a rising hill,
Whose verdant top was crown'd with leafy shade,
And at its foot there ran a murmuring rill.

The winds were hush'd, and the loud thunder's roar
In feeble distant mutterings died away;
The livid lightnings flashing now no more,
And night retir'd, pierc'd by Aurora's ray.

On the hill-top the gray dawn rested high,
Which many a wreath of purple did adorn,
Sol's sloping beams shot upward to the sky,
And the lark sang, the herald of the morn!

Glad Earth reviv'd, and o'er her face was spread
The cheerful mantle of reviving green;
The leafy trees, each from his lofty head,
Distill'd big drops, which glittering fell serene.

Nature rejoic'd; but still with downcast eye,
And heavy heart, foreboding future woe,
The prudent youth heaves fast the mournful sigh,
While half suppress'd the bursting sorrows flow.

Goltho he calls; his manly voice he rears,
Oft to its pitch, which hill and dale rebound;
The much-lov'd name each grot and cavern hears,
And Goltho echoes through the silvan bound.

But Goltho hears not; distant from his friend,
In evil plight he counts the lonely hours;
Doom'd long his fate uncertain to attend,
Coop'd in the duress of unfriendly towers.

Far had he stray'd adown the winding track,
Resolv'd some outlet from its maze to find,
Then mounts the hill, but hasty turning back,
He saw, surpris'd, an armed band behind.

These by the bloody Borgio's captains led,
Rush'd bold and sudden from the opening glade;
And now so well their evil business sped,
The youths must perish, or be captive made.

And they had perish'd, while with desperate force
They strove to penetrate the thick-rank'd foe;
But that they sunk beneath the trampling horse,
And thus were taken, ev'n without a blow.

These to the Brescian camp the chiefs convey'd,
Resolv'd to keep them as a pledge secure,
Where they in heavy chains were instant laid,
And must long pain and tedious bonds endure.

But turn we now where Aribert awaits
Th' uncertain issue of disastrous war,
And in Verona's towers the' assembled states
Debating sage with senatorial care.

For on that dreadful night the news was spread,
That not the train of Gondibert drew near,
But Hubert's troops, by desperate Morcar led,
Which fill'd each bosom with a panic fear.

For through all Lombardy was Morcar known
Of fiercest guise, disdaining still to yield;
And oft his dreadful prowess had he shown,
In death and ruin on the foughten field.

But still more oft the town's beleagur'd wall
Had seen him victor in remotest lands;
Nought joy'd him more than some rich city's fall,
With whose sack'd wealth to pay his savage bands.

Nor age nor sex their boiling rage would spare,
But still their steps were mark'd with seas of blood;
Hence every foe must conquer or despair
Where desperate Morcar's haughty ensigns stood.

Now well dissembling with a chosen few,
Who wav'd their purple ensigns to the sky,
He to Verona's lofty turrets drew,
Advancing Gondibert's rich standard high.

For this he deem'd would soon admittance gain,
At such a time when festal mirth went round;
Thus stratagem for once might force supply,
And Hubert's hopes with wish'd success be crown'd.

The chief once enter'd 'midst the busy throng,
Soon might the rest effect their bold design;
Then should grim war succeed to mirthful song,
And Mars' dread feats take place of rites divine.

But while he thus insidious wiles prepares,
A straggling soldier, roving o'er the plain,
Is caught unheeding in their hidden snares,
By such a force as makes resistance vain.

Yet the wise captive, meeting art with art,
Pretends great love to princely Hubert's side,
And offers many a secret to impart,
Which may against his foes' strong arms provide:

For this too carelessly the guards attend,
On one devoted to their master's cause;
And while they slightly watch this new-made friend,
He tow'rd the city suddenly withdraws.

Though not so safe he took his speedy flight,
But that the foe his sly desertion found, [night,
Whose troops pursued him through the shades of
And mark'd him o'er with many a ghastly wound.

But yet the fugitive the city gains,
Tells all the snares the wily foe had laid;
Then spent with toil and agonizing pains,
He sinks at once, and mingles with the dead.

Now the scar'd priests the rites prepar'd surcease;
To the loud trumpets' sound the timbrels yield;
The youths straight lay aside their weeds of peace,
And arm them quickly for the martial field.

While the grave old, and those whose reverend place
Ranks them in council with Verona's peers,
In their long robes repair, with slower pace,
To where its head the lofty palace rears;

There awful met beneath their monarch's eye,
With prudent care they scan the sum of things;
In state sublime, sage Aribert on high,
Weighs all advice that from their counsel springs.

Thus in Verona pass the gloomy hours,
While tempests roar, and thunders rend the sky,
While dreaded earthquakes shake the nodding
towers,
And all the bulwarks tremble from on high.

At length, while in debate the senate sate,
A shout so loud came echoing from afar,
That seem'd as if Verona's final fate
Hung on the peal that rent the wounded air.

A peal so loud, that the rude tempest's noise
Was lost and drowned in its louder sound;
And such the swell of the sonorous voice,
As congregated waters' murmuring sound.

Straight rise the peers, confusion fills the hall,
A thousand tongues at once rude clamour raise,
A thousand fears do every heart appal,
While each to learn the dreadful news essays.

Of these strange tidings, and the stranger deeds
Of many a chief, Verona's boast and pride;
And still what further change to all succeeds,
And what grave words or bloody swords decide;

These in another Canto shall be shown;
But here our steeds awhile we mean to rein,
Like those of Sol, who leave his evening throne,
And sleep with Thetis in the western main.

MISCELLANIES.

WINE[1].

Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus. HOR.

Of happiness terrestrial, and the source
Whence human pleasures flow, sing, heavenly Muse!
Of sparkling juices, of the' enlivening grape,
Whose quickening taste adds vigour to the soul,
Whose sovereign power revives decaying nature,
And thaws the frozen blood of hoary Age,
A kindly warmth diffusing;—youthful fires
Gild his dim eyes, and paint with ruddy hue
His wrinkled visage, ghastly wan before:
Cordial restorative to mortal man,
With copious hand by bounteous gods bestow'd!
Bacchus divine! aid my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar:'
Inspir'd, sublime, on Pegasean wing,
By thee upborne, I draw Miltonic air.

[1] In a letter from Aaron Hill to Mr. Savage, published in the Works of the former, Vol. I. p. 339, speaking of Mr. Gay, he has these words:—'That Poem you speak of, called *Wine*, he printed in the year 1710, as I remember. I am sure I have one among my pamphlets.—I will look for it and send it you, if it will be of use or satisfaction to any gentleman of your acquaintance.'—This is the piece Mr. Hill mentions.

When fumy vapours clog our loaded brows
With furrow'd frowns, when stupid downcast eyes,
The' external symptoms of remorse within,
Express our grief; or when in sullen dumps,
With head incumbent on expanded palm,
Moping we sit, in silent sorrow drown'd;
Whether inveigling Hymen has trepan'd
The' unwary youth, and tied the gordian-knot
Of jangling wedlock not to be dissolv'd;
Worried all day by loud Xantippe's din,
Who fails not to exalt him to the stars,
And fix him there among the branched crew,
(Taurus, and Aries, and Capricorn,
The greatest monsters of the Zodiac)
Or for the loss of anxious worldly pelf,
Or Celia's scornful slights, and cold disdain,
Which check'd his amorous flame with coy repulse,
The worst events that mortals can befall;
By cares depress'd, in pensive hippish mood,
With slowest pace the tedious minutes roll,
Thy charming sight, but much more charming gust,
New life incites, and warms our chilly blood.
Straight with pert looks we raise our drooping fronts,
And pour in crystal pure thy purer juice;—
With cheerful countenance and steady hand
Raise it lip-high, then fix the spacious rim
To the expecting mouth:—with grateful taste
The ebbing wine glides swiftly o'er the tongue;
The circling blood with quicker motion flies:
Such is thy powerful influence, thou straight
Dispell'st those clouds that, louring dark, eclips'd
The whilom glories of the gladsome face;—
While dimpled cheeks, and sparkling rolling eyes,
Thy cheering virtues, and thy worth proclaim.

So mists and exhalations that arise
From ' hills or steamy lake, dusky or grey,'
Prevail, till Phœbus sheds Titanian rays,
And paints their fleecy skirts with shining gold:
Unable to resist, the foggy damps,
That veil'd the surface of the verdant fields,
At the god's penetrating beams disperse;
The earth again in former beauty smiles,
In gaudiest livery drest, all gay and clear.
When disappointed Strephon meets repulse,
Scoff'd at, despis'd, in melancholic mood
Joyless he wastes in sighs the lazy hours,
Till reinforc'd by thy most potent aid
He storms the breach, and wins the beauteous fort.
To pay thee homage, and receive thy blessing,
The British seaman quits his native shore,
And ventures through the trackless, deep abyss,
Ploughing the ocean, while the upheav'd oak,
' With beaked prow, rides tilting o'er the waves;'
Shock'd by tempestuous jarring winds, she rolls
In dangers imminent, till she arrives
At those blest climes thou favour'st with thy presence.
Whether at Lusitania's sultry coast,
Or lofty Teneriff, Palma, Ferro,
Provence, or at the Celtiberian shores,
With gazing pleasure and astonishment,
At Paradise (seat of our ancient sire)
He thinks himself arriv'd: the purple grapes,
In largest clusters pendent, grace the vines
Innumerous: in fields grotesque and wild,
They with implicit curls the oak entwine,
And load with fruit divine his spreading boughs:
Sight most delicious! not an irksome thought,
Or of left native isle, or absent friends,

Or dearest wife, or tender sucking babe,
His kindly treacherous memory now presents;
The jovial god has left no room for cares.
  Celestial Liquor! thou that didst inspire
Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
With lofty numbers, and heroic strains
Unparallel'd; with eloquence profound,
And arguments convictive, didst enforce
Fam'd Tully, and Demosthenes renown'd:
Ennius [2], first fam'd in Latin song, in vain
Drew Heliconian streams, ungrateful whet
To jaded Muse, and oft with vain attempt,
Heroic acts, in flagging numbers dull,
With pains essay'd; but, abject still and low,
His unrecruited Muse could never reach
The mighty theme, till, from the purple fount
Of bright Lenæan sire, her barren drought
He quench'd, and with inspiring nectarous juice
Her drooping spirits cheer'd:—aloft she towers,
Borne on stiff pennons, and of war's alarms,
And trophies won, in loftiest numbers sings.
'Tis thou the hero's breast to martial acts,
And resolution bold, and ardour brave,
Excit'st: thou check'st inglorious lolling ease,
And sluggish minds with generous fires inflam'st.
O thou! that first my quickened soul didst warm,
Still with thy aid assist me, that thy praise,
Thy universal sway o'er all the world,
In everlasting numbers, like the theme,
I may record, and sing thy matchless worth.

[2] An old Latin poet, of whom a more modern Roman bard, when reading his works, made use of this expression, 'I have been seeking for pearls in Ennius's dunghill.'

Had the Oxonian[3] bard thy praise rehears'd,
His Muse had yet retain'd her wonted height;
Such as of late o'er Blenheim's field she soar'd
Aërial; now in Ariconian bogs
She lies inglorious, floundering, like her theme,
Languid and faint, and on damp wing, immers'd,
In acid juice, in vain attempts to rise.
With what sublimest joy from noisy town,
At rural seat, Lucretius retir'd:
Flaccus, untainted by perplexing cares,
Where the white poplar and the lofty pine
Join neighbouring boughs, sweet hospitable shade,
Creating, from Phœbean rays secure,
A cool retreat, with few well-chosen friends,
On flowery mead recumbent, spent the hours
In mirth innocuous, and alternate verse!
With roses interwoven, poplar-wreaths,
Their temples bind, dress of silvestrian gods!
Choicest nectarean juice crown'd largest bowls,
And overlook'd the brim, alluring sight,
Of fragrant scent, attractive, taste divine!
Whether from Formian grape depress'd, Falern,
Or Setin, Massic, Gauran, or Sabine,
Lesbian, or Cœcuban, the cheering bowl [wit
Mov'd briskly round, and spur'd their heighten'd
To sing Mecænas' praise, their patron kind.
But we not as our pristine sires repair
To' umbrageous grot or vale; but when the sun
Faintly from western skies his rays oblique
Darts sloping, and to Thetis' wat'ry lap
Hastens in prone career, with friends select

[3] Mr. John Philips, the author of 'Cider,' a poem, &c.

Swiftly we hie to Devil[4], young or old,
Jocund and boon; where at the entrance stands
A stripling, who with scrapes and humil cringe
Greets us in winning speech, and accent bland:
With lightest bound, and safe unerring step,
He skips before, and nimbly climbs the stairs.
Melampus thus, panting with lolling tongue,
And wagging tail, gambols and frisks before
His sequent lord, from pensive walk return'd,
Whether in shady wood or pasture green,
And waits his coming at the well-known gate.—
Nigh to the stairs' ascent, in regal port,
Sits a majestic dame, whose looks denounce
Command and sovereignty: with haughty air,
And studied mien, in semicircular throne
Enclos'd, she deals around her dread commands:
Behind her (dazzling sight!) in order rang'd,
Pile above pile, crystalline vessels shine:
Attendant slaves with eager strides advance,
And, after homage paid, bawl out aloud
Words unintelligible, noise confus'd:
She knows the jargon sounds, and straight describes,
In characters mysterious, words obscure;
More legible are algebraic signs,
Or mystic figures by magicians drawn,
When they invoke the' infernal spirit's aid.
Drive hence the rude and barbarous dissonance
Of savage Thracians and Croatian boors;
The loud Centaurian broils with Lapithæ
Sound harsh, and grating to Lenæan god;
Chase brutal feuds of Belgian skippers hence,
(Amid their cups whose innate temper's shown)

[4] The Devil Tavern, Temple Bar.

In clumsy fist wielding scymetrian knife,
Who slash each other's eyes, and blubber'd face,
Profaning Bacchanalian solemn rites.
Music's harmonious numbers better suit
His festivals, from instruments or voice,
Or Gasperini's hand the trembling string
Should touch; or from the dulcet Tuscan dames,
Or warbling Toft's far more melodious tongue,
Sweet symphonies should flow: the Delian god
For airy Bacchus is associate meet.

The stairs' ascent now gain'd, our guide unbars
The door of spacious room, and creaking chairs
(To ear offensive) round the table sets.
We sit; when thus his florid speech begins:
'Name, Sirs! the wine that most invites your taste;
Champaign, or Burgundy, or Florence pure,
Or Hock antique, or Lisbon new or old,
Bourdeaux, or neat French white, or Alicant.'
For Bourdeaux we with voice unanimous
Declare; (such sympathy's in boon-compeers.)
He quits the room alert, but soon returns;
One hand capacious glistering vessels bears
Resplendent, the' other, with a grasp secure,
A bottle (mighty charge!) upstaid, full fraught
With goodly wine. He, with extended hand
Rais'd high, pours forth the sanguine frothy juice,
O'erspread with bubbles, dissipated soon:
We straight to arms repair, experienc'd chiefs!
Now glasses clash with glasses (charming sound!)
And glorious Anna's health, the first, the best,
Crowns the full glass;—at her inspiring name
The sprightly wine results, and seems to smile:
With hearty zeal, and wish unanimous,
Her health we drink, and in her health our own.

A pause ensues: and now with grateful chat
We' improve the interval, and joyous mirth
Engages our rais'd souls; pat repartee,
Or witty joke, our airy senses moves
To pleasant laughter; straight the echoing room
With universal peals and shouts resounds.
The royal Dane [5], blest consort of the Queen,
Next crowns the ruby'd nectar, all whose bliss
In Anna's plac'd:—with sympathetic flame,
And mutual endearments, all her joys
(Like the kind turtle's pure untainted love)
Centre in him, who shares the grateful hearts
Of loyal subjects, with his sovereign-queen;
For by his prudent care united shores
Were sav'd from hostile fleets' invasion dire.
The hero Marlborough next, whose vast exploits
Fame's clarion sounds; fresh laurels, triumphs new
We wish, like those he won at Hockstet's field.
Next Devonshire illustrious, who from race
Of noblest patriots sprang, whose worthy soul
Is with each fair and virtuous gift adorn'd,
That shone in his most worthy ancestors;
For then distinct in separate breasts were seen
Virtues distinct, but all in him unite.
Prudent Godolphin, of the nation's weal
Frugal, but free and generous of his own,
Next crowns the bowl; with faithful Sunderland,
And Halifax, the Muses' darling son,
In whom conspicuous, with full lustre, shine
The surest judgment and the brightest wit,
Himself Mecænas and a Flaccus too:—
And all the worthies of the British realm,

[5] Prince George of Denmark.

In order rang'd, succeed; such healths as tinge
The dulcet wine with a more charming gust.
Now each his mistress toasts, by whose bright eye
He's fir'd; Cosmelia fair, or Dulcibell',
Or Sylvia, comely black, with jetty eyes
Piercing, or airy Celia, sprightly maid!—
Insensibly thus flow unnumber'd hours;
Glass succeeds glass, till the Dircean god
Shines in our eyes, and with his fulgent rays
Enlightens our glad looks with lovely dye;
All blithe and jolly, that like Arthur's knights
Of Rotund Table, fam'd in old records,
Now most we seem'd—Such is the power of Wine!
Thus we the winged hours in harmless mirth
And joys unsullied pass, till humid Night
Has half her race perform'd; now all abroad
Is hush'd and silent, nor the rumbling noise
Of coach, or cart, or smoky link-boy's call,
Is heard—but universal silence reigns;
When we in merry plight, airy and gay,
Surpris'd to find the hours so swiftly fly,
With hasty knock, or twang of pendent cord,
Alarm the drowsy youth from slumbering nod;
Startled he flies, and stumbles o'er the stairs
Erroneous, and with busy knuckles plies
His yet clung eyelids, and with staggering reel
Enters confus'd, and muttering asks our wills;
When we with liberal hand the score discharge,
And homeward each his course with steady step
Unerring steers, of cares and coin bereft.

THE STORY OF CEPHISA.

In western climes, where the bright god of Day
Darts on the gladsome earth a warmer ray,
While smiling Spring led on the jocund hours,
And early months bestrew'd the fields with flowers,
In bloom of youth, Cephisa, lovely maid! [stray'd;
Trac'd the wide lawns, and through the forests
Not all thy nymphs who swell Diana's train,
From Cynthus' top, when issuing on the plain,
With hound and horn they raise the cheerful cry,
And the rocks echo and the floods reply;
Not all their train for beauty could compare,
Their goddess' self scarce like Cephisa fair.—
Struck with the sight of such transcendent charms,
With gifts the shepherds woo'd her to their arms.
The amorous toys no grace nor favour gain'd,
The gifts and givers she alike disdain'd,
Resolv'd in happy solitude to rove
A silvan huntress through the leafy grove.
But envious Fate the nymph no respite gives,
In every heart her lov'd idea lives;
Ev'n Pan himself, with ardent passion fir'd,
The god of Woods, the woodland nymph desir'd;
Still as he views, he pants to clasp the maid,
And, softly sighing to himself, he said;
'O happy winds! which kiss that snowy breast,
O happy garments! which those limbs invest;
But happier he who gains so rich a prize,
Pants in those arms, and on that bosom dies!'

Thus he;—the nymph far other loves employ,
The chase her glory, and the woods her joy:
Oft as the god is present to her sight,
So oft the nymph prepares for sudden flight,
Eludes his search, swift skimming o'er the lawn,
As from the beagle flies the bounding fawn.
A bower there was, a close sequester'd shade,
By poplar boughs and twining osiers made,
Fast by whose side a crystal fountain flow'd,
(The banks with flowers of various colours glow'd)
Here oft at noon the weary fair reclin'd,
To court the coolness of the gentle wind;
For here soft zephyr with a grateful breeze [trees.
Kiss'd the young plants, and whisper'd through the
It chanc'd that Pan had mark'd the pebbled bed,
Where the stream issued from its fountain-head,
Thence pouring on, through mossy windings roll'd,
O'er fertile tracks, and sands that glow'd with gold;
Its course the god with curious search pursued,
Till pleas'd, at length, the fragrant bower he view'd;
But far more pleas'd the beauteous nymph survey'd,
Stretch'd at her ease beneath the cooling shade.
His near approach the pensive nymph alarms,
Who rises hasty, with disorder'd charms,
Springs from her covert like the timorous hare,
And, flying, fills with shrieks the ambient air.
With wings of love Pan urges on the course;
Fear lends her strength, while Love supplies his force;
Yet oft the god, in the mid chase, delays,
Stops short of conquest, and submissive prays;
"O thou! (he cries) the loveliest of thy kind,
Why fly'st thou thus, and leav'st thy love behind?
No savage foe, no plunderer is near,
Nor mountain-robber with his dreadful spear;

Nor mean am I, though woods my lineage claim,
My sire immortal, and myself the same;
Nor on the crook nor plough do I depend,
Nor on the mountain's top a scanty flock attend;—
Pan is my name;—the herds on yonder plains
My herbage fattens, and my care sustains;
To me the woodland-empire is decreed;
I claim the' invention of the vocal reed:
Yet vain these arts, these gifts in vain bestow'd,
Great as I am, and worship'd as a god,
If thou, bright Nymph! with coyness and disdain
Repay thy lover, and deride his pain."
Thus urg'd the silvan god his amorous pray'r,
But all his words were lost in empty air.
With double speed the nymph her course renew'd,
With double speed the ravisher pursued;
O'er hills and dales they hold the rapid race,
Till, spent at length, and wearied with the chase,
With secret dread she views the sun descend,
And Twilight o'er the earth her veil extend;
For now the swift pursuer nearer drew,
And almost touch'd her garments as she flew;
Wheel'd as she wheel'd, on every footstep gain'd,
And no relief nor glimpse of hope remain'd.
Fast by a stream an ancient altar stood,
And close behind it rose a wavy wood,
Whose twining boughs exclude the parting light,
And dusky shades anticipate the night;
Thither, collecting all her force, she flies,
And, "Oh! whatever god (the damsel cries)
Protects this altar; may that generous pow'r
Hear and relieve me in this dangerous hour;
Give me at least to save my spotless fame,
And still in death preserve a virgin's name."

While thus to unknown powers Cephisa pray'd,
Victorious Pan o'ertook the fainting maid:
Around her waist his eager arms he throws,
With love and joy his throbbing bosom glows;
When, wonderful to tell, her form receives
A verdant covering of expanded leaves;
Then shooting downward trembling to the ground,
A fibrous root her slender ankles bound.
Strange to herself, as yet, aghast she stands,
And to high Heaven she rears her spotless hands;
These, while she spreads them, still in spires extend,
Till in small leaves her taper fingers end:
Her voice she tries, but utterance is denied,
The smother'd sounds in hollow murmurs died.
At length, quite chang'd, the god with wonder view'd
A beauteous plant arising where she stood;
This from his touch, with human sense inspir'd,
Indignant shrinking, of itself retir'd:
Yet Pan attends it with a lover's cares,
And fostering aid with tender hand prepares;
The new-form'd plant reluctant seems to yield,
And lives the grace and glory of the field.
But still, as mindful of her former state,
The nymph's perfections on her change await,
And though transform'd, her virtue still remains,
No touch impure her sacred plant sustains,
From whence the name of Sensitive it gains.
This oft the nymphs approach with secret dread,
While crimson blushes o'er their cheeks are spread;
Yet the true virgin has no cause for fear,
The test is equal, if the maid's sincere.
This in thy walks, O——, is found,
Thy walks, for virgins fair and chaste renown'd:

This from the mild Hesperian clime convey'd,
Shall ever bloom, O W——! in thy shade;
Yet western nymphs thy wondrous tree avoid,
Lest all their hopes be by a touch destroy'd.
Britannia's daughters no such terrors know;
With no lewd flames their spotless bosoms glow:
Though every shrub our cultur'd gardens boast,
And all of foreign stock, a countless host,
Should all at once the precious gift receive,
And every plant become a Sensitive.
Yet should their fame the dreadful trial stand,
And add new honours to their native land;
Honours their latest progeny shall share,
For ever virtuous, as for ever fair.

PROLOGUE.

DESIGNED FOR THE PASTORAL TRAGEDY OF 'DIONE.'

THERE was a time (O were those days renew'd!)
Ere tyrant laws had woman's will subdued;)
Then Nature rul'd, and Love, devoid of art,
Spoke the consenting language of the heart.
Love uncontroll'd; insipid, poor delight!
'Tis the restraint that whets our appetite.
Behold the beasts who range the forests free,
Behold the birds who fly from tree to tree;
In their amours see Nature's power appear!
And do they love? Yes—One month in the year.
Were these the pleasures of the Golden reign?
And did free Nature thus instruct the swain?

I envy not, ye nymphs! your amorous bowers,
Such harmless swains!—I'm even content with ours.
But yet there's something in these silvan scenes,
That tells our fancy what the lover means;
Name but the mossy bank and moon-light grove,
Is there a heart that does not beat with love?

To-night we treat you with such country fare,
Then for your lover's sake our author spare.
He draws no Hemskirk boors or home-bred clowns,
But the soft shepherds of Arcadia's downs.

When Paris on the three his judgment past,
I hope you'll own the shepherd show'd his taste:
And Jove, all know, was a good judge of beauty,
Who made the nymph Calisto break her duty:
Then was the country-nymph no aukward thing.
See what strange revolutions time can bring!

Yet still, methinks, our author's fate I dread;
Were it not safer beaten paths to tread
Of Tragedy, than o'er wild heaths to stray,
And, seeking strange adventures, lose his way?
No trumpets' clangor makes his heroine start,
And tears the soldier from her bleeding heart;
He, foolish bard! nor pomp nor show regards;
Without the witness of a hundred guards
His lovers sigh their vows—If sleep should take ye,
He has no battle, no loud drum, to wake ye.
What, no such shifts? there's danger in't, 'tis true;
Yet spare him, as he gives you something new.

THE
LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH
FOR THE
LOSS OF GRILDRIG.

A PASTORAL.

SOON as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair.
No British miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow;
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears:
Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a shower of rain.
In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouse.
"Was it for this, (she cried) with daily care
Within thy reach I set the vinegar,
And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
While pepper-water-worms thy bait supply'd,

Where twin'd the silver eel around thy hook,
And all the little monsters of the brook?
Sure in that lake he dropt: my Grilly's drown'd."—
She drag'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.

" Vain is thy courage, Grilly! vain thy boast;
But little creatures enterprise the most.
Trembling I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
Nay, mix with children as they play'd at taw,
Nor fear'd the marbles as they bounding flew;
Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.

" Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth!
Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
Vers'd in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
To some lord's daughter sold the living toy,
Or rent him limb from limb, in cruel play,
As children tear the wings of flies away.
From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
And never will return, or bring thee home.
But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
How then thy fairy footsteps can I find?
Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone,
In the green thicket of a mossy stone,
Or tumbled from the toadstool's slippery round,
Perhaps all maim'd, lie groveling on the ground?
Dost thou embosom'd in the lovely rose,
Or sunk within the peach's down repose?
Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,
Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head;
O show me, Flora! 'midst those sweets, the flow'r
Where sleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bow'r!

" But, ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
On little females, and on little loves;
Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
The baby playthings that adorn thy house,

Doors, windows, chimnies, and the spacious rooms
Equal in size to cells of honeycombs:
Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the shore,
Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?
Or in thy box now bounding on the main,
Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again?
And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
My spacious palm? of stature scarce a span,
Mimic the actions of a real man?
No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh?
How wast thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
A dish of tea, like milkpail, on thy head?
How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
And keep the rolling maggot at a bay?"
She said; but broken accents stopt her voice,
Soft as the speaking-trumpet's mellow noise:
She sob'd a storm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies!—
O! squander not thy grief; those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland;
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

MARY GULLIVER,

TO CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympson's in the country, Mrs. Gulliver apprehending, from his late behaviour, some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly-complaining Epistle.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy native place!—
What, touch me not? What, shun a wife's embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
And wak'd and wish'd whole nights for thy return?
In five long years I took no second spouse;
What Rotherhithe-wife so long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray;
Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.
'Tis said that thou shouldst cleave unto thy wife;
Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life.
Hear, and relent! hark, how thy children moan;
Be kind at least to these, they are thy own:
Be bold, and count them all, secure to find
The honest number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws:
Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?
Thy Christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone;
Be kind at least to these, they are thy own.
Biddel[1], like thee, might farthest India rove;
He chang'd his country, but retains his love.

[1] Names of the sea-captains mentioned in 'Gulliver's Travels.'

There's Captain Pannel, absent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife;
Yet Pannel's wife is brown compar'd to me,
And Mistress Biddel sure is fifty-three.

Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me Slut:
Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput?
I've no red hair to breathe an odious fume;
At least thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.
Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care?
What mean those visits to the sorrel mare?
Say, by what witchcraft, or what demon led,
Prefer'st thou litter to the marriage-bed?

Some say, the devil himself is in that mare:
If so, our Dean shall drive him forth by pray'r.
Some think you mad, some think you are possest,
That Bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.
Vain means, alas! this frenzy to appease:
That straw, that straw would heighten the disease.

My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys)
Alone I press: in dreams I call my dear,
I stretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I rise; and, shivering with the frost,
Search all the house: my Gulliver is lost!
Forth in the streets I rush with frantic cries;
The windows open; all the neighbours rise:
'Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!'
The neighbours answer, 'With the sorrel mare.'

At early morn I to the market haste,
(Studious in every thing to please thy taste)
A curious fowl and 'sparagus I chose,
(For I remember'd you were fond of those)
Three shillings cost the first, the last seven groats;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.

Others bring goods and treasure to their houses,
Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses;
My only token was a cup-like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to see
The groom and sorrel mare prefer'd to me!
These, for some moments when you deign to quit,
And (at due distance) sweet discourse admit,
'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know,
For pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
At every danger pants thy consort's breast,
And gaping infants squall to hear the rest.
How did I tremble when, by thousands bound,
I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground?
When scaling armies climb'd up every part,
Each step they trod I felt upon my heart:
But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, queen, and nation, staring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my husband came!
And what extinguish'd theirs, increas'd my flame.
Those spectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to save,
Were once my present; Love that armour gave.
How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
For when he sign'd thy death, he sentenc'd me.
When folks might see thee all the country round
For sixpence, I'd have given a thousand pound.
Lord! when that giant-babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the marrow-bone I saw thee ram'd,
Or on the house-top by the monkey cram'd,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
Pray Heaven 'twas all a wanton maiden did!

Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her case;
Heaven guard the gentle girl from all disgrace!
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to set him free?
My life, alas! I fear prov'd death to thee.
O teach me, dear! new words to speak my flame;
Teach me to woo thee by thy best-lov'd name;
Whether the style of Grildrig please thee most,
So call'd on Brobdingnag's stupendous coast,
When on the monarch's ample hand you sate,
And hallow'd in his ear intrigues of state;
Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings,
When like a mountain you look'd down on kings;
If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumglum's humbler title soothe thy ear;
Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhym through the nose,
I'd call thee Houyhnhym, that high-sounding name,
Thy children's noses all should twang the same;
So might I find my loving spouse of course
Endued with all the virtues of a horse.

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN,

THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

In amaze
Lost, I gaze!
Can our eyes
Reach thy size?

May my lays
Swell with praise
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse, inspire
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas' head
Propt the skies:
See! and believe your eyes!

See him stride
Vallies wide;
Over woods,
Over floods.
When he treads,
Mountains' heads
Groan and shake;
Armies quake,
Lest his spurn
Overturn
Man and steed.
Troops, take heed;
Left and right
Speed your flight,
Lest an host
Beneath his foot be lost.

Turn'd aside
From his hide,
Safe from wound,
Darts rebound.

From his nose
Clouds he blows!
When he speaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me stand;
So shall I,
(Lofty Poet!) touch the sky.

THE MAN-MOUNTAIN'S ANSWER

TO THE

LILLIPUTIAN VERSES.

Little Thing!
I would sing
Lofty song,
Measure long;
But I fear
That thine ear
Such a poem could not bear:
Therefore I
Mean to try
Humbler lays,
Worthy praise.

If my strains
Work'd thee pains,
'Tis not mine
To divine
Whether cost,
Labour lost,
May on Lilliput be tost.
Horse and foot
Would you put
In the way,
Who could say
I had blame,
If they came
Near my stride,
And beside
My huge foot gigantic died?
But while here
I appear
Mountain-size
To little eyes,
All that strain,
Seek in vain,
Whilst I climb
Heights sublime,
To keep pace,
And to trace
My footsteps, as I move with martial grace.
Though 'tis true,
Praise is due
To your lay,
Yet I pray
You'll attend
To a friend.
On my hand
Should you stand,

If those that soar
Fall the lower,
All Lilliput would your's deplore.
Humbly then,
With little men,
Take your stand
On firm land,
Lest your place
Bring disgrace:
High in air,
Great the care,
To be free
From jeopardy,
Careless found,
You might bound,
Little poet! to the ground.

VERSES

TO BE PLACED UNDER THE PICTURE OF SIR R. BLACKMORE, ENGLAND'S ARCH-POET:

CONTAINING A COMPLETE CATALOGUE OF HIS WORKS.

See who ne'er was, nor will be half read;
Who first sang Arthur[1], then sang Alfred[2];
Prais'd great Eliza[3] in God's anger,
Till all true Englishmen cried, 'Hang her!'
Made William's virtues wipe the bare a—
And hang'd up Marlborough in arras[4];
Then hiss'd from earth, grew heavenly quite;
Made every reader curse the light[5];

1 Two heroic poems, in folio, twenty books.
2 Heroic poem, in twelve books.
3 Heroic poem, in folio, ten books.
4 Instructions to Vanderbank, a tapestry-weaver.
5 Hymn to the light.

Maul'd human wit in one thick satire[6],
Next, in three books, spoil'd human nature[7];
Undid creation[8] at a jirk,
And of redemption[9] made damn'd work.
Then took his Muse at once, and dipt her
Full in the middle of the Scripture.
What wonders there the man grown old did!
Sternhold himself he out-Sternholded:
Made David[10] seem so mad and freakish,
All thought him just what thought King Achish.
No mortal read his Solomon[11],
But judg'd Re'boam his own son.
Moses he serv'd as Moses Pharaoh,
And Deborah, as she Siserah[12]:
Made Jeremy[13] full sore to cry,
And Job[14] himself curse God and die.
What punishment all this must follow?
Shall Arthur use him like King Tollo?
Shall David as Uriah slay him?
Or dexterous Deb'rah Sisera-him?
Or shall Eliza lay a plot,
To treat him like her sister Scot?
Shall William dub his better end[15],
Or Marlborough serve him like a friend?
No!—none of these?—Heaven spare his life!
But send him, honest Job! thy wife.

6 Satire against wit.
7 Of the nature of man.
8 Creation, a poem, seven books.
9 The Redeemer, another heroic poem, six books.
10 Translation of all the Psalms.
11 Canticles and Ecclesiastes.
12 Paraphrase of the Canticles of Moses and Deborah, &c.
13 The Lamentations.
14 The whole book of Job, a poem, in folio.
15 Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the shoulder.

A CONTEMPLATION

ON NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face informs my sense,
Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.
When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show;
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
But when the gloomy reign of Night returns,
Stript of her fading pride, all Nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost:
No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies:
Yet still, ev'n now, while darkness clothes the land,
We view the traces of the' Almighty hand;
Millions of stars in Heaven's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hang the boundless sphere:
The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.
Whether those stars that twinkling lustre send
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare,
Yet all his systems but conjectures are;

But this we know, that Heaven's eternal King,
Who bade this universe from nothing spring,
Can at his word bid numerous worlds appear,
And rising worlds the' all-powerful word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
To other lands a rising day he lends:
The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise;
Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
While we in Sleep's embraces waste the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light;
And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
With us again the rosy Morning wakes:
In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
No more shall Night's alternate reign be known;
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from the' Almighty streams of glory flow.
Oh! may some nobler thought my soul employ,
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy:
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame,
But thou, O God! for ever shine the same.

A THOUGHT

ON ETERNITY.

Ere the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light the' Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,

From angry Heaven when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
Thou still shalt be; still as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time shall be no more.
O endless thought! divine Eternity!
The' immortal soul shares but a part of thee;
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.
Ah! what is life? with ills encompass'd round;
Amidst our hopes Fate strikes the sudden wound.
To-day the statesman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes.
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?
Think, all that treasure thou must leave behind;
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd herse,
And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain Fate the' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man?
The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity:
For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

EPITAPH

OF BY-WORDS.

HERE lies a round woman, who thought mighty odd
Every word she e'er heard in this church about God:
To convince her of God the good Dean did endeavour,
But still in her heart she held Nature more clever.
Though he talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
Upon something or other, she found better fun:
For the dame, by her skill in affairs astronomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the clouds was but comical.
In this world she despis'd every soul she met here,
And now she's in t'other, she thinks it but queer.

MY OWN EPITAPH.

LIFE is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it.

FINIS.

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